

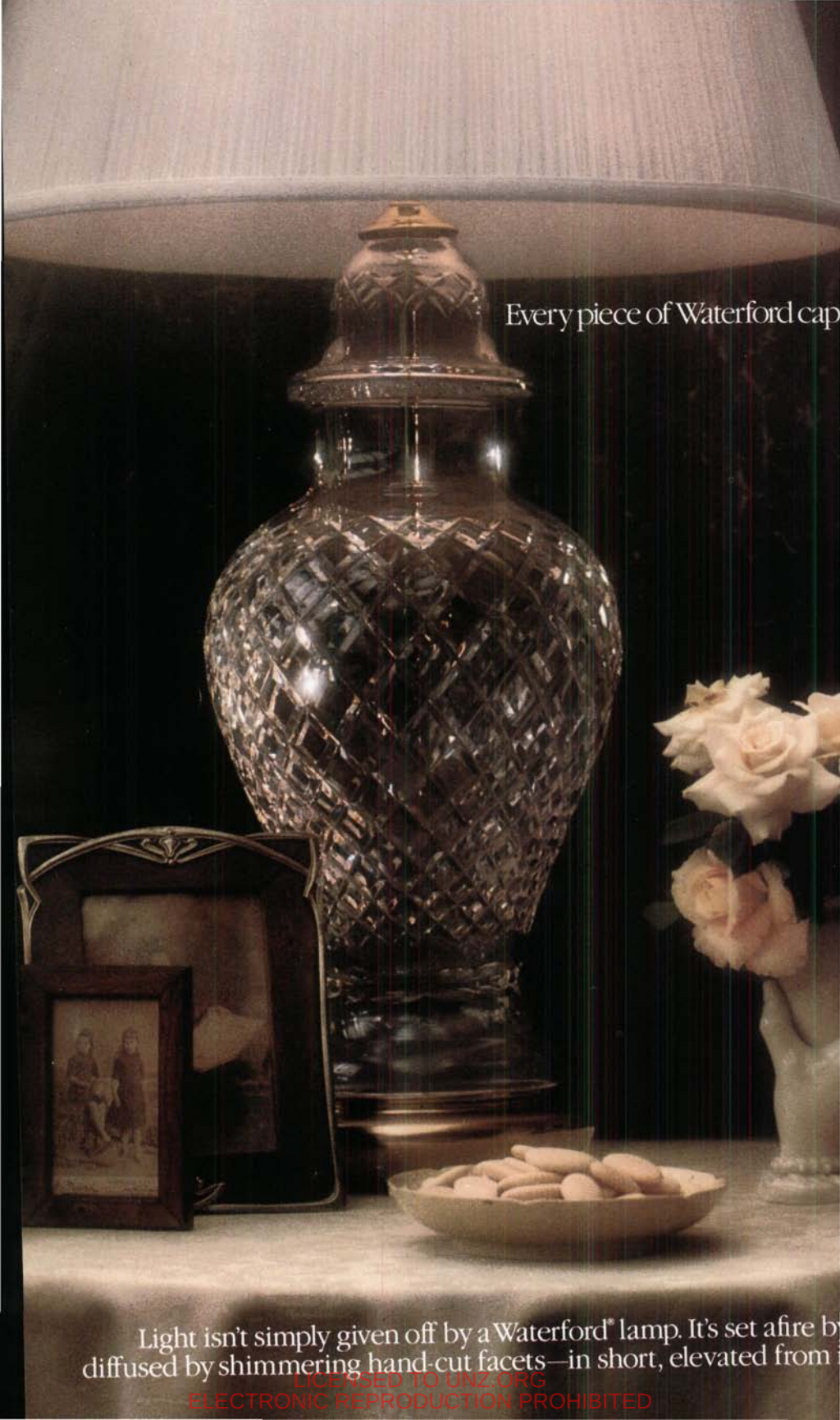
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANOTHER ANTIGONE—A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s humorous play about a professor of Greek drama who is accused of anti-Semitism. George Grizzard gives a marvellous, eloquent performance. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/25/88.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ANYTHING GOES—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (11/2/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BREAKING THE CODE—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitmore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BURN THIS—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CABARET—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—Chekhov's comedy, in a new English translation by Elisaveta Lavrova. Natasha Parry, Rebecca Miller, Zeljko Ivanek, Erland Josephson, Brian Dennehy, and Linda Hunt head a cast directed by Peter Brook. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2.)

COLD SWEAT—A play by Neal Bell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1977 musical revue *SIDE BY SIDE* BY SONDHEIM is the

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fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87)

(Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—In this latest revival of Shaw's 1903 anti-romantic comedy, David Birney is miscast as the glib radical-intellectual Jack Tanner, and Frances Conroy is misdirected (by William Woodman) as his unwanted ward, Ann Whitefield. But the production—which does not include Act III and the brilliant dream sequence commonly known as "Don Juan in Hell"—is saved by the deftly winning performances of Michael Cumpsty, Anthony Fusco, and Kim Hunter (as Mrs. Whitefield, Ann's mother). (1/25/88) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—This is as much a celebration of Shakespeare's comedy as a presentation of it, with A. J. Antoon at the helm. The real source of magic lies in the beautiful scenery of Andrew Jackness and the rich, gorgeous score by Michael Ward. (1/25/88) (Reopens Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 3, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfit, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and

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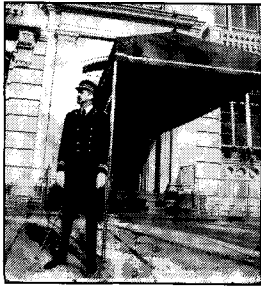
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PENN & TELLER—Back with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—The much ballyhooed London musical, with a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Charles Hart and Richard Stilgoe, and a book by Mr. Stilgoe and Mr. Lloyd Webber. Based on the 1911 French novel by Gaston Leroux. With Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman; directed by Harold Prince. Preview Monday, Jan. 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 26. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 28.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

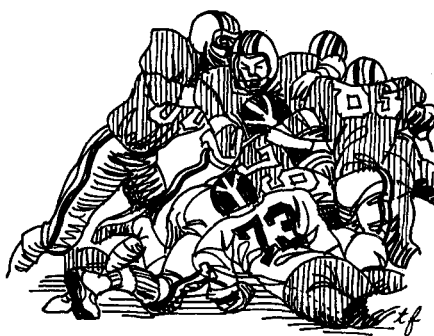
THE RIVER—A musical with a score and lyrics by Peter Link. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SARAFINAL—This musical, an explosion of talent, has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway. An import from South Africa, it was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 28, at 6:15. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SERIOUS MONEY—Caryl Churchill's play, a recent offering at the Public, has moved to Broadway. It attempts to send up the world of high finance by having characters talk in rhyme. In fact, both the satire and the verse are rather limp. Allan Corduner remains from the Public cast, and the otherwise new group is headed by Kate Nelligan. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (12/14/87) Previews through Monday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 6:45. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SYMPHONY OF RATS—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. A production of the Ontological-Hysteric Theatre and the Wooster Group. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8;



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Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price (\$95 to \$135). Reopens Tuesday, Feb. 2. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—A revival of **THE VINEGAR TREE**, Paul Osborne's 1930 play. (York, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Tuesday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 3 and 8; and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

LONG RUNS—BROADWAY BOUND: A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T.S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY: Frances Sternhagen and Morgan Freeman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 11,552 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FENCES: James Earl Jones gives a triumphant performance in August Wilson's powerful play, directed by Lloyd Richards. Billy Dee Williams replaces Mr. Jones starting Tuesday, Feb. 2. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42ND STREET: A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.)

ME AND MY GIRL: An infelicitously

rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LES MISÉRABLES: Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

THE NERD: This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NUNSENSE: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARLIGHT EXPRESS: A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STEEL MAGNOLIAS: This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—The third of seven performances of the 1968 musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

ICE SHOW—The "Ice Capades," with a company headed by Torvill & Dean. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 27-29, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 1.)

PING CHONG AND THE FIJI COMPANY—Presenting **MARAYA—ACTS OF NATURE IN GEOLOGICAL TIME**, a new theatrical work. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, call 966-8682.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

THE NO-FRILLS REVUE—A musical revue conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ROY BLOUNT'S HAPPY HOUR AND A HALF—Humorist Roy Blount, Jr., in a one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Bournonville Divertissements."

Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Les Petits Riens," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." Thursday evening, Jan. 28: "Les Petits Riens," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments." Friday evening, Jan. 29: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Brahms/Handel." Saturday matinée, Jan. 30: "Square Dance," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Bournonville Divertissements." Saturday evening, Jan. 30: "Jewels." Sunday matinée, Jan. 31: "Symphony in C," "The Four Temperaments," and "Brahms/Handel." Sunday evening, Jan. 31: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Variations pour une Porte et un



Non-Conformist.

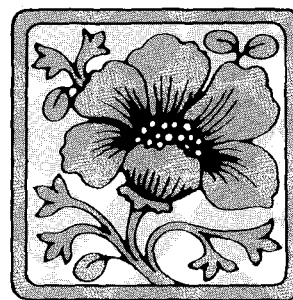
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... ♪ Tuesday evening, Feb. 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... ♪ Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Square Dance," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Fanfare." (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement—Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Cathédrale Engloutie," "The Exiles," and "There Is a Time." ... ♪ Wednesday, Jan. 27, and Friday, Jan. 29, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 31, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "The Traitor," "Keeping Still, Mountain" (New York première), and Suite from "A Choreographic Offering." ... ♪ Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8: Suite from "A Choreographic Offering," "The Exiles," and "There Is a Time." ... ♪ Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bittel," "Poems" (New York première), and "The Moor's Pavane." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Feb. 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING** sings in the oak-timbered seat of power known as the Oak Room Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Jazz singer **DAKOTA STATON** sets sail on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30. First set at ten.

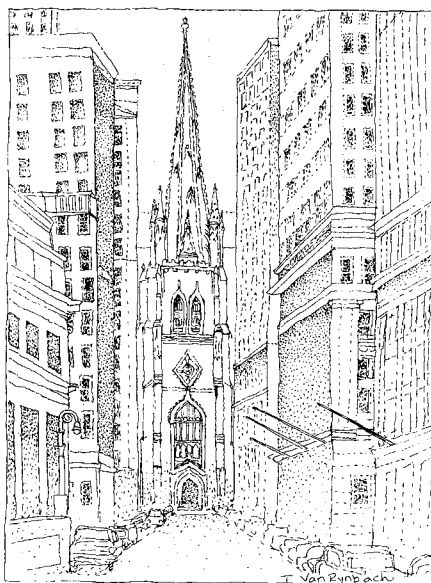
BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** small, delicate voice, a precision instrument, is the fashion here Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 27-30, from six-thirty to eight. Helen Schneider sings an all-Sondheim program at nine Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 26-30.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. The club's annual Latin-jazz festival commences with a double bill: the **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** quintet and the **HILTON RUIZ** ensemble Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31. Percussionist **DANIEL PONCE** heads up a group on Monday, Feb. 1. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical and literary tastes. On Friday, Jan. 29, rocker-authors Jim Carroll and Fred Schneider (of the B-52's) will read from their writings, as will novelist Richard Price. The rest of the schedule: Tuesday, Jan. 26, Joe Satriani; Thursday, Jan. 28, **DOC WATSON**; and Saturday, Jan. 30, **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **JACK WILSON** and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 30. On Sunday, Jan. 31, the piano-bass team of **KENNY BARRON** and **RED MITCHELL** is joined by saxophonist **FRANK WESS**. Messrs. Barron and Mitchell continue through Saturday, Feb. 6. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Organist **JACK MC DUFF** and his quintet perform



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Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 2, clarinetist **JOHN CARTER** moves in with his quartet. Mondays belong to baritone sax man **HAMMET BLUIETT** and his big band. Music from nine. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertés, and the elegant musician on the piano bench is **GEORGE SHEARING**. **LYNN SEATON** is on bass. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. ... ♪ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. The wonderful **BETTY CARTER** sings with her trio Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31. Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 26-28, **ARMEN DONELIAN**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, **NIELS LAN DOKY** (with guitarist Ronald Jackson); and Sunday, Jan. 31, Dave Berkman. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays; at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays; and at six-thirty on Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). **BOB DOROUGH** sings and plays the piano, accompanied by bassist **BILL TAKAS**, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are claimed by singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from ten. **BROOKS KERR**, a major fund of Ellingtonia, is at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a

jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The lineup: Monday, Jan. 25, pianist **DICK HYMAN**; Tuesday, Jan. 26, pianist **CAROL BRITTO** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI**; Wednesday, Jan. 27, singer Trisha Chamberlain's trio; Thursday, Jan. 28, guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI's** trio; Friday, Jan. 29, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT**; Saturday, Jan. 30, singer-owner Judy Barnett, with pianist Andy Tuck and bassist Bill Miller; Monday, Feb. 1, vibist Alan Bates' duo; Tuesday, Feb. 2, pianist Frank Underwood; and Wednesday, Feb. 3, singer Stephanie Nakasian and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. Oklahoma-born songwriter **JIMMY WEBB** ("By the Time I Get to Phoenix," "Galveston") performs some of his tunes on Friday, Jan. 29. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **JAMES WILLIAMS** plays it, with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** at his side, Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 26-30; starting Tuesday, Feb. 2, pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **RON CARTER** go to work. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and intermediate rock, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Monday, Jan. 25, drummer **RASHIED ALI's** quartet; Wednesday, Jan. 27, reedman **GREG OSBY** and pianist **GERI ALLEN** at nine, and Ben Neill at eleven; Thursday, Jan. 28, guitarist Jean-Paul Borelly; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 29-31, **SUN RA** and at least part of his celestial **ARKESTRA**. Activity from nine or so.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Monday, Jan. 25, Foreign Legion; Tuesday, Jan. 26, Eight to the Bar, a bebopping party band; Wednesday, Jan. 27, guitarists Robben Ford and Danny Drahner; Friday, Jan. 29, Dr. Hook and Lucky 7; and Saturday, Jan. 30, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES** and Loup Gurou. Music after nine. Hot vintles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A quintet led by the young guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA** is re-creating the Old World sounds of the Quintette du Hot Club de France, the all-string ensemble founded by Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelli in 1934. **MICHELE BAUTIER** is the guest singer. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 27, Destroy All Monsters, with Daryl Jones; Thursday, Jan. 28, Ilene Kristen; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, a group led by Spyro Gyra percussionist Gerardo Velez; Tuesday, Feb. 2, **ROLAND VAZQUEZ** and Rob Prester; and Wednesday, Feb. 3, Thom Rotella. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. **JOE ELY**, a rowdy Texan who sings about gettin' hampered and tends toward loud, waiting guitar

solos, is here with his band on Friday, Jan. 29. Blues guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** and the Broadcasters complete the bill. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SIBERIA, 804 Washington St., near Horatio St. (463-7845)—A rock place, just a stone's throw from the Hudson. The foresighted arrive late (elevenish on school nights, midnight on weekends) and in a condition to understand what it is that the band White Zombie or the performance group Phred is trying to say to them. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at nine, Phantom Tollbooth, the Pagans, and the aforementioned White Zombie; Friday, Jan. 29, Certain Generals and Angst; and Saturday, Jan. 30, the Ordinaires. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Tuesday, Jan. 26, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** and saxophonist **STEVE COLEMAN**; Wednesday, Jan. 27, reggae singer **EK-A-MOUSE**; Thursday, Jan. 28, bluesy jazz trumpeter **OLU DARA** and the **SKATALITES**; Friday, Jan. 29, the System band; Saturday, Jan. 30, **PE-DE-BOI**; and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 3-4, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS**, in a tribute to Bob Marley. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougall St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rieni's, a coffee-house on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, bluegrass fiddlers, and others of a non-electric bent. Wednesday, Jan. 27, is Mozart's birthday, and it is celebrated here by Mozart on Fifth, a classical-leaning jazz group that started out as a street band. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 29-30, belong to singers **ROD MACDONALD** and **Lili Anel**. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A fine trio consisting of **CEDAR WALTON** (piano), **RON CARTER** (bass), and **BILLY HIGGINS** (drums) will be here in this Village meetinghouse Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31. **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** whoop it up on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Monday, Jan. 25, the Scam and Tijuana Bible; Wednesday, Jan. 27, three Columbia U. bands—the Grease Monkeys, Wampum, and the Hunting Accident; Friday, Jan. 29, **KRISTI ROSE & THE DYING BREED** and the World Famous Bluejays; Saturday, Jan. 30, the Headless Horsemen; Monday, Feb. 1, the **SURREAL MC COYS**; and Tuesday, Feb. 2, the Ned Sublette band. **PHOEBE LÉGERE**, a blond bombshell who plays a couple of instruments (piano, accordion), gives a cocktail-hour show at six-thirty on Fridays. Shows other nights begin after (sometimes long after) nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Terrace Bar, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** are on duty Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON** take over starting Tuesday, Feb. 2. Fridays through Sundays, from about six until nine-thirty, **PATTI BOWN** can be found at the piano, rocking and swaying beneath one of her homemade picture hats.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th

St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** co-pilot their quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 26-31. On Tuesday, Feb. 2, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** brings in his quartet, which features **CLIFFORD JORDAN** on tenor sax. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Vibist **JAY HOGGARD** and his group, which includes pianist **GERI ALLEN**, provide the music Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 27-31. On Mondays comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **JOE BECK** (guitar), **JOHN BUNCH** (piano), and **PHIL FLANIGAN** (bass) hold forth through Saturday, Jan. 30, and starting Monday, Feb. 1, Mr. Beck teams up with pianist **Lonnie Smith**. On Sunday, Jan. 31, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** shoot the musical breeze. Music from eight every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MANHATTAN MARIMBA QUARTET—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 25-26, at 8.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 27-31, at 8.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL—With Flesh for Lulu. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

ORLANDO (PUNTILLA) RIOS Y NUEVA GENERACIÓN—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8.

PAT IRWIN—Dance Theatre Workshop. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.

STING—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER BOOTH—Works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

NANCY FRIED—Bronze and terra-cotta self-portraits. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Recent sculptures, complementing her show at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Knoodler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943) / WALT KUHN (1877-1949)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. / Landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Vanderwoude Tanenbaum, 24 E. 81st St., is showing late paintings by Hartley.

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Drawings from his last ten years. Through Feb. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

CAROLE ROBB—A series of paintings entitled "Achilles on Location." In one of the works, Achilles is seen as Eric Clapton. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LAURA SHECHTER—Precisionist still-lives. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Recent paintings. Through Feb. 16. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 20 E. 67th St.: Early modernist paintings by Alfred Maurer, Ben Benn, and Marsden Hartley. Through Feb. 27. . . . **BAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: The variety of styles Bauhaus artists used is reflected in a selection of paintings, drawings, and photographs. Johannes Itten, Josef Albers, and László Moholy-Nagy are among those represented. Through March 12. (Opens at noon.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS / EUGENIE BAIZERMAN (1899-1949)—Paintings and monographs. / Small figurative oils. Through Feb. 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Still-life paintings, with many variations on the theme of flowers in vases. Through Feb. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JACK BEAL—Paintings, including "The Sense of Sight" and "The Sense of Smell," the first two in a series about the five senses. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 6. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN BELLANY—Allegorical paintings in which the artist's portrait frequently appears. Through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Drawings from 1939 to the present. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

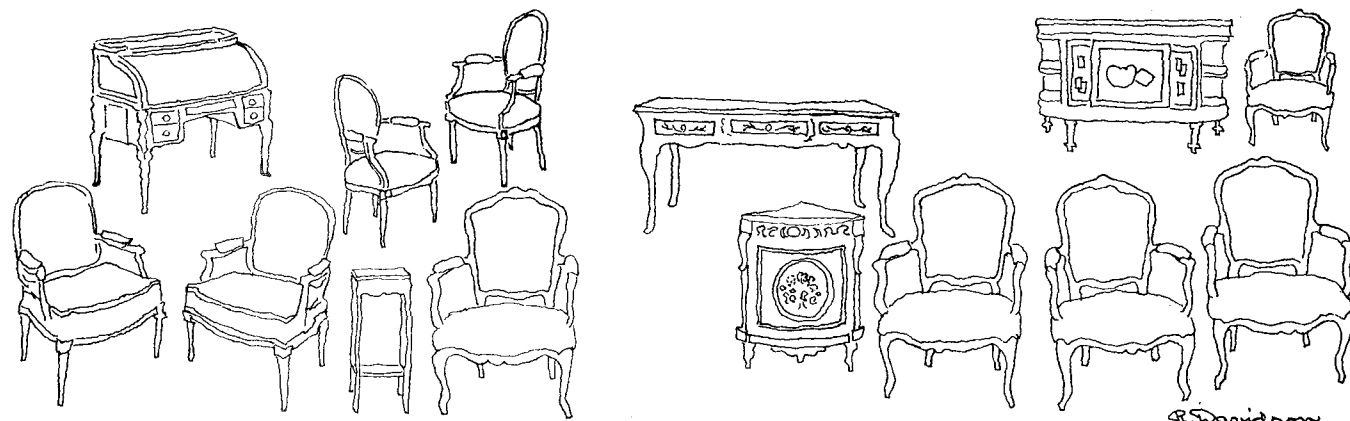
RICHARD CHIRIANI—The artist perches on top of Manhattan's bridges to paint these panoramic landscapes. Through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD CROZIER—Large-scale paintings of New England landscapes, including one based on Asher B. Durand's "Kindred Spirits." Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

RAYMOND ELOZUA—Mixed-medium works inspired by the decline of the steel industry in America. Through Feb. 20. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAN GREEN—Encaustic paintings with figures (just barely perceptible) borrowed from Renaissance painters. Through Feb. 6. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

KAREN GUNDERSON / HARVEY GORDON—An elaborate installation of shaped canvases depicting cumulus clouds. / Still-lives and interiors



R. Davidson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

painted on Plexiglas. Through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—New cutouts painted in vivid colors; three are freestanding. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON (1904-71)—Paintings from throughout the long career of this abstractionist. Through Feb. 6. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON (1896-1987)—Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the forties, when he was living in the United States. Through Thursday, Jan. 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Approximately forty paintings and drawings, including a 1918 self-portrait, on loan from the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague. Through Feb. 13. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Prints from late in his career. Through Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH B. O'SICKEY—Still-lives, interiors, and scenes from the artist's garden. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—A new series of wall reliefs composed of found metal parts. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.) ... ¶ Large-format Polaroids of Miami, and manipulated black-and-white prints. Through March 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

JUDITH ROTHSCHILD—Reliefs: painted aluminum cutouts adhering to canvas. Through Feb. 13. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

EPHRAIM RUBENSTEIN—Recent paintings by a realist. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

ALTOON SULTAN / HOWARD KANOVITZ—Plein-air landscapes of farmyards in Vermont and upstate New York, and still-lives. / Freestanding window frames with painted landscapes instead of glass, among other works. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

TODT—Threatening-looking sculptures and wall reliefs made of gleaming steel tubing and a varied arsenal of machine parts. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

CY TWOMBLY—Works on paper dating from 1955 to 1985. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures in an exhibit titled "The Feminine," by Ann McCoy, Judy Rifka, Faith Ringgold, Stephen Tanis, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) ... **MARIAN GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Conceptual works by, among others, Richard Artschwager, Rebecca Horn, Lawrence Weiner, and Dan Graham. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) ... **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract works by European and American artists, including Judy Pfaff, Elizabeth Murray, and Marianne Eigenheer. Through Feb. 13. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—Drawings, in a complement to the artist's show at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

TONY BEVAN—Portrait paintings and other works; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 6. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

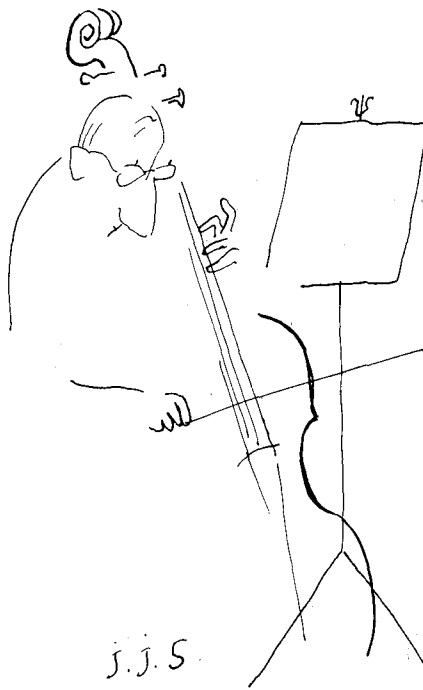
STAN BRODSKY and KARIN BATTEN—Abstract Expressionist paintings by both artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

JAMES LEE BYARS—A sculptural installation. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

PIER PAOLO CALZOLARI—Early sculptures by a founder of Arte Povera. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

BERT CARPENTER—Very large paintings of flowers, plus charcoal drawings of a hooded figure. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

CHRIS COSTAN—Recognizable images appear in these otherwise abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)



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JAIME DAVIDOVICH / JULIE WACHTEL—Paintings covered with adhesive tape and framed with such materials as fake fur, artificial turf, and multicolored packing foam. / A four-panel work (titled "You Disappear Me") juxtaposing a painting of a cartoon image of Long John Silver and three impressions from a silk screen of Cher. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

JANE DICKSON—Paintings of demolition derbies in her characteristic dark palette. Through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

SUZAN ETKIN—Large sheets of vinyl mounted on wood frames and treated in such a way that they resemble etched glass. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Audiello, in a new location, at 142 Greene St.)

EDWARD FINNEGAN—Abstract sculptures, most of them rough stone blocks resting on wood pedestals. Through Feb. 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

DALE FRANK—Abstract mixed-medium paintings; a few have small pillows attached to the canvases. Through Feb. 6. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Thickly painted canvases, including a series called "Bacchanal." Through Feb. 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

VINCENT GALLO—Still-lives painted on corroded metal. Through Wednesday, Feb. 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

MARY HAMBLETON—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 18. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

BETTY GOODWIN—Large drawings of incomplete figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

WILLY HECKS—Abstract paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

LISA HOKE—Cast-iron objects (a gourd, a conch shell, melons, for example) hang pendulum-like by thin steel wires. First solo show in New York. Through Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

ON KAWARA—Five of the artist's "Date Paintings." Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

LESLIE LEW—Folding screens and canvases thickly painted (to the point of bas-relief) with motifs from other artists—Rousseau, Kandinsky, and Warhol among them. Through Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

BARBARA LONDIN—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

DORIS LUBELL—A selection of new paintings and of works from the past twenty years. Through Feb. 14. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WINIFRED LUTZ—New sculptures incorporating wood and handmade paper. Through Feb. 6. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

JOHN MONTI—Highly stylized painted wood wall reliefs and related works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

KEN MORGAN / YOKO NAGANO—Black-and-white paintings on wood. / Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

ROBERT MORRIS—A two-gallery exhibit of large-scale painted and silk-screened wall sculptures that are evocations of concentration-camp ovens. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, and Castelli, 142 Greene St.) ... ¶ The Castelli Gallery is also showing Mike Bidlo's series of exact reproductions of Picasso paintings of women.

REUBEN NAKIAN (1897-1986)—Bronzes, terracottas, and maquettes for large outdoor pieces. Through Feb. 13. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

JOHN OKULICK—Monumental mixed-medium wall reliefs and freestanding cast-bronze sculptures. Through March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

DAVID REED—Abstract paintings that have a low lustre. Through Feb. 13. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

ERNEST SHAW—Plywood sculptures that the artist shaped with a chain saw and then painted. Through Feb. 20. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

ALAN SHIELDS—Framed handmade-paper wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

ANDREW SPENCE—Monotypes. Through Feb. 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

ALAN UGLOW—An installation of red, yellow, blue, and black aluminum panels; with a soundtrack. Through Feb. 6. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

KES ZAPKUS—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

ARF ART—The founding director of the Dog Museum of America, William Secord, is the curator of this show, devoted to depictions of dogs of all breeds and varieties. Leading the entries are a photograph by William Wegman and a painting by Donald Roller Wilson, with the most championship points going to Leonid Sokov's "Dog with Globe," John Bon Signore's "Runaway," and Michael Evert's "Dog Head." Through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CUTLER**, 164 Mercer St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by sixteen artists, including Vikky Alexander, Michael Zwack, and Joseph Kosuth. Through Feb. 6. ... **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St.: Works by nine emerging artists. Through Feb. 13. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **EXIT ART**, 578 Broadway: Paintings by Komar & Melamid, Martin Wong, Juan Sánchez, Robert Colescott, May Stevens, and others known for expressing social concerns through their art. Through Feb. 13. ... **GIBSON**, 568 Broadway: Paintings by six Swiss artists; John M. Armleder was the curator. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. ... **HANSON**, 415 West Broadway: A show of works in many mediums which had its beginnings in a list compiled by Robert Longo of women artists not included in last year's Documenta 8 exhibit. Julie Wachtel, Barbara Ess, Gretchen Bender, and Rosemarie Trockel are among those represented. Through Feb. 9.

OTHER GALLERIES

AUSTÉ—Black-and-white caricatures of women painted on unstretched canvases. Through

Saturday, Jan. 30. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

TONY BECHARA—Recent pattern paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

TOM BILLS AND DAVID ROW—Symmetrical sculptures and paintings, respectively. Through Saturday, Jan. 30. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

DENISE CORLEY—Portraits painted on linen-covered corrugated plastic. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

AL HANSEN—The Venus of Willendorf was the inspiration for Hershey-wrapper collages ("Chocolate Venuses") and assemblages made of cigarette butts. Through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

KEN LUM—Signlike paintings with indecipherable messages, plus an installation of a modular sofa facing a large mirror. Through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ALLEN RUPPERSBERG—New works. Through Feb. 13. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

LIVIO SAGANIC / KAZUFUMI HOMMA—Steel-and-brass tablelike structures. / Paintings with all-over patterns of gold-leaf dots. Through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

EUGÈNE-EMMANUEL VIOLETT-LE-DUC (1814-79)—Watercolors and drawings by this architect, who was the patron saint of French medieval buildings. Through Feb. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

"ELVIS: THE KING IS GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"—An installation by Joni Mabe containing her (very large) collection of Elvis memorabilia, including a pair of powder-blue fuzzy slippers with plastic Elvis heads on the toes, and her own work inspired by Elvis. Through Feb. 6. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

P.S. 1—The main galleries have separate shows by Noriyuki Haraguchi (sculptural installation), Jackie Winsor (sculpture), Richard Tuttle (sculpture), James Bishop (drawings and paintings), Peter Fischli and David Weiss (sculptures, photographs, and a video), and a group show, called "The Logic of Display," of paintings and sculptures incorporating photographs. Through March 6. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs that contain references to pop- and high-culture interpretations of romantic love. Artists include Kathe Burkhart, John Franklin, and Joste Robertson. Through Feb. 6. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—Photographs of India. Through Feb. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

JIMMY DE SANA—Large-scale Cibachrome prints

of photocollages. Through Feb. 7. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

TONY MENDOZA / DIANE FARRIS—Black-and-white photographs on which anecdotes have been printed. / Manipulated prints. Through Feb. 20. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

NORMAN PARKINSON—The National Academy of Design has mounted a retrospective of his works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of forty leaves from the Kevorkian Album, a compilation of Indian miniature paintings and calligraphy that date from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of works on paper by Robert Motherwell, among them a drawing made to illustrate a poem by Harold Rosenberg, from the artist's series called "Elegies to the Spanish Republic." Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Barbara Kruger, artist turned curator, was invited to prepare an exhibit from the museum's photography collection and the result is a selection of forty or so portraits of famous artists, including Rodin (by Gertrude Käsebier), Marin (Irving Penn), O'Keeffe (Alfred Stieglitz), and Picasso (Man Ray). Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Postwar Latin-American paintings have a separate installation through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of Richard Artshwager's paintings and sculptures from the past twenty-five years. Through April 3. A complementary show (ending Saturday, Jan. 30) is at Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ A Charles Sheeler retrospective containing paintings, drawings, and photographs. Starts Thursday, Jan. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ A survey of prints by Alex Katz. Through April 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample

card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Prints by Norman Parkinson. Through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show documenting the Blizzard of '88, when, as every schoolchild once knew, the weather outside was frightful. Photographs, prints, newspapers, and memorabilia (snowballs preserved in the society's cold storage). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Perry Souchuk presenting his comedy for five actors, "Secret Anatomy." Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8 and 10.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Eric Bogosian (performance), Monday, Jan. 25, at 9. . . . ¶ Jan Munroe (performance), Friday, Jan. 29, at 10, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 30-31, at 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Monday, Jan. 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by Carlos Kleiber. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Macbeth," with Olivia Stapp, Frederick Burchinal, Bruno Beccaria, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Kazimierz



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Kord... **Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8:** "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; Carlos Kleiber. ... **Friday, Jan. 29, at 8:** "Luisa Miller," with Silvia Mosca, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Wolfgang Brendel; Nello Santi. ... **Saturday, Jan. 30, at 1:** "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. ... **Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:** "Macbeth," with Shirley Verrett, Frederick Burchinal, Bruno Beccaria, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Kazimierz Kord. ... **Monday, Feb. 1, at 8:** "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; Carlos Kleiber. ... **Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:** "Luisa Miller" (a nonsubscription performance), with Aprile Millo, Mignon Dunn, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Nello Santi. ... **Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:** "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

"CINDERELLA / CENDRILLON"—An adaptation of Massenet's 1899 opera "Cendrillon." Conceived and directed by Anne Bogart; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Friday, Feb. 5. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Benita Valente, soprano; John Aler, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. ... **Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8; Friday, Jan. 29, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:** Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting a Scriabin-Mozart program, with Philip Myers, horn.

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: Christoph von Dohnányi conducting the New York premiere of Marc Neikrug's violin concerto, with Shlomo Mintz as the soloist. Mahler's Symphony No. 5 is also on the program. (Carnegie Hall.) ... **Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:** Christoph von Dohnányi conducting music by Brahms, Schumann, and Witold Lutoslawski, with Daniel Majeske, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ... **Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:** Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting music by Sibelius, Mozart, and Ravel, with Franklin Cohen, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall.)

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8: Brahms' "Tragic Overture," the New York premiere of Joseph Schwantner's guitar concerto, with Sharon Isbin as the soloist; and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. ... **Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3:** The New York premiere of John Harbison's Second Symphony; Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21, with Walter Klien; and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka."

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting the first concert in the "Meet the Moderns" series, this one featuring twentieth-century works inspired by the Orpheus myth, including the U.S. premiere of Heinz Werner Henze's "Orpheus Behind the Wire," with the Brooklyn Philharmonic Singers. Soloists in the rest of the program will be Yuval Waldman, violin; Lucy Shelton, soprano; and Jesse Levine, viola. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4120.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting a Brahms-Copland program, with Rudolf Firkušný, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIA—Robert Maxym conducting, with Dmitry Rachmanov, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RIVERSIDE SYMPHONY—George Rothman conducting a program that features Robert Ward's "Sacred Songs for Pantheists," a setting for orchestra and soprano of poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins, Emily Dickinson, and James Stephens. With Judith Bettina as the soloist. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. and 120th St. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

POMERUM MUSICES—Alexander Blachly directing vocal music by Josquin Desprez and Orlando di Lasso. (Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, 164 W. 100th St. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MUSICA SACRA CHORUS AND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Richard Westenburg directing a modern and baroque program. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7:30.)

ST. THOMAS CHOIR—Gerre Hancock directing works by William Byrd, including his "Great Service." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—With Claude Frank, piano, in a Haydn-Yoshida-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

EUGENE BONDI—Cello. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

BOWERY ENSEMBLE—The second of three concerts.

With Miles Anderson, trombone. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

"SCHUBERTIAD"—The opening concerts of a ten-year-long series devoted to the chronological rendering of all of Schubert's works. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: Performers include Joseph Kalichstein and Misha Dichter, piano, playing the "Fantasy in G Major for Piano Duet," Schubert's earliest surviving work. ... **Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8:** Hermann Prey, baritone; Mr. Kalichstein, Jaime Laredo, violin, and Paula Robison, flute, performing as a trio; the Fine Arts Quartet; and others. ... **Saturday, Jan. 30, at 8:** The New York Chamber Symphony, with Bruno Weil conducting; John Cheek, bass; Jon Garrison, tenor; Mr. Prey; and others. ... **Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:** The New York Chamber Symphony, this time conducted by Gerard Schwarz; the Y Chorale; the Vermeer Quartet; Cipa and Misha Dichter, piano; and others. ... **Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8:** Richard Goode, piano; Mr. Prey; the Tokyo String Quartet; and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

PARLEY OF INSTRUMENTS—An all-Vivaldi program by an ensemble from England, with guest artists Paul O'Dette, lute and mandolin, and Benjamin Hudson, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

THE ART OF THE EARLY KEYBOARD—The second in a series of four concerts featuring Gwendolyn Toth, fortepiano, and guest artists, this one with music by Mozart and performances by Frederick Urry, tenor; Daniel Phillips, violin; and Dongsok Shin, fortepiano. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SUNG-JU LEE—Violin. (Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEIL RUTMAN—Piano, in an all-French program. Tony Randall will narrate Poulenc's "The Story of Babar the Little Elephant." (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

BENJAMIN LUXON—Baritone, singing English songs. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

KRONOS QUARTET—Performing three premières, including Sofia Gubaidulina's Quartet No. 2, and other works. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

GABRIEL BANAT—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

RAQUEL BOLDORINI—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—In a program of music by Vittorio Rieti, with Alexandra Hunt, soprano; Bennett Lerner, piano; and others. The composer, who turns ninety this year, will be present. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—Performing works by Mozart, John Harbison, and Brahms. With Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

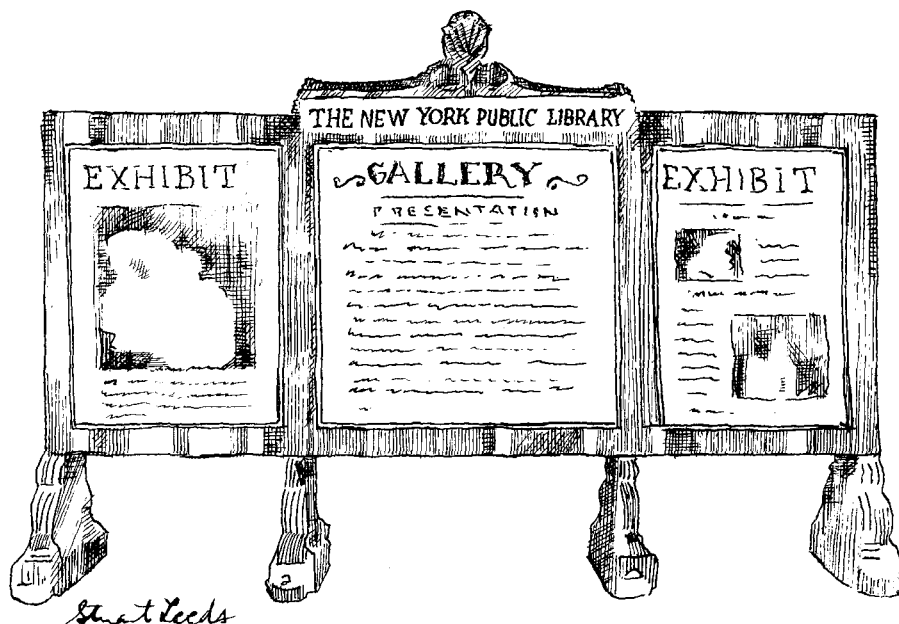
NOTE—The Hilliard Ensemble will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 14, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—Honoring James Joyce's birthday, Feb. 2, with chamber works inspired by "Finnegans Wake": a U.S. premiere by John Buller, and Stephen Albert's "To Wake the Dead," with Lucy Shelton, soprano. The program also includes dramatizations of parts of "Dubliners," and a tape of Joyce himself reading from the Anna Livia Plurabelle section of "Finnegans Wake." (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadow-



lands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30....
 ♣ Knicks vs. Washington Bullets, Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8....
BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Saturday, Jan. 30, at 7:30.

HOCKEY—At BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:45....
 ♣ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7:45....
 ♣ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday, Jan. 29, at 7:45....
NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Jan. 30, at 7:05....
 ♣ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 8:05.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

TROTTING—At MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 7:30....
ROOSEVELT RACEWAY: Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

ET ALIA

POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS—Bill Franzen, Eric Metaxas, and Christopher Noel reading from their own fiction. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)
 ... ♣ Paul Rudnick reading from his own fiction, and Wendy Wasserstein reading from her own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 1, at 8.)
 ... ♣ Judith Baemel, George Bradley, and Robert McDowell reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 2, at 6. No tickets necessary.)
 ... ♣ George S. Irving, Josef Sommer, Mercedes Ruehl, Phyllis Newman, and Christine Baranski reading from the prose of Mark Twain, Russell Maloney, Nora Ephron, S. J. Perelman, and Thomas Meehan. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 6:30.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—Seventy-three dealers from around the country will be offering pieces from many countries and periods in a benefit for the East Side House Settlement. Also on display will be a re-creation of an eighteenth-century formal garden, filled with flowers that bloom in the spring. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Monday through Saturday, Jan. 25-30, from 11 to 9; Sunday, Jan. 31, from 1 to 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES—At Calgary, Alberta, Feb. 13-28.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 16....
AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27....
 ♣ Radu Lupu and Murray Perahia, Feb. 12....
 ♣ Brandenburg Ensemble, Feb. 14....
 ♣ Ivo Pogorelich, Feb. 22....
 ♣ English Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 24....
 ♣ Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma, Feb. 28....
CARNEGIE HALL (247-7800): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 5-6....
 ♣ Kiri Te Kanawa, Feb. 10....
 ♣ Philharmonia Virtuosi, Feb. 11....
 ♣ American Composers Orchestra, Feb. 14....
 ♣ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 15....
 ♣ Ivo Pogorelich, Feb. 16....
 ♣ Northern Sinfonia of England, Feb. 18....
 ♣ Alexis Weissenberg, Feb. 24....
 ♣ Alban Berg Quartet, Feb. 25....
 ♣ English Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 26-27....
ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Elisabeth Söderström, Feb. 7....
 ♣ Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 10....
 ♣ Renata Scott, Feb. 11....
 ♣ Curtis Institute of Music Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 13....
 ♣ Tokyo String Quartet, Feb. 14....
 ♣ Nadia Salerno-Sonnenberg, Feb. 14....
 ♣ Alban Berg Quartet, Feb. 28....
 ♣ Arleen Augér, Feb. 28....
92ND STREET Y (427-4410): Tokyo String Quartet, Feb. 10....
 ♣ New York Chamber Symphony, Feb. 13-14, and Feb. 20....
 ♣ Chamber Music at the Y, Feb. 16-17....
 ♣ Jorma Hynninen, Feb. 25....
 ♣ Benita Valente, Feb. 27....
GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 6....
 ♣ Horacio Gutiérrez, Feb. 18....
 ♣ Emerson String Quartet, Feb. 27.

OTHER DATES—Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 8-9....
 ♣ Lincoln's Birthday is Friday, Feb. 12....
 ♣ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 15.

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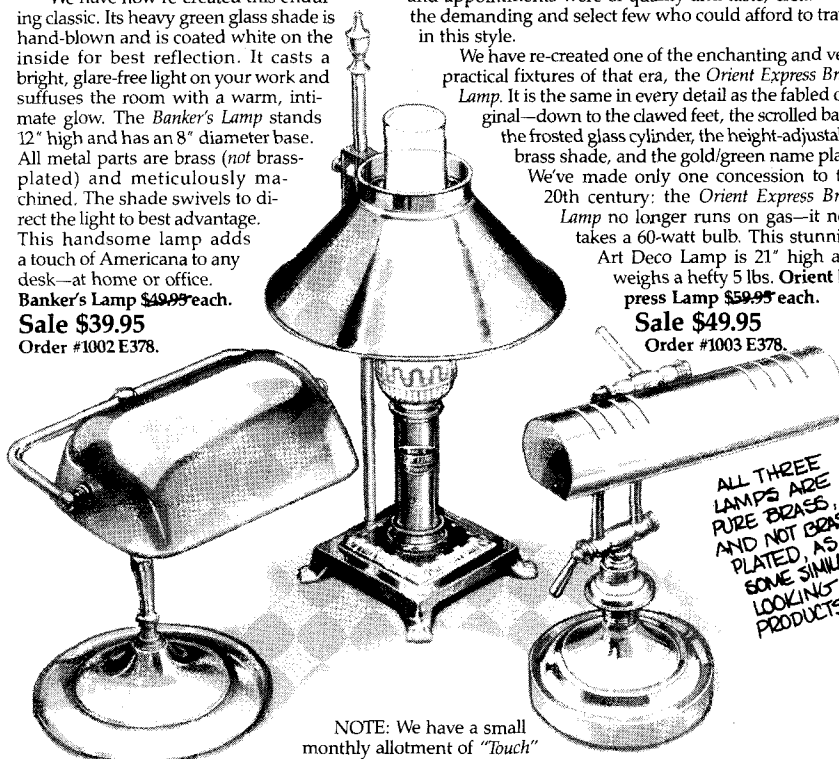
We have re-created one of the enchanting and very practical fixtures of that era, the *Orient Express Brass Lamp*. It is the same in every detail as the fabled original—down to the clawed feet, the scrolled base, the frosted glass cylinder, the height-adjustable brass shade, and the gold/green name plate.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 28: "Stacking" (†).
From Jan. 29: "The Tree We Hurt" (directed by Dimos Avdeliodis; in Greek); and "The Red Balloon" (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 3: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Hope and Glory" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 28: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell. From Jan. 29: "You Can't Hurry Love" (Richard Martini), with David Packer.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Braddock: Missing in Action III" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ironweed" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 2: "Three Strange Loves" (1949; directed by Ingmar Berg-

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

man; in Swedish), with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning. From Feb. 3: "Hoxsey: Quacks Who Cure Cancer?" (Ken Ausubel), a documentary.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Patti Rocks" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Maurice" (†).
Theatre 2: "King Lear" (Jean-Luc Godard).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 28: "Housekeeping" (†). From Jan. 29: "Singing the Blues in Red" (Kenneth Loach; in German and English).

Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

Theatre 3: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Promised Land" (Michael Hoffman), with Kiefer Sutherland and Meg Ryan.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Cry Freedom" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Housekeeping" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Grand Highway" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Jean de Florette" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "El Sur" (Victor Erice; in Spanish).

Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Theatre 3: "Half of Heaven" (Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "The Family" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Philippe Noiret.

Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Empire of the Sun" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).

Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Last Emperor" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.

Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Theatre 2: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

"Braddock: Missing in Action III" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).

Theatre 2: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "Batteries Not Included" (directed by Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

From Jan. 29: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 28: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss. From Jan. 29: "Anguish" (Bigas Luna), with Zeldia Rubinstein and Michael Lerner.

Theatre 4: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.

Theatre 5: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (752-2408)

"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."

Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Braddock: Missing in Action III"
 (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.
WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
 "Moonstruck" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
 Through Jan. 26: "Cabaret" (1972; directed by Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.
 Jan. 27-28: "Heaven" (1987; Diane Keaton); and "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).
 Jan. 29-30: "Elisa, Vida Mia" (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Fernando Rey and Geraldine Chaplin; and "Cría!" (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.
 Jan. 31: "The Music Room" (†) and "Devi" (†).
 Feb. 1-2: "Law of Desire" (1986; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Eusebio Poncela, and Antonio Banderas; and "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (1986; Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
 From Feb. 3: "A Man in Love" (1987; Diane Kurys; in English, French, and Italian), with Greta Scacchi, Peter Coyote, Peter Riegert, Claudia Cardinale, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "Sundays and Cybèle" (†).

FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 26: A program of nearly twenty-five filmed dance sequences featuring the Nicholas Brothers.

Jan. 27: "Cover Girl" (1944; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "Down to Earth" (1947; Alexander Hall), with Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks, James Gleason, and Edward Everett Horton.

Jan. 28: "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen; and "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938; George Marshall), with Zorina and Adolphe Menjou.

Jan. 29-30: "Mammame" (1986; Raul Ruiz).

Jan. 31: "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy.

Feb. 1: A program of film clips showing black traditions in popular dance.

Feb. 2: "Small Town Girl" (1953; Leslie Kardos), with Jane Powell, Farley Granger, Bobby Van, and Billie Burke; and "I Love Melvin" (1953; Don Weis), with Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Una Merkel.

Feb. 3: "Alicia" (†); "Pavlova: Immortal Swan" (1935; Edward Nakhimoff); and "Giselle" (†).

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Jan. 25: "Park Row" (1952; Samuel Fuller),

with Mary Welch and Gene Evans; and "Forty Guns" (1958; Samuel Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan.

Jan. 26: "Chafed Elbows" (1967; Robert Downey); and "Pound" (1970; Robert Downey), with Harry Rigby.

Jan. 27: "Hollywood Boulevard" (1977; Joe Dante and Allan Arkush), with Candice Rialson; and "Targets" (1968; Peter Bogdanovich), with Boris Karloff.

Jan. 28: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Jan. 29-30: "The Decline of the American Empire" (1986; Denys Arcand; a Canadian film, in French); and "Rate It X" (1985; Lucy Winer and Paula de Koenigsberg).

Jan. 31: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Sleeper" (1973; Woody Allen), with Allen.

Feb. 1: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "I Shot Jesse James" (1949; Samuel Fuller), with Preston Foster and Barbara Britton.

Feb. 2: "O. Henry's Full House" (1952), five stories, each by a different director; and "We're Not Married" (1952; Edmund Goulding), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, and Victor Moore.

Feb. 3: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell; and "It's a Great Feeling" (1949; David Butler), with Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, and Doris Day.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 25: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Jan. 26: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

Jan. 27: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Jan. 28: "How Green Was My Valley" (†) and "The Stars Look Down" (†).

Jan. 29-30: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

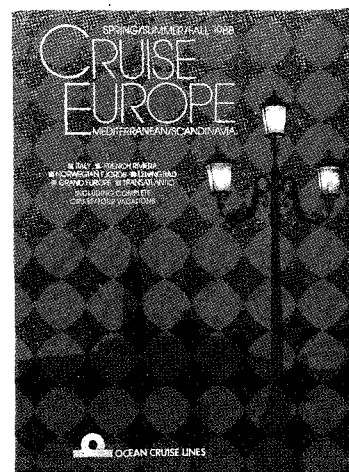
Jan. 31: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950 †) and "Mogambo" (†).

Feb. 1: "October" (†); and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).

Feb. 2: "Charlie Chan in Rio" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eu-

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Joseph Shahan

gene Forde), with Warner Oland as Chan. Feb. 3: "Flamingo Road" (Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, and David Brian; and "Sadie McKee" (1934; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold, and Gene Raymond.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Spiral" (1978; directed by Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Jan Nowicki. . . . Jan. 25 at 6: "Illumination" (1973; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Stanislaw Latallio. . . . Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Camouflage" (1976; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Piotr Garlicki. . . . Jan. 26 at 5: "Family Life" (1971; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Daniel Olbrychski. . . . Jan. 28 at 2:30: "Let's Talk About Women" (1964; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Sylva Koscina, and Giovanna Ralli. . . . Jan. 28 at 6 and 8:45: "Beatrice" (1987; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Julie Delpy, Bernard Pierre Donnadieu, and Nils Tavernier. Bertrand Tavernier will be present. . . . Jan. 29 at 2:30: "The Constant Factor" (1980;

Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). . . . Jan. 29 at 6: "Let's Talk About Women." . . . Jan. 30 at 2: "Imperative" (1982; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles), with Robert Powell, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. . . . Jan. 30 at 5: "Camouflage."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 25 at 6:30: "In This Life's Body" (1984; Corinne Cantrill). Miss Cantrill will be present. . . . Jan. 28 at 3 and 6:30: "The Earth Is Our Mother" (1987; Peter Elsass), a documentary. . . . Jan. 29 at 3 and 6:30: "Flesh and the Devil" (1926; Clarence Brown; a silent film), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lars Hanson. . . . Jan. 30 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Mary Astor, Walter Huston, and Ruth Chatterton. . . . Feb. 1 at 3 and 6:30: "Orpheus" (1950; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais, Maria Casares, and François Périer. . . . Feb. 2 at 3 and 6:30: "The Gunfighter" (1950; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Helen Westcott, and Millard Mitchell.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. Jan. 26 at 6:30: "The Garden of Women" (1954), with Mieko Takamine. . . . Jan. 29 at 6:30: "The Scent of Incense" (1964; with Nobuko Otowa). . . . Feb. 2 at 6:30: "The Impulsive Murder of My Son" (1979), with Tomisaburo Wakayama.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-

7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. . . . Through March 1: "New York World Television Festival," a program of twenty-seven international productions that have won awards during the past year. The schedules of performances are complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Jan. 25 at 8: "A Story of Floating Weeds" (1934; Yasujiro Ozu; a Japanese silent film). . . . Jan. 26 at 8: "The Hawks and Sparrows" (1965; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . Jan. 27 at 8: "All I Desire" (1953; Douglas Sirk), with Barbara Stanwyck; and "Kustom Kar Kommandos" (1965; Kenneth Anger). . . . Jan. 28 at 8: Two films by Jan Odenburg. . . . Jan. 29 at 7: A marathon of films from the Filmmaker's Co-op. . . . Jan. 30 at 8: "Dangerous to Know" (1938; Robert Florey) and "Daughter of Shanghai" (1937; Robert Florey), both films with Anna May Wong. . . . Jan. 31 at 8: "Sunshine Superman" (1987; Richard Rutkowski), with Christopher Knowles. . . . Feb. 1 at 8: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 2 at 8: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1964; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . Feb. 3 at 8: "Magnificent Obsession" (1954; Douglas Sirk), with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman; and "Rabbit's Moon" (1950; Kenneth Anger).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Arlene Croce and Terrence Rafferty.)

ALICIA (1977)—In this Cuban-made documentary, homage to Alicia Alonso gets lost in a jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from ballets filmed, for the most part, during the declining phase of her career. In Spanish.—A.C. (Film Forum 2; Feb. 3.)

BROADCAST NEWS—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. Basically all the picture is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/11/88.) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

CRY FREEDOM—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (New Carnegie.)

THE DEAD—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

DEVI (1962)—Satyajit Ray's dreamily sensual, ironic film about Indian superstition was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. The story, about a wealthy man who convinces his son's bride (Sharmila Tagore) that she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali, has startling Freudian undertones. Ray's feeling for the intoxicating beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century landowning class makes this one of the rare honest films about decadence. With Soumitra Chatterji and Chhabi Biswas. In Bengali. (Cinema Village; Jan. 31.)

EMPIRE OF THE SUN—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells

and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (MovieLand 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

FATAL ATTRACTION—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

GISELLE (1964)—Except to her fans, Alicia Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished—just remarkably enduring. It has survived on two of the strongest legs and feet the old classic can ever have seen. In this black-and-white film of her production for the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Azari Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, and Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's husband; Myrtha is Mirta Plá.—A.C. (Film Forum 2; Feb. 3.)

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the

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character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsy version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

HOPE AND GLORY—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desensitize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Woodridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.)

HOUSEKEEPING—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Carnegie Hall Cinema... Quad Cinema; through Jan. 28.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—John Ford's much honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is moving and impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon are the leads, and the cast includes Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors (though the singers are really Welsh). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28.)

IRONWEED—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

JEAN DE FLORETTE—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera,

and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what he thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Cinema 3.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment—H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger). One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though, and the elephants and mandrills and leopards and cobras are all startlingly clear and close. Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Siriaque, Sekaryongo, and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 31.)

THE LAST EMPEROR—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reeducated" in a Chinese war-crime prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant

without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealy-mouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. Maggie Smith and Wendy Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and Ian McNeice, who plays the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

MANON OF THE SPRING—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

MATEWAN—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Leftlyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory." —T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

MAURICE—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes



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Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Quad Cinema.)

MOGAMBO (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust," which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife, but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. With Donald Sinden, Dennis O'Dea, and Laurence Naismith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 31.)

MOONSTRUCK—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, Anita Gillette, Louis Guss, Feodor Chaliapin, and Nada Despotovich. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. Cinematography by David Watkin; musical score by Dick Hyman; editing by Lou Lombardo. Shot in Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Toronto. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

THE MUSIC ROOM (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. It's often crude and it's poorly constructed, but it's a great experience. Worrying over its faults is like worrying over whether "King Lear" is well constructed; it doesn't really matter. Ray made this film between the second and third parts of the Apu Trilogy, for respite. With Chhabi Biswas. In Bengali. (Cinema Village; Jan. 31.)

OCTOBER (1927; also called "Ten Days That Shook the World")—Eisenstein followed "Potemkin" with this epic celebrating the ten days in 1917 during which the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky government. It continues his striking experimental methods—the violent juxtapositions, the use of visual symbols to communicate abstract ideas, and the concept of the masses as hero. The movie also occupies a niche in the history of political falsification: the Soviet government commissioned the film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, but it was not shown. Trotsky was one of the main characters in Eisenstein's original version, and Trotsky at the time was organizing demonstrations against the Communist Party; Eisenstein had to spend five months re-editing the work to dislodge Trotsky from his place in the making of the Revolution. Even this edited version was later banned, as "formalist." Maybe because of the pressures Eisenstein experienced, the film lacks excitement, and it may leave you cold. Silent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 1.)

PATTI ROCKS—David Burton Morris's low-budget drama means to tell us something new about the war between men and women, but the movie is heavy-spirited and monotonous. Billy (Chris Mulkey), a working-class husband and father who considers himself quite a stud, is appalled when one of his girlfriends, Patti Rocks (Karen Landry), gets pregnant and won't have an abortion. He drives all night, in the company of his divorced friend Eddie

(John Jenkins), to visit her and persuade her to change her mind. The conversation between the two men while they're on the road is the centerpiece of the movie; it's designed to bring out their hideously sexist attitudes, which will later be challenged by Patti's quiet strength. Billy's discourse is particularly colorful; he has a prodigious array of demeaning sexual epithets, most of which have nasty, violent overtones. He really is a pig—but that's *all* he is. Once the guys get to Patti's apartment, it's clear that the movie isn't going anywhere very interesting. Billy's humiliated, Eddie's sensitized, and Patti's a rock of sanity and decency. It's terribly schematic, and the acting and the direction aren't lively enough to distract us. The screenplay is credited to Morris and the three actors; the characters of Billy and Eddie first appeared in Morris's 1976 feature "Loose Ends," which was written by Victoria Wozniak.—T.R. (Waverly.)

THE RED BALLOON (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It's an allegory of innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's other film on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (Public Theatre; starting Jan. 29.)

SAMMY AND ROSIE GET LAID—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's ex-

asperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

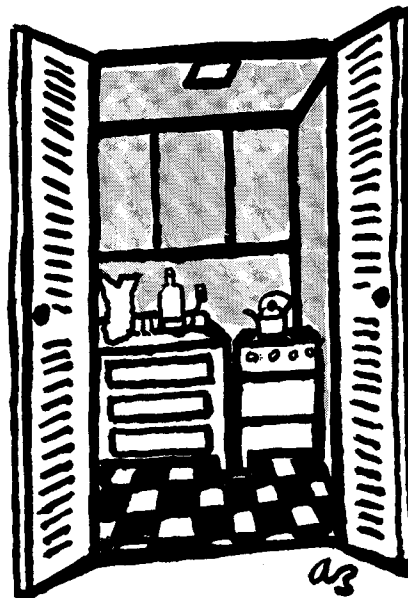
STACKING—What's stacked in Martin Rosen's film is hay, on a Montana ranch. The stackers are a fourteen-year-old girl (Megan Follows) and a hard-drinking hired hand (Frederic Forrester). The girl's father (Ray Baker), the owner of the ranch, is a self-pitying loser laid up in the hospital, and her mother (Christine Lahti) is restless and unhappy, eager to get out. The screenplay, by Victoria Jenkins, thus lays three different bad genres on top of one another: the save-the-ranch movie, the coming-of-age movie, and the alcoholic-redeeming-himself movie. This is the independent-film equivalent of Hollywood "high concept," with elements guaranteed to appeal to established funding sources—including, in this case, PBS's "American Playhouse" and Robert Redford's Sundance Institute. "Stacking" seems utterly convinced of its own virtue and purity, but its earnestness is glib and conventional, so the movie feels phony. It's proof that independent filmmakers can pile it at least as high as their studio counterparts can. Also with Jason Gedrick and, briefly, Peter Coyote.—T.R. (Public Theatre; through Jan. 28.)

THE STARS LOOK DOWN (1939)—Carol Reed was only thirty-three when he made this film and he had not yet acquired the technical virtuosity of his later style. But this straightforward film is, in some ways, his finest. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, the hero (Michael Redgrave) dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naively, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emylyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, Ivor Barnard, and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). With Nicole Courcel. Directed by Serge Bourguignon; cinematography by Henri Decae. In French. (Cinema Village; starting Feb. 3.)

TAMPOPO—With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki, directed by Juzo Itami. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

WALL STREET—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. And the moral issues couldn't be simpler: life-and-death and good-and-evil are about as refined as they get. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas. The dialogue gets overexplicit, the tone becomes desperately moralistic, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?" and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gorham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)



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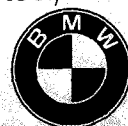
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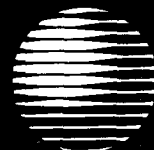


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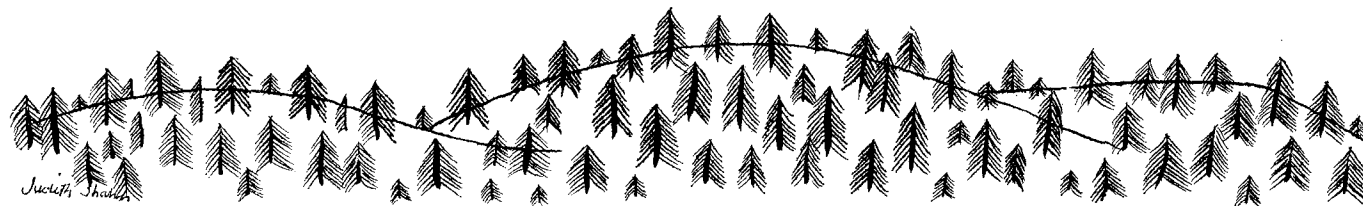
Notes and Comment

BEFORE the five Central American Presidents met in Costa Rica recently to review compliance with the Arias plan for the region, the Reagan Administration seemed to be doing everything it could to halt the peace process. In early January, Lieutenant General Colin Powell, President Reagan's national-security adviser, and Elliott Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, made a tour of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador in the course of which they threatened the leaders of those countries, all of which are dependent on American aid, with unspecified changes in their nations' aid status if they refused to denounce Nicaragua for not complying. Even the *Times*, though it has come to support most elements of the Administration's undeclared war on Nicaragua, found this behavior, which it called "proconsular diplomacy" and "banana republic diplomacy," "deeply offensive." (A White House official, quoted in the *Times*, did not see why anyone should be concerned. Recalling that one of General Powell's recent predecessors, Robert McFarlane, often visited the Central American leaders, he said that McFarlane used to tell them, "You're on the Soviet side or you're on our side. That's the only choice you have to make." The official added, "So these Presidents are accustomed to this sort of thing.")

As it turned out, the Costa Rica meeting did not produce the collapse of negotiations which the Administration was clearly seeking. Nicaragua avoided that disaster by lifting its state of emergency and agreeing to hold direct talks with the Contras. And yet the Administration appears to have succeeded in reframing much of the debate on United States policy in Central America. All possible attention has been focussed on the question of "democratization" in Nicaragua, distorting an extremely complex situation. Thus, the *Washington Post*, while writing about the five Central American Presidents, mentions, in passing, "the four from democratic countries." Presumably, this reflects the Reagan Administration's acceptance of the results of the most recent elections in those countries. But the idea that Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador are democratic would surely come as a bitter surprise to the families of the ninety thousand or more civilian opponents of the regimes there who have been murdered over the past nine years. Indeed, the provision in the Arias plan calling for amnesty for political prisoners was widely held not to affect Honduras or Guatemala for the simple reason that their armies usually do not jail suspected opponents—they kill them. Miguel Ángel Pavón, the vice-president of the Honduran Committee for Human Rights, testified before the Arias plan's international verification commission in early January. A few days later,

he was murdered. If this crime had occurred in Nicaragua, international reaction would have been fierce, and rightly so. But it occurred offstage, in one of the "democracies," and received little press. Nicaragua's failures to comply with the Arias plan have, in fact, been dwarfed by the failures of Honduras.

The Administration's preoccupation with "democratization" in Nicaragua depends on the argument that there is a link between Contra "pressure" and political liberalization. But this link is an illusion. The Sandinistas will go out of their way to try to persuade Congress to end its support of the Contras—this was plainly the motive behind their eleventh-hour compliance in Costa Rica—and yet their maneuvers are concessions made to a menacing giant, nothing more. They certainly do not represent a genuine democratic renewal inside Nicaragua. Nor do the Reagan Administration's reasons for wanting to overthrow the Sandinistas have much to do with democracy. If the United States were really determined to see democracy and respect for human rights thrive in Central America, it would long ago have ceased its support for the armies of El Salvador and Honduras; for that matter, it would never have supported the successive Somoza dictatorships that brutalized Nicaragua for more than forty years. The Reagan Administration is interested not in democracies but in clients. The Sandinistas are not clients, and the Contras are;



indeed, they are our creatures. It's no coincidence that Costa Rica is both the most democratic Central American country and the readiest to defy American demands for support of the Contras. Oscar Arias, Costa Rica's President, asks simply that we "let Central Americans decide the future of Central America."

This plea will be answered, one way or another, in Washington this week, when Congress considers an Administration request for another round of Contra aid. It will probably be the last congressional debate on this matter during the Reagan Presidency, so the stakes are unusually high. The Administration has managed to win Contra aid again and again, usually by producing a well-timed sensational story—a Nicaraguan invasion of Honduras, a defector with frightening tales to tell—that temporarily altered the political climate. (And when Congress stood firm and refused aid, the White House found ways around that, too, as the Iran-Contra hearings revealed.) Forty-seven thousand Nicaraguans have died violently since the beginning of the Reagan Administration's crusade for what it calls democracy in Central America. Congress now stands between this destructive obsession and the death of thousands more.

Rosa and Lotti

A FRIEND writes:

I last saw Rosa von Praunheim fifteen years ago. He was then an underground gay German filmmaker who looked like Warren Beatty, and he still is and does. His subjects were sex, death, ecstasy, transgression, and the *horror vacui*, and they still are. Rosa was in town last week for the release of his latest film, "Anita: Dances of Vice," and he was accompanied by its star, Lotti Huber. Lotti is seventy-five and about four eleven. She has the figure of a dumpling, the mien of a priestess, and a mane of frizzy graying hair. When I met her, at a party given by a friend of mine in SoHo, she was wearing a red satin muu-muu with a fringe only slightly longer than her false eyelashes, and she had a coquettish black ribbon around her throat. Her English is excellent—in part, she said, because two of her husbands were British officers, and in part because she keeps up her fluency by translating Barbara Cartland novels into

German. "I love kitsch," she added.

"She *is* kitsch," Rosa said, and he added that before he met Lotti he had imagined himself to be her. "Rosa von Praunheim" sounds like an older woman from the provinces who wears lots of makeup and writes romantic novels," he said. He chose his first name, however, because *rosa*—pink—was the color of the triangle that the Nazis forced upon homosexuals, and he took his last name from "an ugly part of Frankfurt." His mother still calls him Holger, though.

Rosa's latest film is the story of Anita Berber, a famous nude dancer, bisexual, and drug addict of the Weimar era. "Nude dancing was fairly common then," Rosa said. "There were nude tea dances in Berlin, at the big hotels. There wasn't any value in money, and there wasn't any value in morals. But, just as the Dadaists were a small group in France, the committed egocentric sexual revolutionaries, like Anita, were a small group in Germany."

Lotti plays the old Anita in Rosa's film—or, rather, she plays someone in a mental institution who believes that she is the young Anita. The scenes in the mental institution are filmed in black-and-white—to suggest, perhaps, that reality is dreary—and Anita's orgasmic memories, or delusions, are pantomimed in color by a beautiful young dancer named Ina Blum. At the end of the film, which was shown at the Collective for Living Cinema, on White Street, the real Lotti did a pantomime routine herself—told nostalgic anecdotes, changed costumes, and mouthed the words to a song she had recorded, which was played over the sound system. The audience adored her.

My friend's party took place before



the opening, and in the elevator on my way up to it I met the writer Larry Kramer. "Rosa is the same kind of loudmouth in Germany that I am here," he told me.

A number of the other guests were equally eager to interpret Rosa for me. "He's King Ludwig," said a short man with red eyes. "Ask him about his *Traurigkeit*."

"He's as pure as a monk," said an artist wearing a Cocteau button.

"I think he's vulgar," said a burly young man with a ponytail. "But don't get me wrong. There's nothing the matter with vulgarity."

Lotti had never been to New York before, and she declared that she loved it. It had "embraced her," she said, but she disagreed with Rosa that it was superior in vitality to Berlin.

"Berlin is repressed," said Rosa, "and I have a very S-and-M relationship with the German public. The emotional side of Americans is liberating for me."

"In Berlin, they subsidize your films and show them on television," said Lotti.

Rosa grew up, during the war, in what is now East Germany. He was a choirboy, and in "Anita" he plays the cameo role of a priest. "You never quite get over your Catholic guilt," he said. "But I'm grateful not to have been twelve in the nineteen-thirties. I could have become a Nazi. You're looking for God at that age—you want to believe in something. I still feel a kind of fear for myself in retrospect."

"Wanting to belong is human nature," Lotti said.

Lotti, who grew up in Kiel, in northern Germany, during the Weimar era, discovered that another guest at the party, Judith Malina, who is the co-founder of the Living Theatre, was also born in Kiel, and that Malina's father had been the Orthodox rabbi there. Lotti's family was Jewish, too, though not Orthodox at all. Her teachers, she recalled, encouraged their female students to experiment with free love, to pursue careers, and to avoid marriage. She became a dancer, and had a love affair with a son of Kiel's Lord Mayor. The Nazis subsequently imprisoned the son for *Rassenschande* (miscegenation) and sent Lotti to a concentration camp for prostitutes and criminals. Her family managed to buy her freedom, however, and she was shipped to Palestine. That was where she met the first of her British husbands, "a marvellous eccen-

tric." After the war, he was stationed in Cairo, and she danced there in a famous night club frequented by King Farouk. Her most popular routine was a comic skit called "The Mad Conductor," for which she wore a lavender satin tuxedo suit and toe shoes. "I was slimmer then," she told me.

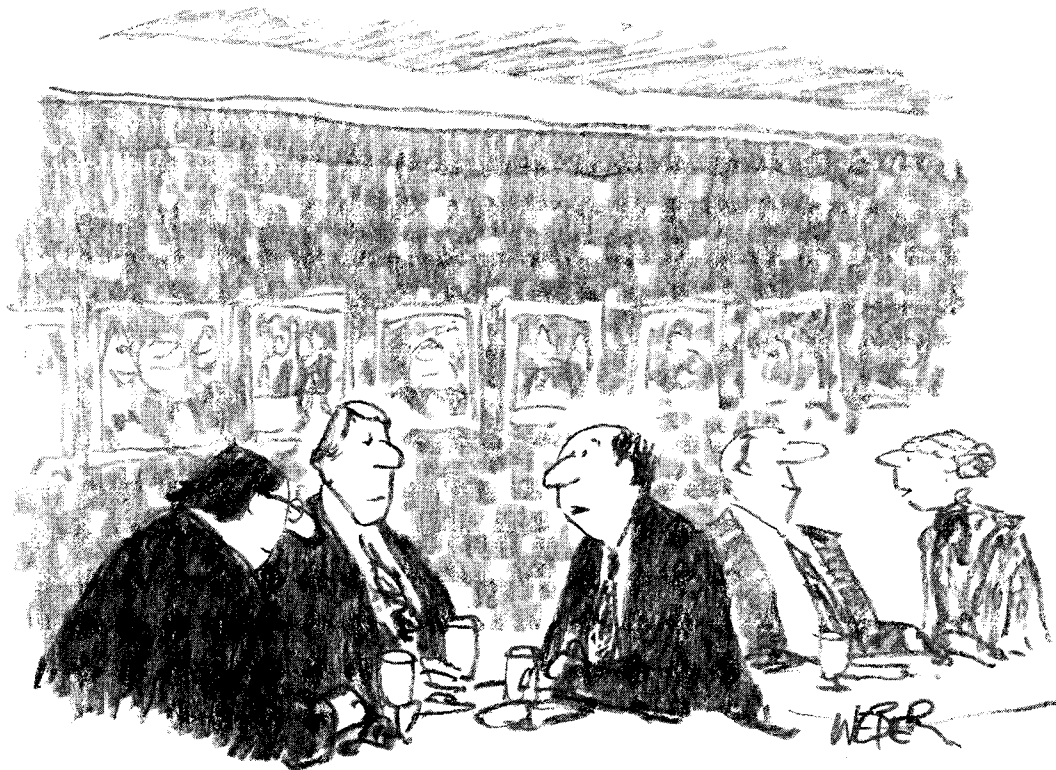
"Lotti has never been a beauty," Rosa put in. "She has always had to fight to be found beautiful. Fighting for beauty—that's the theatre. Now she's an inspiration to millions of women. In Berlin, she gives therapeutic dance classes, where middle-class working women lose their inhibitions. She breaks down borders. She breaks down boundaries. She's a mother figure with whom you can discover intimacy without losing yourself."

My friend asked Lotti if breaking down borders was what kept her young.

She drew herself up a little and replied, "Nothing keeps me young. I'm old. Let's talk about what keeps me alive."

After the opening, there was another party, to which Rosa had invited everyone in the audience. It was held in a Tribeca loft, a seven-flight walk-up, whose board-and-brick décor and kitty-litter smell reminded me of the seventies. Rosa and I reminisced about that period, which was when we had first met, and when, he recalled, all the German intellectuals in New York were working on a critical theory of society and there seemed to be so much new art, new music, new cinema, and new talent generally. "You just kept running from one underground event to another, worrying that you weren't taking your work far enough to the edge," he said. "I prefer to live in a dull, bourgeois time like this one, when everyone has gone his separate way. It forces me to be myself. Lotti has never had that problem, though. She's always been herself, which is why I call her a rising star."

"Which is why you exploit me,"



"My wife is all in the eye of the beholder."

said the rising star, who had come over to sit on Rosa's lap. "That's right, squeeze me, darling. There's plenty of juice."

Thumbs

CANADIAN MIST whiskey had a pretty good year last year. ("Of all distilled spirits brands, Canadian Mist is the nation's 4th largest seller, and the #1 selling Canadian whisky." Source: "Key Points on Canadian Mist.") But Canadian Mist isn't a whiskey that everybody knows by name—not the way people know, for example, Southern Comfort and Jack Daniel's, which are other spirits bottled in the United States by B.-F. Spirits, Ltd., a division of Brown-Forman, of Louisville, the makers of Canadian Mist. You don't hear a lot of people at the right kind of bars saying, "Make mine Mist." So somebody high up at Brown-Forman or at Daniel J. Edelman, Inc., in Chicago, the public-relations firm that has the Canadian Mist account, must have said, "Hey, it might be fun to, you know, put together a tournament, like a poetry-writing contest or something, to get some increased brand-awareness," and somebody else probably said, "Well, hey, why don't we have some kind of wacky, trash-sports

event? I don't know—arm wrestling or something," and then somebody in Creative said, "No, thumb wrestling, and let's invent an International Thumb Wrestling Federation, with a headquarters, and a logo, and a letterhead, and pretend to treat it sort of seriously, with regional finals and national finals and tough nicknames for the participants—Iron Thumb and Bone Crusher, like that—and maybe get Captain Lou Albano to be master of ceremonies." And because it had been a good year for Canadian Mist ("Canadian Mist has sustained 14 years of continuous growth under the most steeply-declining market conditions since the days of prohibition, rising from an insignificant brand to #4 in the nation." Source: "Key Points on Canadian Mist"), the guys at Brown-Forman said, "Well, O.K."

The thing was, when the thumb wrestlers assembled at Gleasons Arena, in Brooklyn, for the national finals recently, the whole stunt worked in a way, but it didn't work like a charm. Captain Lou Albano, for instance, gave a hundred per cent: he roared and stamped, and he leaned right into the camera and yelled, and he wore that peculiar thing hanging from his cheek. But he wasn't exactly up on Canadian Mist. He seemed to think it was a branch of the Canadian govern-

ment. The prize for the two winners of the tournament (one male and one female) was a thousand dollars each in Canadian gold coins, but Captain Lou kept referring to the money as "a thousand Canadian Mist gold coins"—as though the distillery had gone ahead and opened its own mint. Some people from Edelman whispered to each other that it might be a good idea to jump into the ring and straighten out Captain Lou, but nobody wanted to do it.

Then, there were all the empty seats. About five hundred seats had been laid out around the ring at Gleasons, but they were occupied for the most part by peppy, well-dressed P.R. people and weary reporters with a human-interest story to write—about twenty-five of each.

Then, there was the brass band, which played the same piece over and over and over, varying it only occasionally with the "Washington Post" march and with what the trumpet player, who led the band, called "The John Williams Overture"—it turned out to be the thing that ABC plays during the Olympics.

Then, there were Rocky and Jake. Somebody at Edelman had had the idea of hiring Rocky Graziano and Jake La Motta to add class to the thing, and there they were: the middleweight champion of 1947 and the middleweight champion of 1949, smiling vaguely and wearing "International Thumb Wrestling Federation" T-shirts, and being—well, *affable*. They helped each other into the ring, gently, when the time came to award the prizes, and each pointed to the other during the introductions. When Sean (Wild Man) Walsh, a food-vending supplier from Tinley Park, Illinois, won the men's title, one of the people from Edelman handed Rocky a ribbon with a medal on it to award him. Rocky took the ribbon, stared at it gravely, and hung it around his own neck. Then he looked around with a vague smile, hoping he had done the right, amusing thing.

Fortunately, it all looked fine on television. Channel 7 used it as the upbeat extra story on the eleven-o'clock news that night: the thumb wrestlers in their robes, the aging fighters, Captain Lou. You didn't get to see Rocky awarding himself the medal. You didn't get to see the first trombone player, who'd just finished playing his part in the same piece of music for the twentieth time that night, lean over and, while the trumpets and tuba continued to play, suggest through intricate gesture—pointing to the composer's name on the sheet music and miming the act of cutting somebody's throat—that someday, *someday*, he hoped to murder the guy who wrote the theme from "Rocky."

Rumba

JANET was looking for something again. We made ourself comfortable in her living room. "I think I may have lost it," she said. "It's very annoying when you get to be my age and you only have a limited number of years to look forward to." She held up a wooden fish on a string. "This is the kind of thing a friend of mine

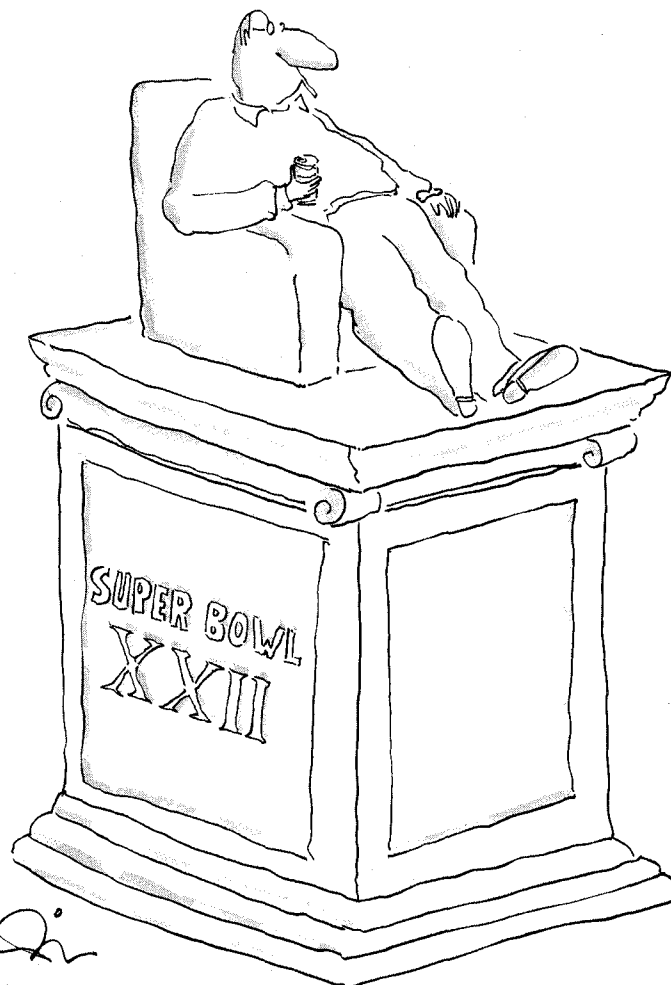
thinks I gave her for Christmas, but I didn't. She gave it back to me. I was hoping that my apartment would be cleaned out by this Christmas, so I wouldn't have to walk sideways from one room to another, but I've got a whole new batch of stuff I ordered from catalogues, which I have to save till next Christmas. I'm afraid to come home, because all these catalogues are waiting for me. Twenty-nine in one day is my record so far."

Janet ducked behind a door. When she emerged, she was talking about knee socks. "I know the sticky side should stick to your legs," she said. "I was at a conference yesterday, and all these young people were talking about burnout. I wonder if I can call my office and say I have burnout till noon. What I'm trying to find—it's called . . . Now, let me find out what it's called. Wait a minute. It's called something more important than 'Eat Nourishingly.' Do you get a lot of envelopes that say 'Your Opinion Card Enclosed?'"

We said yes.

"Where's this thing I'm invited to? Not exactly invited—you have to pay for it. She read about me in the paper. It mentioned my age but not my weight. I guess she took a chance that I'd be a fat old lady. I can't believe I can lose things this fast. It's very hard to be me, because I can't find anything. There are things that happen to you that you can't do. I take a sleeping pill with coffee and let them fight it out. What happens is that I fall asleep for two hours, then I wake up for two hours. When dawn comes, I'm a wreck. I've got to find the healthy regime that woman sent me. It's probably a class I'll attend but I won't be able to absorb."

"Damn!" Janet looked at her right hand. "My hand is almost gone. It doesn't work. Did I tell you about the time I was eating and the fork stayed in my mouth? When the stock market fell, I called a friend of mine who's a stockbroker. 'Am I wiped out?' I asked him. He said, 'What are



you talking about? You don't have anything.' That's one good thing—you can't get wiped out if you don't have anything to begin with. I think I'll keep it that way. A woman called me and said, 'Are you the same Janet I just read about in the *Times*?' I said, 'Yes, but that's not my right age.' She says she thinks if I ate right I'd lose weight, and I should come to her class. I said, 'You're not going to make me give up coffee and drinking, I hope.' Here! I found it. She wrote me a note: 'Janet, this is going to change your life.'"

Janet became pensive. "At the moment, my diet consists of butter and ice cream and a couple of other wrong things. I only stop eating to have coffee or a drink. Oh, guess where you do this healthy workshop. In a church. I think it has to do with living longer and not feeling lousy all the time. I wonder if a diet is as good as a face lift."

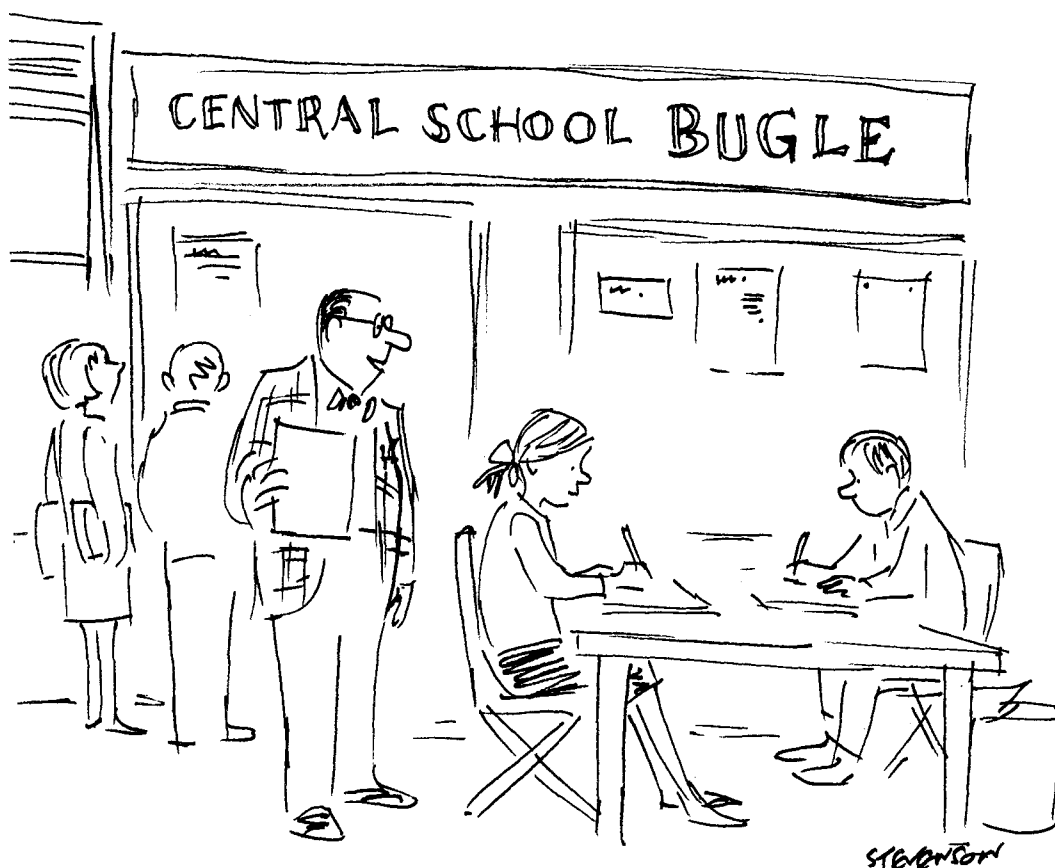
We didn't know.

Janet telephoned her office. "I'm calling in sick," she said.

To us she said, "I have a secretary who, when I ask her to do something, says, 'Do it yourself.' Here's my next Christmas present for Mario Cuomo—an autographed Pavarotti record. It says 'Buon Natale, Luciano '87.' This Christmas, it was a book that said 'Buon Natale, Luciano Pavarotti '86.' I have to get them together sometime. Did I show you this?"

Janet handed us a letter, dated October 13, 1987, that said, "The Governor has asked me to thank you for your thoughtful letter. . . . He appreciated the fake moustache."

"I'm thinking of suing people," Janet said. "Remember that woman on the street who said she was going to sue me? A whole year I've been brooding about it, on and off. But I would have to sue my boss, too, and it occurred to me that might end my job. My other thought is 'Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do.' I was told the other day that I shouldn't think of myself as a failure—I'm a successful human being."



"This is an excellent story, Doris, so far."

We nodded.

"I know two dirty jokes," Janet said. "One I don't know very well." She told one dirty joke. "The other one's even worse," she said. She told the other one. Our mind wandered.

"When you're ten," Janet was saying, "you have only ten years to look back on, and sixty or seventy years in front. I think that's why most people look back—it's less frightening. When you have a limited number of years ahead of you, you realize there's hardly any time left to make mistakes. Did I mention that now when I tell cabdrivers my right age they say, 'God bless you?' It gives you a very relicky feeling. You're supposed to have profound wisdom and a philosophy of life. A benign philosophy, which I'm not going to try to get in the next six months. You're supposed to have the answers. I would be less frightened if I believed in reincarnation. I wonder if a hot bath would help."

Janet put a record on the record-player.

"A friend of mine gave me 'Arthur Murray's Music for Dancing,'" she

said, handing us the record jacket. "Side, together, forward. Side, together, back."

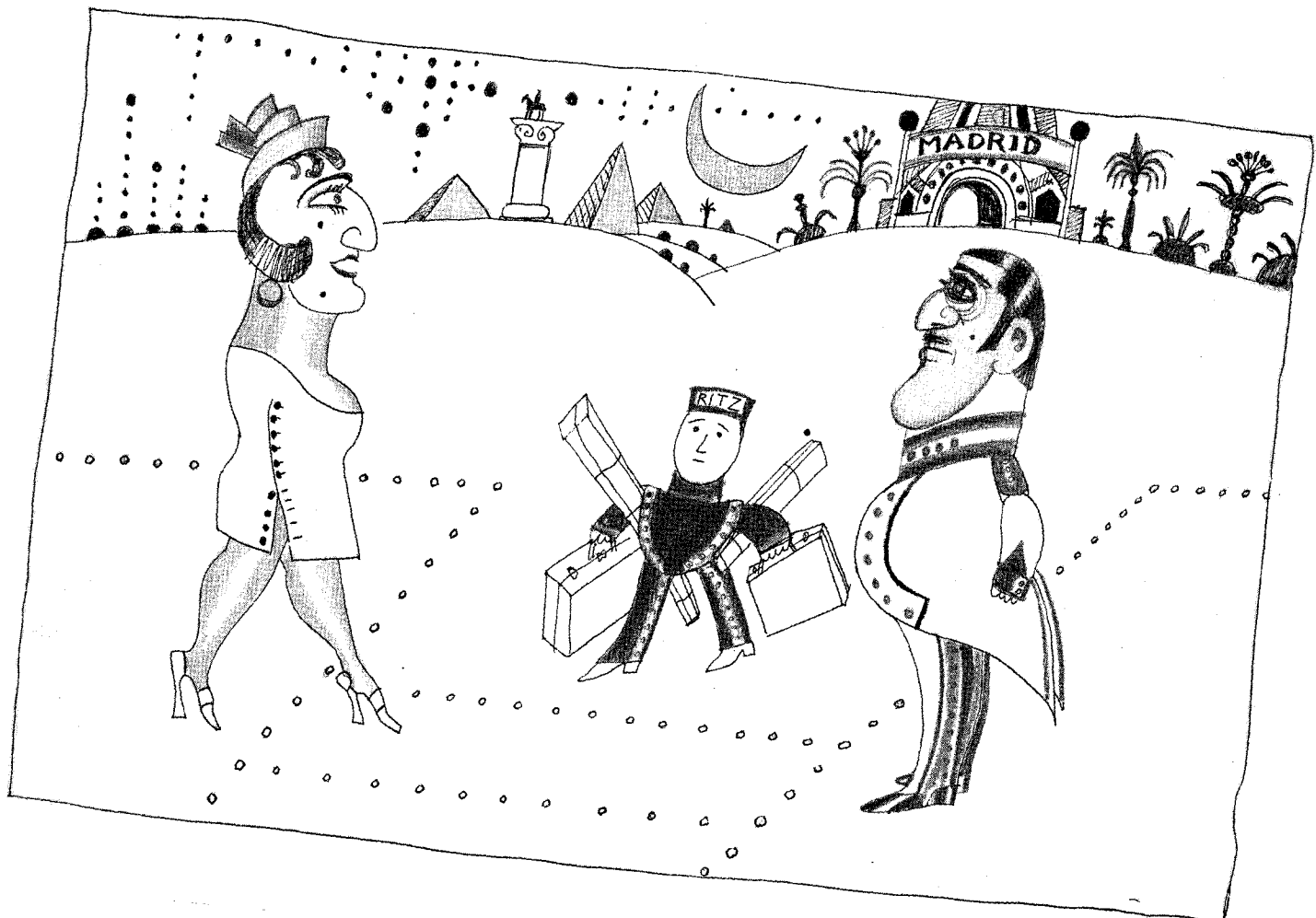
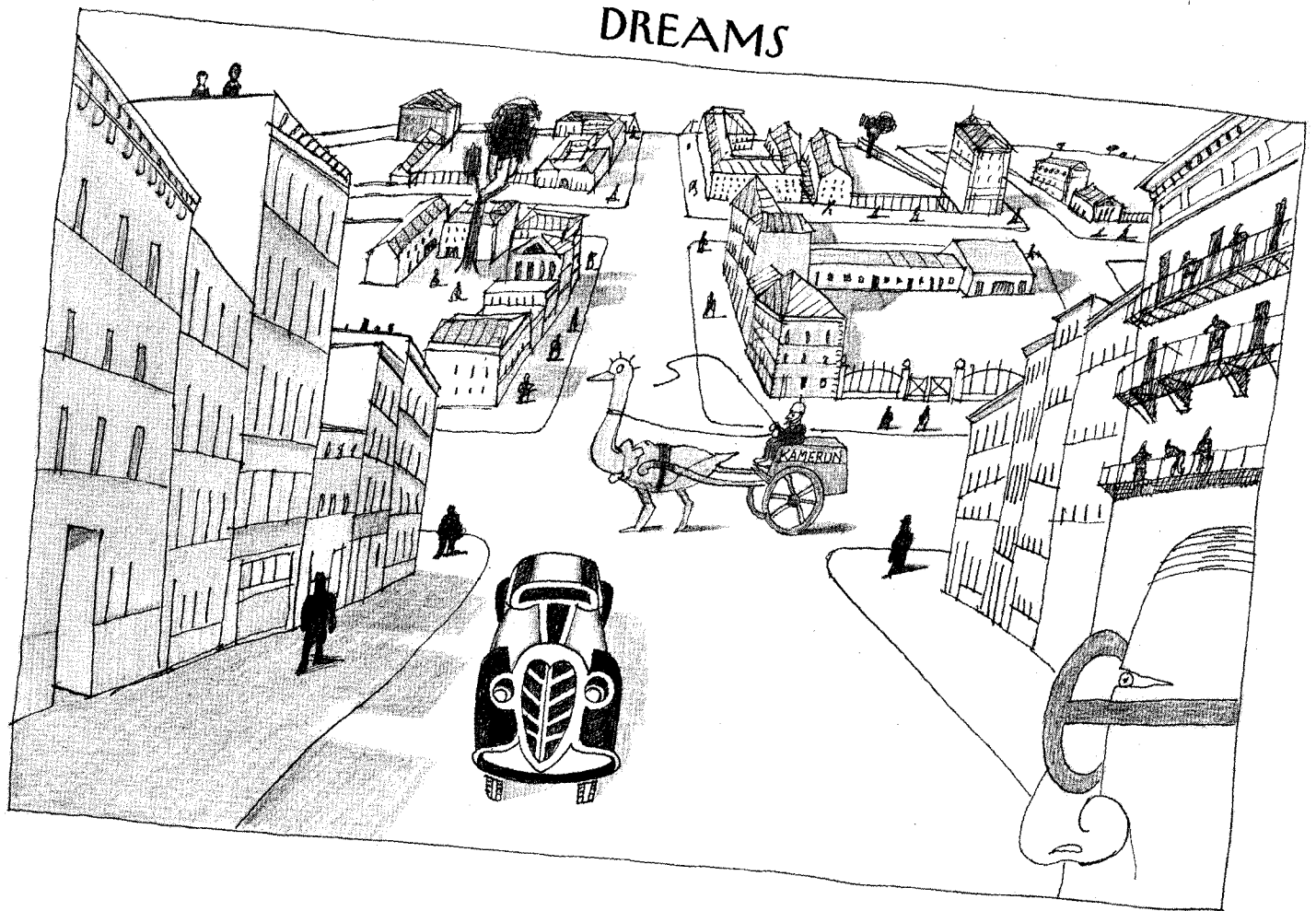
"Cherry pink and apple-blossom white," sang a voice.

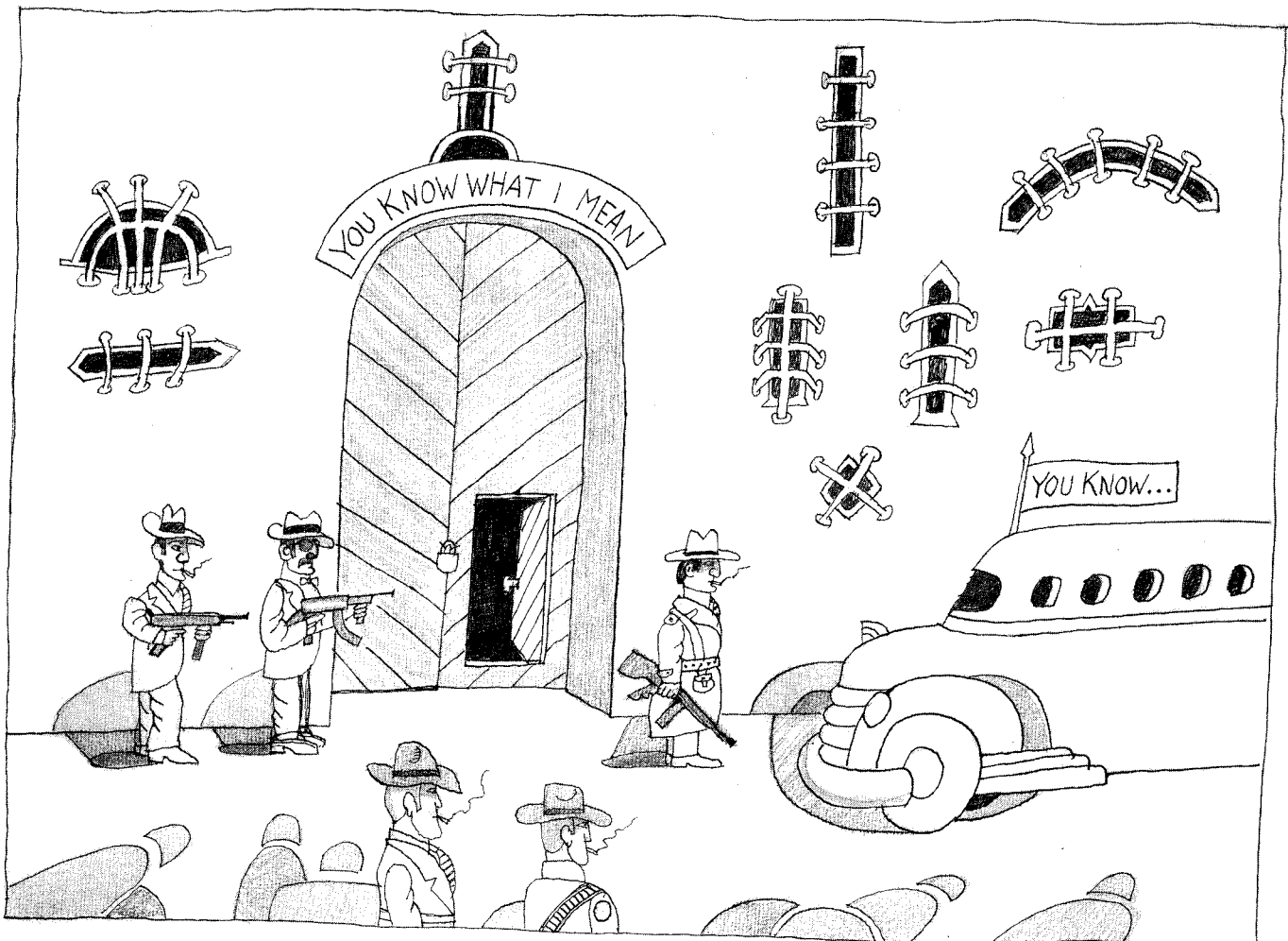
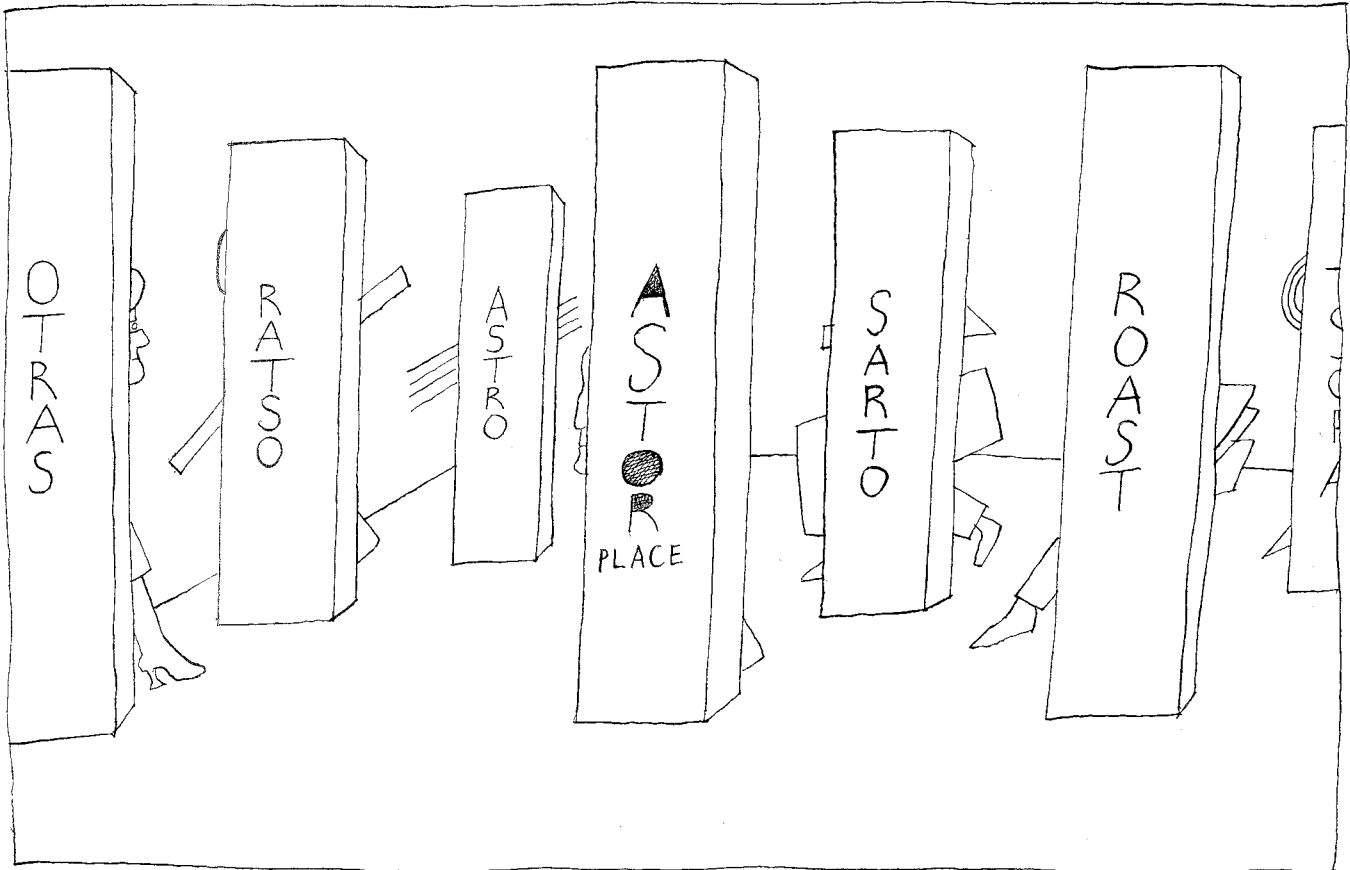
"Only Arthur Murray would have people singing in English to a rumba," Janet said.

The word on the record jacket didn't look right. We asked Janet how to spell "rumba."

"It's r-h-u-m-b-a," she said. "Arthur Murray doesn't know how to spell and never did. Look at this Fred Astaire thing. First they called me and then they sent me a letter that says I'm entitled to fifty-seven dollars' worth of class and private lessons, one of each. A guy called Ron is looking forward to meeting me. I feel sneaky going to Fred Astaire after Arthur Murray. I'm not going to tell Fred Astaire that I taught Arthur Murray how to rumba. They told me I could choose, but when I said, 'I choose the rumba,' they said, 'We have a structured format.' I'm going to rumba with the teacher for half an hour and then I'm going to leave."

DREAMS





STEINBERG

THE BEST PLACE FOR IT

"BUFFALO gals, can't you come out tonight..."

Eddie Hobson, Jr., had abandoned his father to the front porch of the family's A-frame house, leaving the sick man shipwrecked on the blessed black sands of northern Illinois. Pop had promised to turn himself over to the Veterans Administration Hospital in Maywood after the Thanksgiving holidays. The Hobson dependents, helpless in the face of the old man's virtuoso invalid act, could do nothing between now and then but give in to November, 1978. And to Little Eddie, at eighteen, giving in came as easily as looking up the answers in the back of an algebra text. He felt no qualms about making his own emergency exit from family into the company of friends.

At the end of the evening, warmed by school acquaintances, Eddie had paired off with the prettiest, a junior named Sarah. He had talked her into seeing the second showing of "Fantasia" at the Egyptian, De Kalb's fifty-year-old Deco theatre. Walking her home, he started to sing, and she joined in: "And dance by the light of the moo-oon."

Their two-part harmony, flush with possibility, hung on the deserted street. Eddie grabbed Sarah around her willowy waist. "God, that was great. I had no idea you could sing. You sound just like Donna Reed." But Sarah, lovely in the limpid darkness, looked puzzled. "Donna Reed. *You* know. From 'It's a Wonderful Life.'" Astonished at not yet ringing the bell, he added, "Don't tell me you don't know it! Impossible. It's on a hundred times every Christmas. What were you, born yesterday?"

"I've seen that one, anyway, I think."

"That's got Judy Holliday, you nit." Eddie shook her lightly by her still unknown shoulders, scolding her in pantomime. "Know what my pop'll say when he finds out that his own flesh and blood spent the evening with a woman who didn't know the difference between Donna Reed and Judy Holliday? 'Out of the house, ingrate. You're no son of mine.'"

In fact the only response Dad ever made regarding any of the girlfriends Eddie brought home was the sad, cryptic chant "Girls, girls, girls." Once he had said, confidentially, "Re-

member, son. Fifty million Frenchmen *can* be wrong. Would you trust an appraisal of the fairer sex from the folks who gave you the Maginot Line?" That was the closest the two had ever come to discussing romantic love.

Sarah lifted her head to Eddie, Jr., and said, "I'm sorry. I haven't seen very many of the classics."

Eddie, hearing only her eyes, slipped his hands down into her floppy jacket pockets and played there. "Who said anything about *seeing* them? I haven't *seen* three-quarters of the old films I talk about. You just have to *know* about them."

"So how is it that you know all about them?"

"Blame it on my folks. They raised me on old-movie references."

"Just a slave to your upbringing, I suppose," Sarah said. Eddie felt confirmed in his suspicion that she was somewhat smarter than he, and infinitely more cultured. She played the cello. He had to step lightly or he'd end up in deep mischief—the kind of over-his-head treading for dear life that he lived for.

"I was *raised* to blame myself for my being raised that way. How's that?"

Sarah gave a sophisticated "Ha!" but drooped her shoulder toward his at the same time. Eddie supposed that indicated the answer was just fine.

"Funny you should ask, though. About my upbringing. I was designed by committee. Sins of the fathers. Nature versus nurture is one of my dad's favorite debates. But *my* father, he never comes down on one side or the other. He asked us once whether a person raised in solitary confinement

can know what it means to get lonely."

"Your father asked you that?"

"Yeah. Over hot oatmeal, as I remember."

"Really! He sounds remarkable."

"Uh, that's the polite name. Look, I had better warn you about my family right now. They aren't the Cleavers." Eddie looked at her sidelong and said, "That's Ward and June, for those of you just back from the rococo."

Sarah shoved him and pulled his hands out of her pockets. "Enjoy the man," she ordered. "Mine just talks about what's wrong with the car. What about the rest of your family? Are they nature or nurture?"

Eddie dropped into the tones of dramatic voice-over. "The close-to-the-chest older brother. The testy, ex-radical big sis. Sis No. 2, everybody's favorite flake. The patient, long-suffering mom. All lost in orbit around the master of ceremonies. You tell me. Now that I think about it, we might make a halfway-decent sitcom after all."

She drew close again, and Eddie thought that nothing on this earth came close to the first feel of the waist of an unknown quantity. She had an easy grace, this stranger, a way of holding to his belt loop that made her seem unafraid of the consequences of knowing another person. He felt a rush of anticipation, doubled because he knew that she encouraged it.

For some months, seeing her in the halls, he had assumed that she was standoffish, that she liked cellos better than boys. And so he had fixed on her. Then they had caught one another making a mutual appraisal. The three-second glance proved how bendable the social circles of late adolescence still were. Each strained to find some overlap of friends, and at last hit on a contrived entrée to the other's crowd. And here was the same imaginary girl made real, teasing him on a late walk home. Her pretending that he was half as interesting as she was could only be early flirtation, a trick of the amber street light.

Eddie decided that before he dropped her off he would up the uncertain ante, answer her easy style. He started to steer them back to simple teases, but surprised himself by saying, "Pop's off to the hospital in a couple weeks."

"Oh? I'm sorry to hear that." She didn't bristle at the mention of illness.



Eddie felt a sudden hurry to admire her, before life knocked her out for being perfect. "What's wrong?"

He even liked her wording, how she left off the *with him*. "We don't know what's wrong, really. Vertigo virus. The shimmies. Who knows? That's part of the problem. That's the *subject* of the Cleavers' misadventure this week."

"Don't be a curmudgeon. It's not becoming. Not if the man's not feeling well."

"Who you calling a curmudgeon?" She poked him in the sternum. "Oh, yeah? What's it mean?" She gave him the dictionary definition. "Damn it, that was on the S.A.T. If you'd told me three months ago, I'd be going to the college of my choice next year. Well, a couple of decades of Jaycee never hurt anybody, huh?"

"Three months ago you didn't know I existed. Maybe you should have gotten *Laura* to tell you what 'curmudgeon' meant."

"How do you know who I was going out with three months ago? Anyway, I swear to you that *Laurie*, as she is called by the general public, was just a passing physical insanity."

"What about Barbara, then?"

"Barbara? Barbara Simms? You jest. I wasn't going out with her. We were just childhood curmudgeons. All right, we *talked* about rubbing our bacons together. Once. In the interests of science. But that's as far as it went."

Sarah tucked her lower lip under her top teeth and pushed him again. "You are unbelievably crude, Hobson. 'Bacons.' I'd walk home alone if Rabelais hadn't used the same phrase."

Eddie assumed Rabelais was a passing indiscretion of Sarah's. Her Barbara Simms. "Who wants to know all these names from my sordid past, anyway?"

"I do," she said obstinately. And he fell in love.

"Listen. I want you to know, you



"One more thing, Miss Kellogg. In line with our more aggressive marketing stance, I'd like you to start calling me *Lefty*."

have a terrific alto. Beats Donna Reed, I swear. We have to get married and form an act. I know you get a vote in the matter, but listen. We could take it on the road. Take it to Europe. Do Italy. Hop over to the Vatican and see the famous Medulla Oblongata."

Sarah laughed and corrected his anatomy. Then she lowered her eyes and hinted, "I've studied a little Italian, you know. On my own. For reading scores."

"That's O.K. I'll marry you anyway. We don't have to tell anyone that you know things." He had heard her excruciating maybe: *I wouldn't mind Italy; I don't mind you*. There was nothing to do but maybe her back.

The banter exasperated her. She withdrew her fingers from his and cast his hand away. "There's no way I'm going to marry you, Hobson. You are a proven unreliable quantity."

They walked in silence the length of three houses. The night air was cold, but not cold enough for either of them to know it. Near the horizon, just outside of town, sat the hunger moon. "If you bail out the tide with a twopenny pail," Eddie said quietly, to the motionless air.

"Then you and the moon can do a great deal."

Eddie looked at her in astonishment. He did not dare ask where she had heard the phrase. He had always considered it Dad's private stock, and the discovery that it was known to this beauty alarmed him with possibility. Sarah saw the quick look come across his face. Their hands fumbled and knit together, static-charged hair to winter wool.

"Know what my mother says?" Eddie asked, not believing that he was going to make this detail public. "She says, 'I would never dream of leaving your father. I signed the papers, didn't I?' How do you explain somebody like that?"

Sarah tucked her chin into her jacket collar. "That's who she is, I suppose. But I bet her feelings are the real contract."

He could not help himself from cupping both hands over her knit cap, behind her ears. "Well, if that's how you really feel about the matter, could we just live in sin, then? I'll move to Harvard or Yale, or wherever you end up. Pretty please?"

She laughed. "Oh, all right. If you insist."

The cadence of their step changed. Eddie tried wordlessly to make her avoid the sidewalk cracks, still visible

THE ANATOMY LESSON OF DR. NICOLAAS TULP, AMSTERDAM, 1632

High winter. All canals
clogged with an icy marrow. And the flax—
just a blue wash in the mind of
the painter who puffs up the tower stairs.
It is the time for festival—Aris Kindt
is hanged. And soon

up through these same stairs, up
to the slope-seated deal and chestnut
Theatrum Anatomicum, the surgeons will come:
Mathys and Hartman, Frans, Adriaan,
three Jacobs, then the bleeders and barbers,
the wheelwrights, needlemakers, goldsmiths,
the potters and sculptors, two
thin-chested harehounds. A lesson!
A dissection! All the reverent, mercantile faces
peering off through the scaffolds

that are now just empty,
just a deal and chestnut funnel tapered down
to a corpse:

Aris Kindt. Quivermaker.

One necklace of rope lace curled under his ears—
while over his body the shadow of a painter's hat
circles, recircles, like a moth at a candle.

So this is fresh death, its small, individual teeth.

Rembrandt walks past the breechcloth, then the forearm
soon to split to a stalk that would be grotesque
but for its radiance: rhubarb tendons
on a backdrop of winter. He swallows,
feels the small dimplings of lunch pork

drop away. And here will be Tulp,
his tweezers and white ruff. And here

perhaps Hartman, perhaps the shadow of
a violet sleeve closing over the death-face.
It is commissioned: eight faces
forever immortal, and one—slightly waxen—
locked in mortality! He smiles.
How perfect the ears, and the pale eyelids

drawn up from the sockets
like the inner lids of pheasants. Just outside a window,
the day has climbed down to the amber color
of this candlelit room. Rembrandt turns,
crosses out past the sponges and vessels.
There is the sputter of wagon wheels through a fresh ice,
and in all the storefronts
torches hang waiting for a pageant—

scarlet blossoms for a new spring.

His room has turned cold with the slow evening.
Far off in a corner
is a canvas clogged with the glue-skin of rabbits—a wash
of burnt umber, and the whites
built up, layer by layer.
Now a fire, the odor of beets.
And here, where the whites buckle, will be Tulp,
perhaps Mathys, their stunned
contemplation of death. He touches a spoon,
then a curve of plump bread. All across his shoulders
and into his hairline winds a little chill,
thin and infinite, like a thread path
through the stars:

there will be umber
and madder root, yellow ochre, bone black,
the scorch of sulfur, from
the oils of walnut and linseed—all things of the earth—
that forearm, that perfect ear.

—LINDA BIERDS

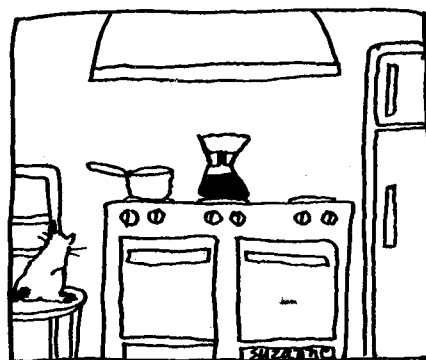
through a first dusting of snow. After
a silence that any other girl would
have surely deflated, he asked, "What
do you think of children?"

Sarah's face modulated to serious-
ness. Not oppressive seriousness, not
brooding agitation or the end of enjoy-
ment, but a textured, nuanced, sonata
seriousness, the slow weighing of pos-
sibilities hidden in a minor key. "I
don't think..." she began. "I'm not
sure this is the best world to bring
children into."

Eddie dropped a beat. He had heard
the notion before. Pop had put it for-
ward once to the older kids when they
broke into their twenties: Suppose
there was a final crisis in the world,
and the outcome of everything was
uncertain. Would any decent parent
risk an infant to a world turned upside
down? On the other hand, what good
do we do by not enlisting new chil-

dren? Now, suppose the crisis is too
many children. Suppose the world is
already lost. . . .

Eddie, Jr., had ignored the what-if
then. Pop had a way of manufacturing
sounds that weren't there. If the world
were tearing at its seams, wouldn't the
air fill with riot horns and sirens?
Now, curling the ends of Sarah's hair,
Eddie, Jr., understood that there



would never be an advance warning.
The siren comes only with returning
order. All they would ever hear was
a questionable hush. If someone as
jaunty, full-spirited, and *seventeen* as
this woman felt the touch of a child-
forsaken world, maybe the place was
upon them.

"We'll discuss this later, my little
chickadee," he said, tapping imaginary
cigar ash onto the snow. "Change of
subject. Let me tell you a joke. There's
this famous Broadway impresario—
that's the right word, isn't it?—who
wants to stage the greatest 'Hamlet'
either side of the Atlantic. They put
out the word for auditions. 'Looking
for greatest Hamlet ever.' They listen
to hundreds of guys. Famous, not so
famous, good, great, unbelievable. But
nobody rises to the heights of perfec-
tion this impresario has in mind. Then
this little guy comes down from Wash-

goes up and pulls on the old guy's coattails. I always want the maestro to turn around and go, 'Eeek, plague!'

She liked the Bach best, although she felt that the transcription was a little heavy-handed and inauthentic. Eddie preferred the little colored horses with wings.

"And speakin' of rats and plagues and all," Eddie said, meaning Mickey and Stokowski, "I learned something unbelievable this weekend. From Big Brother again. Did you know that ring-around-the-rosy was first played by little kids during the Black Death? It's all about those lumpy sores and how they had to burn the bodies and all." Big Brother, for his part, had learned this from Dad.

"I remember reading that somewhere."

"It's not fair. You can't be attractive and know everything, too. Make up your mind and specialize, like everyone else." Sarah declared that her specialty tonight was Donna Reed. So they took it again, from the top, with feeling. "Buffalo gals, can't you come out tonight, can't you come out tonight, can't you come out tonight. Buffalo gals, can't you come out tonight. And... dance... by... the light... of the moo-oon."

"God, you're beautiful."

"Let's not be blasphemous, now."

"What? I didn't say nothing. I said *Gob*, not *God*. 'Gob, you're beautiful.' I've got a great idea. How about you and I..." He pointed to her mouth, then to his, waving his index finger back and forth between the two, inquiringly. She nodded almost imperceptibly, and they kissed.

Eddie felt that it was almost impossible to be less than an inch from the face of another without wanting to shout love like a signed confession. But somehow he did not. He said instead, "Mmm. Oh! That was perfect. Now, *that's* ecting."

Sarah looked off shyly. Facing away, she said, "You wouldn't be kissing relative strangers while keeping a certain Barbara Simms sequestered off on the side somewhere?"

"You've got me all wrong. I'm really a shy kind of fellow. 'Thrift, thrift.' I stand helpless in the express lines behind those people who try to sneak in with thirteen items. I want to tell them off, but I can't get up the nerve. See..." He faced her, taking both her hands in front of him. "I'm really emotionally scarred, underneath. There was this traumatic incident when I was two, when I tried to split an English muffin with a knife and my mother came howling out of the next room screaming, 'Fork!' I've been virtually spineless ever since."

She took his arm, patted him gently on the back. "Maladjusted, are you? Poor boy. Tell me, what was the greatest embarrassment of your life?"

"Hmm. Tough one. Let's see. There was the time in Sunday school, when we were saying the Lord's Prayer just prior to heading off for the work week, and we got to the big finish—kingdom, power, glory for everandever—and I just kept going on with the Hobson evening version, 'God bless Mommy and Daddy and Lily...' An unfortunate solo that my peers did not soon let me forget. How about yours?"

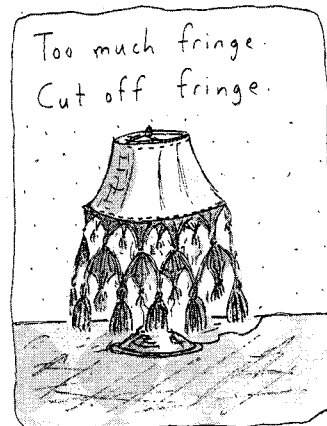
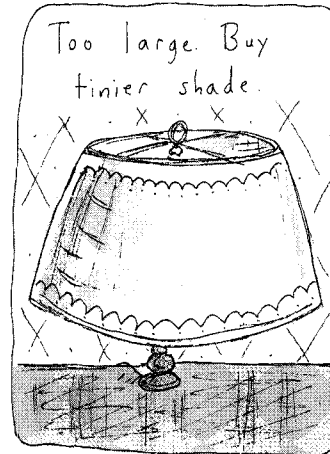
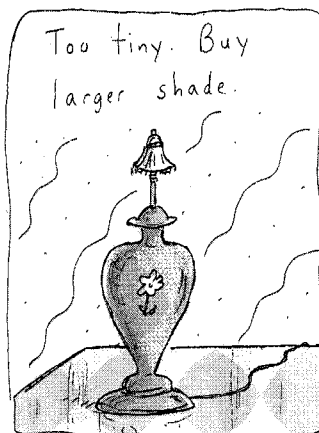
"Well..." She grinned a sheepish, demure, but absolutely fetching overbite smile that made Eddie squeeze her shoulders in appreciation. "Last summer, when I went to Red Fox Music Camp on full scholarship, I stepped off the bus in front of the entire music faculty and my suitcase exploded and all my clothes came bursting out."

"Oh, Jesus. How indiscreet. Come on. You can do better than that. Let's talk real embarrassment. You know

Paulie Kogan, the stocky guy with the wire rims? Last year, we were supposed to do weight training for some stupid jock thing or another, and he comes to me and says, 'Eddie, don't pick me up tonight. I'm leaving town on a family thing.' 'Oh, what's up?' I ask. 'My dad's dead,' he says. And before I know what I'm saying—stupid, middle-class, knee-jerk—I say, 'Oh, I hope he gets better soon.' You wanted embarrassment." They fell silent; stupid, middle-class, knee-jerk silence. Sarah sensed it wasn't Paulie's dad that stopped them in place.

Eddie, brave as the recollection was, kept back the real contenders for the title, the public incidents involving Pop and his proclivity, which he might consider telling this woman after he got to know her better. Like in another twenty years. He assumed a virtue, and continued comically, "My life is one continual embarrassment, really. Confusing Lerner and Loewe with Leopold and Loeb. You know, pronouncing 'epitome' like it looks. I

4 COMMON LAMP SHADE MISTAKES AND HOW TO AVOID THEM



R. Christ

hate being at the mercy of words. Gonna hafta learn a few, one of these days."

Sarah stopped. She pulled Eddie to her, and returned the previous favor. To cover her awkwardness when they drew apart, she said, "We ought to do this walk again in the spring, don't you think? I love it when it's rained lightly while you're in the theatre and when you come out everything smells of earthworms and something about to happen."

Eddie matched her voice, enthusiasm for enthusiasm. "I know. How the air fills with spore cases. You know how, when it rains, water trickles off of tree branches and lands on those bungalow-looking structures? Here's a couple." He produced an imaginary sample. "They grow up around the tree trunks and then the water force makes them release this powder into the air."

It was, he was suddenly aware, not standard high-school dialogue. But something about Sarah made him trust her without being able to help himself. "Here's one. Go ahead, tap it. The spores are in your hair. Let me help." He held her strands up to the light. "These are among your more serious fungi. They aren't ones to dance around in fairy rings to 'The Nutcracker Suite,' for instance. And look, see how the water pulls itself into spheres on the surface of the leaves? And underground..." He overturned a rock, revealing nothing.

"Bugs!" Sarah exclaimed, a cry of complete fascination. Eddie was astonished at her response. They had somehow jumped together into the same lost place.

"Sure. The night's when they really come out. More beetle activity per square leaf at night than anyone imagines." It was below freezing, and crouched on the ground they could not help starting to feel it. She was on her knees beside him, peering intently. He put his arm lightly around her, gratefully. "Not too many of them this far north, this time of year.



"'Sack Rome!' That's your answer to everything!"

November's tough on the food chain."

"What else?" she said. He had seen that look before, a genuine interest in whatever there was to learn. The discovery of the complex world under the rock, making the world above it almost livable.

"I think," Eddie said, standing and unfolding himself slowly, "that if I hadn't already made a complete botch of my future, I would have liked to make a living doing this—what we were just playing at doing. Digging around in the leaves, studying bugs."

"An entomologist!"

"I'm pretty good at sketching with a pencil, and I can look at things for hours without blinking. I just like to watch life. Maybe see something nobody else has yet."

"Good Lord, boy. You talk like the chance is gone. Do it, if you love it."

"Naw, it's too late already. Don't have the grades. And I'm not so good at the studies part. You know, turning it into a science, with math and all. My sister Rach got all the math genes. She didn't even have to study it. The formulas were just there, intact." He fell silent. Then he began to walk in circles, animated again. "But think of all these combinations,

under our feet. The size of it. The possibilities." Sarah stared at him with a look of incredulity, which he misunderstood. "Sorry. I get that way as the night goes on. As the saying goes, 'That's...'"

"Don't say it!" She sounded violent.

"How did you know what I was going to say?" Eddie joked. But he had upset whatever she had been feeling about him. They strolled again, turning by accident almost to the front of the Hobson house before he noticed. "Hey! Look where we are." They had arrived, by the random walk, back at the family homestead, his father's sick bay, the soul of Second Street. "How did we wind up here? I thought the gentleman was supposed to walk the lady home."

"Well, I'd ask you in," he said, "but I'm afraid my motorcycle-gang-intelligentsia family would work you over." She was the first friend he could remember being reluctant to take inside.

"I'd love to meet them, actually."

"Well, there's just the four of us. The party's over. Big Brother and Sis No. 2 just jumped ship. Snuck out the back way to Chitown on Illinois 5. Sis 1 is still around. And the folks, of course. But they'd be more than will-

ing to grill you until you confessed."

"Don't be so down on your family."

"I'm *not* down on them. They just never know what to make of my friends." After an awkward pause, Eddie added, "Want to sit in the yard for a while? We can dig up grubs or something."

Sarah nodded eagerly. She smoothed her skirt and began to settle onto the cold front lawn. Eddie shot a nervous glance porchward. "No, the back yard; it's better. Darker. We've got a swing rigged up, too."

Going around the side corner of the porch, they ran right into the cameo Eddie had dreaded. Pop's face, as drained of blood as the Mariner's, loomed up through the dark storm windows, disembodied. Sarah let out a sharp, frightened shout. "Wave to him," Eddie said, taking her by the hand. "Humor him." When they reached the back yard, he put on his most deferential face and said, "That's my dad," hoping to ease the situation by stating the obvious.

It didn't work. Sarah was absolutely peaked, as white as the apparition itself. "Oh, Eddie. He's really sick. What's wrong with him?"

"I told you, I don't *know* what's wrong with him." And to joke away his having spoken more curtly than

intended, he added, "We're running forbidden scientific experiments on him. Don't tell anybody, all right?"

Sarah sat on the tree swing, and Eddie pushed her gently. They talked the quick, idle, expendable talk used to gloss over sudden shocks. He commented that they hadn't mentioned Top Forty all night, and that she was a disgrace to her age group. She thanked him. Then, bearing out that very observation, she said, "Tell me everything you think you can about your father."

He caught her at the apogee and held her waist until she released herself with the kind of brushing kiss one might give after two decades of shared uncertainty. "What do you want to know about him? He cleans his teeth with strips of cellophane from Lucky Strike cigarettes. And when Mom's not around he invents shocking meanings for the L.S./M.F.T. initials. He's . . . well, let's see . . . he was in the Army. But then, so was everybody's dad. During the war. *The war*. Is this what you want to hear?"

"Tell me everything that you think I should know."

"His brother was also in the Big One. Army Air Forces. Got killed in some sort of freak airplane crash. But Stateside, which was the weird thing

about it. One of the central events in the life of Eddie, Sr., as far as I can make out. Been with him every day since."

"Is he morbid?"

"What do you mean—does he get schnockered once a year religiously on the date? Not really. No death shrines. No, it just sort of left him with this weird sense of humor."

"Black humor?"

"Coal dust. He's funny, all right, only . . . only everything's fair game. A kind of sarcasm, but not sarcastic. He jokes the way people hug at fiftieth-year reunions: too much backslapping, when what everybody really wants to do is kiss all those shattered faces and weep. He parodies everything. He never repeats the standard jokes. Dad would never do a one-liner for the one-liner's sake." And unable to help himself, Eddie recited in silence that old perennial of Pop's: *All Indians walk in single file. At least the one I saw did*. Half to himself he chanted, "All punches walk in straight lines. . . ."

"Eddie?"

"Nothing. Just free-associating. He likes catchphrases. Pop is capable of saying, in the same breath, with the same degree of seriousness and importance, both 'There is more to any of us than any of us suspects' and 'The secret of happiness consists in not eating grapes just after you've brushed your teeth.' He is totally maudlin underneath. A sentimentalist who refuses to put himself at the mercy of caring what happens to other people."

Sarah pulled her mouth to one side in an urbane twist. "You wouldn't have picked up any of that, now, would you?"

"Me? How could you suggest such a thing?" His irony proved the simple and unequivocal, if self-attacking, truth: *No Hobson can be trusted. At least the one I saw couldn't*. "He wants to know everything. He reads everything, which only makes him spout on about everything, until he's succeeded in dragging everybody down with him into the facts. Funny, though. It's exactly the opposite with my big brother, Artie. The two of them read a lot of the same books and everything. But the more Artie reads, the quieter he gets."

"And what about No. 3?"

"You talking about moi?" Suppose this girl were already lost. The terrifying thought shot up his backbone, and Eddie hunched over. "I say, Live all

THE FOOD CRITIC ORDERS DINNER



"I'll have the inevitable quiche Lorraine with an elegantly airy custard filling but a disappointingly soggy pastry, the rather bland and textureless gazpacho, and the slightly-dry-from-overcooking calves' liver lightly garnished with tasteless, oily onions."

you can. You make things worse for everybody if you don't."

Whether she agreed or simply did not want to disabuse his simplicity, Sarah stayed silent. Eddie began talking faster, without looking at the woman he was swinging. "It's like Pop never made the compromises everybody else makes in growing up. He hit the age of twenty and looked around—you know, 'These people are *off the wall*'—and decided to regress to what the white-bread company calls the formative years. Try it all over again from the top. For instance, he's got this hobby..." Eddie trailed off and tried to push the swing. But Sarah would not lift her feet from the earth.

"No. Tell me. Don't be embarrassed. My father plays with model trains."

"Really? Does he? Well, I suppose you could call Pop's thing a model-train set. A surreal monstrosity of a model train. He builds this... You wouldn't get it. *I don't get it myself.* He plays at city planner, on the sly. Talks into a tape recorder. 'Hobstown.' Privilege of the sick. Cheaper than golf, see? And you don't need an opponent."

Eddie put his hand inside her open collar and tentatively, almost fearfully, rested it on her deltoids. "Ex-history teacher. Frozen in place by the past. Loves his black-and-white. Lost in Bedford Falls. What can I say? The man's my father." She touched her hand to his, not to arrest his forward progress but to give him the powerless gesture of comfort. And to direct him to the right place.

Eddie talked into the black air. "They say if you want to see how the son is going to turn out, look at the dad. That means if you marry me—and I intend to make your life miserable until you do, and probably after as well—I'll be decked out on the porch in thirty years, like the Big Guy. My belly will be out to here, and my arms and legs will be this little around. And off to the vets hospital. Sound attractive?" He understood that he had gone beyond the repartee with which she could live. His words had become ugly. There was no taking them back. "But why are we talking to one an-

other about our *folks*? We're supposed to be talking about how pretty your nose is." He touched it. "Like it makes any difference what the folks are up to. We're supposed to give them something to drool about. 'What a great time the kids must be having, so young and all.'"

She laughed, both at how he talked and at the new force with which he suddenly swung her. "Too high, Eddie."

"High? You haven't *seen* high yet. We need to achieve antigravity." She closed her eyes and kept still. The look of bravery that then crossed her face made him call out, "Know what? I'm crazy about you."

She opened her eyes wide and just looked. But she had the presence of mind to taunt, "What about Miss Simms?"

"Oh, I'm crazy about her, too."

All sophistication vanished, and she was once again seventeen. "Jerk! Play nice. That's not fair."

"Of course it's fair. Don't you think it's better, the more people you care for? And I'm crazy about those hippos and those twinkly horses with wings, and the mouse, and the foreign guy with the music stick, too." He teased her mercilessly, until he found her on the edge of tears. "No, friend. It's you. As of tonight." She brightened. "Still, people are really O.K. by me," Eddie went on. "Doesn't matter what

kind of roof they put up to keep themselves dry, I guess. I defy you to come up with somebody I can't get along with."

"What about..." She cast a furtive glance toward the white wood house.

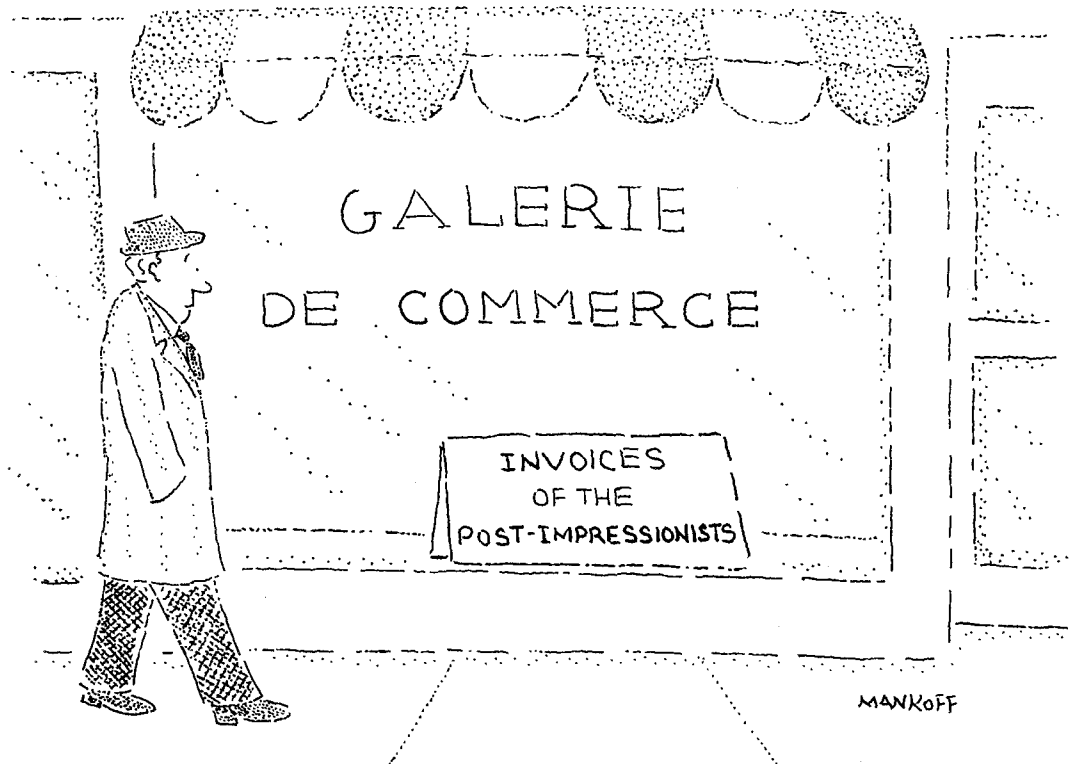
"What about... *Jesus*. My family? I *love* my family. What ever made you think..." She looked so hurt at his volume, so genuinely wronged, that he remembered the words that had, naturally, led her to that conclusion. "Oh, *that*," he said, eyes appealing. "That's *ecting*."

Standing behind her, he put his hand deeper into her shirt. It fit nicely. She struggled up against him, to move his fingers to the right place.

"Would Donna Reed do this?"

"No, Donna never let Jimmy do this. Not without certification, anyway."

They began to learn about one another in the nimbus of the back-porch light. Whether or not this was the best place for it, their parents had left them here, to make a home somewhere under the weight of events. And when the historical world once more seemed to need speaking about, Eddie, Jr., said, "Peaceful here. The Hobson back yard. A good month, November. Not so cold as you'd expect. I like the place. And you?" Without waiting for the reply, he went on questioning. "Can't you? Can't you come out? And? Dance?" —RICHARD POWERS



A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HOMELESS AND THEIR CHILDREN—II

THE Martinique Hotel, at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, is one of the largest hotels for homeless people in New York City. When I first visited it, in December of 1985, nearly four hundred homeless families, including some twelve hundred children, were lodged in the hotel, by arrangement with the city's Human Resources Administration. One of the residents I spoke to at some length was an energetic, intelligent woman I'll call Kim. During one of our conversations, she mentioned a woman on the seventh floor who had seemingly begun to find her situation intolerable. Kim described this woman as "a broken stick," and offered to arrange for us to meet.

The woman—I will call her Laura, but her name, certain other names, and certain details have been changed—is so fragile that I find it hard to start a conversation when we are introduced, a few nights later. Before I begin, she asks if I will read her a letter from the hospital. The oldest of her four children, a seven-year-old boy named Matthew, has been sick for several weeks. He was tested for lead poisoning in November, and the letter she hands me, from Roosevelt Hospital, says that the child has a dangerous lead level. She is told to bring him back for treatment. She received the letter some weeks ago. It has been buried in a pile of other documents that she cannot read.

Although Laura cannot read, she knows enough about the dangers of lead to grasp the darker implications of this information. The crumbling plaster in the Martinique Hotel is covered with sweet-tasting paint, and children eat or chew chips of the paint as it flakes off the walls. Some of the paint contains lead. Children with lead poisoning may suffer loss of coordination or undergo convulsions. Chronic exposure may cause retardation. The consequences of lead poisoning may be temporary or long-lasting. They may appear at once or not for several years. This final point is what instills so much uneasiness; even months of observation cannot calm a parent's fear.

Lead poisoning, then, is Laura's first concern, but she has other problems. The bathroom plumbing has overflowed and left a pool of sewage on

the floor. A radiator valve is broken, and every now and then releases a spray of scalding steam at the eye level of a child. A crib provided by the hotel appears to be unstable. A screw that holds two of its sides together is missing. When I test the crib with my hand, it starts to sway. There are four beds in the room, and they are dangerous, too. They have metal frames with unprotected corners, and the mattresses do not fit the frames; at one corner or another, metal is exposed. If a child has the energy or the playfulness to jump or turn a somersault or wrestle with a friend, and if he falls and strikes his head against the metal corner, the consequences can be serious. The week before, a child on the fourteenth floor fell in just this way, cut his forehead, and required stitches. Most of these matters have been brought to the attention of the hotel management; in Laura's case, complaints have brought no visible results.

All of this would be enough to make life difficult for an illiterate young woman in New York, but Laura has one other urgent matter on her hands. It appears that she has failed to answer a request for information from her welfare office, and, for reasons that she doesn't understand, she did not receive her benefits this week. The timing is bad: it's a weekend. The city operates a crisis center in the Martinique, where residents can go for food and other help, but today the crisis center is not open, so there's nobody around to tide her over with emergency supplies. Laura's children have been eating cheese and bread and peanut butter for two days. "Those on welfare," the Community Service Society

of New York said in a report published in 1984, may be suddenly removed from welfare rolls "for reasons unrelated to their actual need," or even to eligibility standards. Welfare workers in New York City call this practice "churning." Laura and her children are being churned.

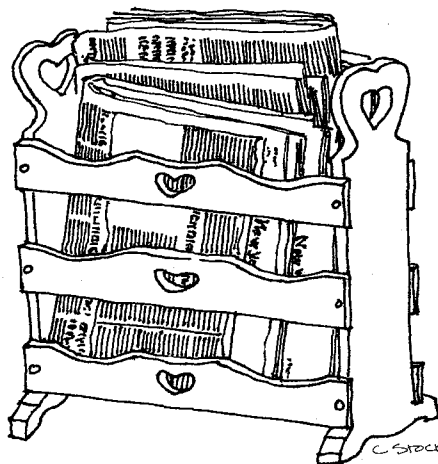
The room is lighted by fluorescent tubes in a ceiling fixture. They cast a stark light on four walls of greenish paint smeared over with sludge draining from someone's plumbing on the floor above. In the room are two boys with dark and hollowed eyes and an infant girl. A third boy is outside and joins us later. The children have the washed-out look of the children Walker Evans photographed for "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." Besides the four beds and the crib, the room contains two chairs, a refrigerator, and a television set, which doesn't work. A metal hanger serves as an antenna, but there is no picture on the screen. Instead, there is a storm of falling flakes and unclear lines. I wonder why Laura keeps it on. There are no table lamps to soften the fluorescent glare, no books, no decorations. Laura tells me that her father is of Panamanian birth but that she went to school in New York City. Spanish is her first language. I don't speak Spanish well. We talk in English.

"I cannot read," Laura says. "I buy the New York Post to read the pictures. In the grocery, I know what to buy because I see the pictures."

What of no-name products—generic brands, whose labels have no pictures but which could save her a great deal of money?

"If there are no pictures, I don't buy it," she says. "I want to buy pancakes, I ask the lady, 'Where's the pancakes?' So they tell me."

She points to the boys and says, "He's two. He's five. Matthew's seven. My daughter is four months. She has this rash." She shows me ugly skin eruptions on the baby's neck and jaw. "The carpets, they was filthy from the stuff, the leaks that come down on the wall. All my kids have rashes, but the worst she has it. There was pus all over. Somewhere here I have a letter from the nurse." She shuffles around but cannot find the letter. "She got something underneath the skin. Something that bites. The only way you can



get rid of it is with a cream."

She finds the letter. The little girl has scabies.

Laura continues, "I have been living here two years. Before I came here, I was in a house we had to leave. There was rats. Big ones, they crawl on us. The rats, they come at night. They come into our house, run over my sons' legs. The windows were broken. It was winter. Snow, it used to come inside. My mother lived with us before. Now she's staying at my grandma's house. My grandma's dying in the bed. She's sixty-five. My mother comes here once a week to do the groceries. Tomorrow she comes. Then she goes back to help my grandma.

"I know my name, and I can write my name, my children's names. To read, I cannot do it. Medicines, I don't know the instructions. I was living here when I was pregnant with Corinne. No, I didn't see no doctor. I was hungry. What I ate was rice and beans, potato chips and soda. Up to now this week we don't have food. People ask me, 'Can you help? Do you got this? Do you got that?' I don't like to tell them no. If I have something, I give it. This week, I don't got. I can read baby books—like that, a little bit. If I could read, I would read newspapers. I would like to know what's going on. Matthew, he tells me I am stupid. 'You can't read.' You know, because he wants to read. He don't understand what something is. I tell him, 'I don't know it. I don't understand.' People laugh. You feel embarrassed. On the street. Or in the store." She weeps. "There's nothing here."

Laura sweeps one hand in a wide arc, but I can't tell whether she means the gesture to take in the room or something more. Then she makes her meaning clear: "Everything I had, they put it on the sidewalk when I was evicted. I don't know if that's the law. Things like that—what is the law, what isn't? I can't read it, so I didn't understand. I lost everything I had. I sign papers. Somebody could come and take my children. They could come. 'Sign this. Sign that.' I don't know



"Face it, Harry. You were just wild about me, but I was never wild about you."

what it says. Adoption papers—I don't know. This here paper that I got I couldn't understand."

She hands me another letter. This one is from the management of the hotel: "This notice is to inform you that your rent is due today. I would appreciate your coöperation in seeing to it that you go to your center today." Another form that she hands me asks her to fill out the names and the ages of her children.

"Papers, documents—people give it to me. I don't know it: I don't understand." She pauses, and then says, "I'm a Catholic. Yes—I go two weeks ago to church. This lady say they have these little books that learn me how to spell. You see the letters. Put them together. I would like to read. I go to St. Francis' Church. Go inside and kneel—I pray. I don't talk to the priest. I done so many things—you know, bad things. I buy a bottle of wine. A bottle of beer. That costs a dollar. I don't want to say to God. I get a hundred and seventy-three dollars restaurant allowance. With that money I buy clothes. Food stamps, I get two hundred dollars. That's for groceries. Subway tokens I take out ten dollars. Washing machine, I do

downstairs. Twenty-five dollars to dry and wash. Five dollars to buy soap. Thirty dollars twice a month."

Another woman at the Martinique calculates her laundry costs at my request, and they come out to nearly the same figure. These may be the standard rates for a midtown site. The difficulty of getting out and traveling to find lower prices, whether for laundromats or for groceries, cannot be overstated. Families at the Martinique are trapped in a commercial district.

I ask Laura who stays with the children when she does her chores.

"My mother keeps the children when I do the wash," she replies. "If she can't, I ask somebody on the floor. 'Give me three dollars. I watch your kids.' For free? Nothing. Everything for money. Everybody's poor."

Extending a hand, she says, "This is the radiator. Something's wrong." She shows me where the steam sprays out. I test it with my hand. "Sometimes it stops. The children get too close. Then it starts—like that! Leak is coming from upstairs down." I see the dark muck on the wall. "The window is broke. Lights broke." She points to the fluorescent tubes. They

flicker on and off. "I ask them, 'Please, why don't you give me ordinary lights?' They don't do nothing. So it been two weeks. I go downstairs. They say they coming up. They never come. So I complain again. Mr. Tuccelli"—Salvatore Tuccelli, the manager of the Martinique—"said to come there to his office. Desks and decorations and a lot of pictures. It's above the lobby. So the manager was there. Mr. Tuccelli sat back in his chair. He had a gun. He had it here under his waist. You know, under his belt. I said, 'Don't show it to me if you isn't going to use it.' I can't tell what kind of gun it was. He had it in his waist. 'You are showing me the gun so I will be afraid.' If he was only going to show it, I would not be scared. If he's going to use it, I get scared."

"So he says, 'You people bring us trouble.' I said, 'Why you give my son lead poison and you didn't care? My child is lead-poisoned.' He said, 'I don't want to hear of this again.' What I answer him is this: 'Listen. People like you live in nice apartments. You got a home. You got TV. You got a family. You got children in a school that learn them. They don't got lead poison.'

"I don't know the reason for the guards. They let the junkies into the hotel. When my mother comes, I have to sign. If it's a family living good, they make it hard. If it's the drug dealers, they come in. Why they let the junkies in but keep away your mother? The guards, you see them taking women in the corner. You go down twelve-thirty in the night, they're in the corner with the girls. This is true. I seen it."

She continues, "How I know about the lead is this: Matthew sits there and he reach his fingers in the plaster and he put it in his mouth. So I ask him, 'Was you eating it?' He says, 'Don't hit me. Yes, I was.' So then I took him to the clinic and they took

the blood. I don't know if something happen to him later on. I don't know if it affects him. When he's older . . ."

I ask Laura why she goes to church.

"I figure: Go to church. Pray God. Ask Him to help. I go on my knees. I ask Him from my heart, 'Jesus Christ, come help me, please. Why do you leave me here?' When I'm lying down at night, I ask, 'Why people got to live like this?' On the street, the people stare at you when you go out of the hotel. People look. They think, I wonder how they live in there. Sometimes I walk out this door. Garbage all over in the stairs. When it's hot, a lot of bugs around the trash. Sometimes there are fires in the trash. I got no fire escape. You have to get out through the hall. I got no sprinkler. Smoke detector doesn't work. When I cook and food is burning, it don't ring. If I smoke, it starts to ring. I look up. I say, 'Why you don't work? When I need you, you don't work. I'm gonna knock you down.' I did!" She laughs.

There is a sprinkler system in the corridor. In 1987, the hotel management informed residents that the fire-alarm system was "inoperable."

I ask Laura if the older children are enrolled in school. Nodding at Michael, her middle son, she says, "This one doesn't go to school. He's five. I need to call tomorrow. Get a quarter. Then you get some papers. Then you got to sign those papers. Then he can start school."

"For this room I pay fifteen hundred dollars for two weeks. I don't pay. The welfare pays. I got to go and get it." The room, although it is undivided, was originally a two-room suite and is being rented at the two-room rate. "They send me this. I'm suppose to sign. I don't know what it is. Lots of things you suppose to sign. I sign it but I don't know what it is."

While we are talking, Matthew comes in and sits beside his mother. He lowers his eyes when I shake his hand.

Laura goes on, "Looking for a house, I got to do it." She explains that she's required to give evidence that she is searching for a place to live. "I can't read, so I can't use the paper. I get dressed. I put my makeup on. If I go like this, they look afraid. They say, 'They going to destroy the house!'

You got to dress the children and look nice. Owners don't want homeless. Don't want welfare. Don't want kids. What I think? If they pay one thousand and five hundred dollars every two week, why not pay five hundred dollars for a good apartment?"

She hands me another paper. "Can you tell me what is this?"

It's a second letter from the hospital, telling her to bring her son for treatment.

She says, "Every day, my son this week, last week was vomiting. Every time he eat his food, he throw it right back out. I got to take him to the clinic."

"Christmas, they don't got. For my daughter I ask a Cabbage Patch. For my boys I ask for toys. I got them stockings." She shows me four cotton stockings tacked to the wall with nothing



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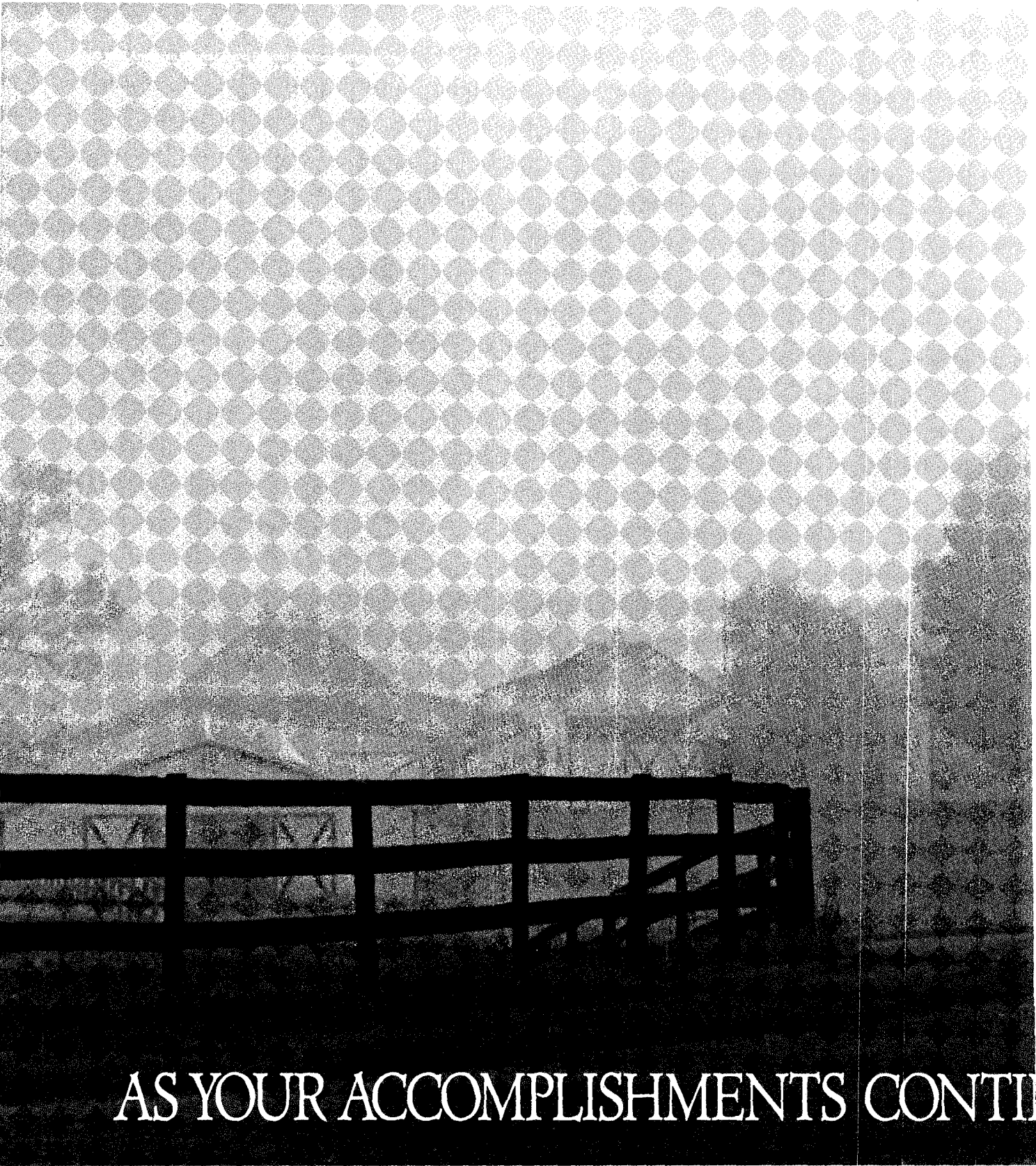


*Based on problems encountered in first 90 days of ownership—J.D. Power and Associates 1987 New Car Initial Quality Survey.

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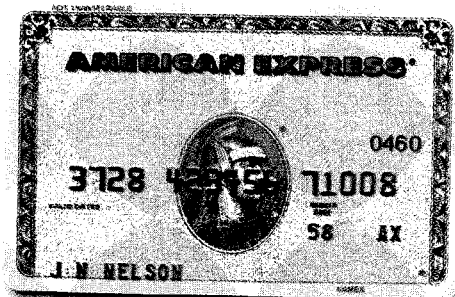


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in them. "They say, 'Mommy, there's no toys.' I say not to worry. 'You are going to get something.' But they don't. They don't get nothing. I could not afford. No, this isn't my TV. Somebody lended it to me. Christmas tree I can't afford. Christmas I don't spend it happy. I am thinking of the kids. What we do on Christmas is we spend it laying on the bed. If I go outside, I feel a little better. When I'm here, I see those walls, the bed, and I feel sad. If I had my own apartment, maybe there would be another room. Somewhere to walk. Walk back and forth."

I ask her, "How do you relax?"

"If I want to rest, relax, I turn out the light and lie down on the bed," she says. "When I met his father, I was seventeen." She says she knew him before she was homeless, when she lived in Brooklyn with her mother. He was working at a pizza parlor near her mother's home. "One night, he bought me liquor. I had never tasted. So he took me to this hallway. Then my mother say that what I did is wrong. So I say that I already did it. So you have to live with what you did. I had the baby. No. I did not want to have abortion. The baby's father I still see. When he has a job, he brings me food. In the summer, he worked in a flower store. He would bring me flowers. Now he don't have any job. So he don't bring me flowers."

She sweeps her hand in a broad arc and says again, "Nothing here. I feel embarrassed for the room. Flowers, things like that, you don't got. Pretty things you don't got. Nothing like that. No."

In the window is a spindly geranium plant. It has no flowers, but some of the leaves are green. Before I go, we stand beside the window. Blowing snow hits the panes and blurs the dirt.

"Some of the rooms high up, they got a view," Laura says. "You see the Empire State."

I've noticed this—seen the building from a window. It towers high above the Martinique.

"I talk to this plant. I tell him, 'Grow! Give me one flower!' He don't do it." Then, in an afterthought, "No pets. No. You don't got. Animals. They don't allow."

It occurs to me that this is one of the few places I have been except a hospital or a reform school where there are hundreds of children and virtually no pets. A few people keep cats illegally.

"I wish I had a dog," Laura says. "Brown dog. Something to hug."

ONE night a few months after I met Laura, I wait in the lobby for Kim to sign me in. As soon as we're on the stairs, she tells me, "Something terrible has happened. Laura's gone." When we reach Kim's room, on the eleventh floor, she lights a cigarette before she speaks. "Everyone sees her as a simple person, plain and dull, nobody of interest, even to a man," she says. "Well, I could have told you what would happen. Somebody finally told her she was pretty. He bought her some clothes and took her out. She put on makeup. I had never thought of her as glamorous. Neither did she. She saw herself as someone colorless and drab. Now a man likes her, buys her a dress. He gives the kids a TV and some toys. Two days later, Laura's gone. Things happen fast. He was a pimp. He gave her drugs. Nobody's seen her since. Her mother came to the hotel. She's staying with the kids."

I go down to Laura's room, four floors below, to visit with her mother. Her father's there, too—a man in his fifties. Her mother tells me that she is forty-five.

"When I was called, they told me she was taking men to a hotel," Laura's mother says. She speaks English somewhat more easily than her daughter. "I asked what was she wearing. They said she was wearing a red coat. I went out to look for her. I went to the bars. I went to the hotels. I spent the night on Forty-second Street. Times Square. All over. I can't find her. Then somebody says he saw her on Fifth Avenue—a place where women take the men to a hotel. I went to the hotel. The man in the hotel, he asked me who she was. I said that she's the one in the red jacket and he said, 'Oh, yeah! She's here.' She was upstairs. She came downstairs to speak with me. I told her I had come to bring her home. She said, 'I have a better life here now. I have these things. This jacket. See?' I couldn't get her to come home."

So the mother is staying at the Martinique to take care of the kids until she figures out a way to find a home. Her own mother has a place in Flushing, but is very ill, and the children cannot go there. Laura's father walks with a cane; he's permanently disabled. They've applied for custody of Laura's children.

"The baby's sick," the mother says.

"She has a fever. Matthew has an ear infection. I'll take them to the hospital tomorrow. I'm responsible. It's in my hands."

A few days later, while I'm visiting with Kim a woman I have never seen before bangs at the door. She has come upstairs from Laura's room to ask for help. When Kim and I arrive, Laura's mother is kneeling on the floor. She's in a state of near-hysteria. She noticed that the crib was swaying, she tells us, and was worried that it might collapse, so she lifted the baby out and set her on the bed. A few moments later, as she turned to warm some milk, the baby toppled over, striking her head against the metal bedframe.

"I put her here," Laura's mother says. "I told her, 'Do you want some milk?' I went to warm the milk. I turned around and she was bleeding. Her head was swelling up, like this. Her eyes are getting big. She's changing colors. I said, 'She is dying.'"

The child has been taken to the hospital. Her grandfather is with her there, waiting for the report. The three boys sit nearby, not sure what is happening. On a shelf above the crib are a stuffed lion, a stuffed panda, and a Teddy bear. A small pink elephant lies with its four feet in the air beside the metal bed. On the door is a color photograph of the baby.

The child survives the night, but her future is unclear. Several days later, Special Services for Children, an agency of the city's welfare department, charges Laura's mother with child neglect.

The family leaves the hotel soon after. No one I know in the Martinique has heard of Laura since.

IN 1985, the Coalition for the Homeless, an organization that litigates and lobbies on behalf of homeless people, published a report based on interviews with homeless parents and on random visits by Coalition members to the city's emergency-assistance units (or E.A.U.s), shelters, and welfare hotels. "Some 800 homeless infants" in New York City, the report concludes, "routinely go without sufficient food, cribs, health care, and diapers." The lives of these infants "are put at risk because of the reckless negligence" of welfare officials, the chief author of the study, David Beseda, says. Beseda notes that "high-risk pregnant women" are routinely sent to barracks shelters or E.A.U.s operated by H.R.A. "Coalition monitors making sporadic random checks," he writes,

"found eight women in their *ninth month of pregnancy* sleeping in E.A.U.s. . . . Two women denied shelter began having labor contractions at the E.A.U."

The Coalition is, of course, an advocacy group, and for this reason may be viewed as partisan in its defense of homeless children. The New York City Council, however, is not an advocacy group. A letter to Deputy Mayor Stanley Brezenoff written on April 30, 1984, by Carol Bellamy, president of the City Council at the time, notes that social-work departments at six of the city's public hospitals indicate that they would discharge homeless women with newborns to congregate—that is, barracks-style—shelters or hotels "only as a last resort," but that frequently they have no choice. "In those cases, they generally referred the families to Special Services for Children as potential abuse and neglect cases because of the substandard housing," Ms. Bellamy's letter says.

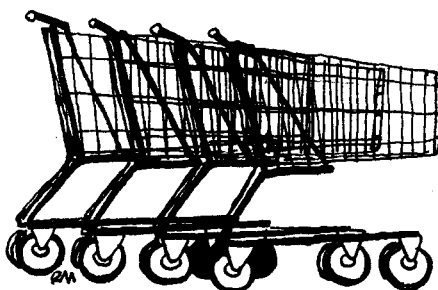
What this seems to mean is that the city can charge a mother with abuse of her child if the city itself sends them to an unsafe shelter. In 1984, the *Times* reported that mothers and young children had been sleeping "on chairs, counters, and floors" of city welfare offices. In the following year, the city later conceded, some two thousand children had been forced to sleep in E.A.U.s for a night or more during a single three-month span. Some of these situations have improved. Others have not. In September of 1986, the Legal Aid Society went to court to stop the city from assigning pregnant women and women with infants less than six months old to barracks shelters. One plaintiff in the case, according to court papers, had suffered a miscarriage in the communal bathroom of a shelter in the Bronx. The woman had asked that she be transferred from the shelter when she learned that she was pregnant, but her request was apparently ignored. On the night that she miscarried, she lay on the bathroom floor for half an hour before being given help. According to

the *Times*, a state regulation forbids the referral of pregnant women to such shelters.

"The first thing that has to be said about the homelessness problem is that solving it is going to take time," Thomas J. Main, a postgraduate student of government at Harvard, writes in an Op-Ed article in the *Times*. "There are no quick fixes." The author criticizes those who wish to "improve allegedly 'damaging' conditions" in the shelters. His concern is less with the conditions in the shelters than with the condition of those who live there. "Homeless families seem to have greater behavioral and psychological problems than similar non-homeless families," he writes. He speculates that "such families" are "less able to adapt" to a tight housing market than the rest of us. This is correct. A family of four whose welfare rental limit was two hundred and seventy dollars a month in 1986 could hardly adapt well to a market where, as in New York City, the lowest rents begin at around four hundred dollars. For that matter, heads of families not on welfare who are earning minimum wages of five hundred and sixty dollars a month do not adapt successfully to rentals that consume three-quarters of their income.

"Can anything be done?" Thomas Main asks, and he says that we need more research. "Such work could do for the study of homelessness what the development of the poverty line did for the study of poverty; it does not solve the problem but it imposes a sorely needed discipline and consistency on the discussion." We may wonder whether the author would propose such patience if he and his family were to find themselves in circumstances like those at the Martinique. We know, of course, that he would not be patient in that case; he would act with the dispatch of any frightened parent.

"A COLD-BLOODED ASSAULT ON POOR PEOPLE." This headline, in the *Washington Post* of January 9, 1987, precedes a column by William Raspberry. "Programs for low-income Americans" represent "just over a tenth of the federal budget," he writes, but were "ticketed" for a third of the budget cuts that President Reagan proposed for fiscal 1988. "Are appropriations for low-income housing so excessively generous that it makes sense to cut them by a third?" Do indigent people waste so many of our dollars on "imagined illnesses . . . that a \$20 billion cut in Medicaid over the



next five years" is justified? "Do housing repair grants, rural housing programs, emergency food assistance, legal services and the Work Incentive Program" represent such foolishly misguided policies that "they should be terminated altogether, as the president proposes?"

"A continuously rising level of child abuse and homelessness is not a force of nature," New York City Council President Andrew Stein wrote in an Op-Ed article in the *Times* of January 17, 1987. This is a point he is compelled to make because we tend so easily to speak of homelessness as an unauthored act: something sad, perhaps the fault of those who have no homes, more likely that of chance. Homelessness "happens," like a flood or a fire or a devastating storm—what legal documents or insurance forms might call "an act of God." But homelessness is not an act of God. It is an act of man, and not of those who are its victims. "Federal housing assistance programs have been cut a full 64 percent since 1980—from \$32 billion to \$9 billion in the current fiscal year," according to a study of homeless families commissioned by Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins and released in March of 1987. Last year, the Department of Housing and Urban Development subsidized the construction of only eighteen thousand housing units nationwide. When Gerald Ford was President, two hundred thousand units were constructed. Under President Jimmy Carter, three hundred thousand units were constructed. "For each dollar authorized for national defense in 1980, nineteen cents were authorized for subsidized housing programs," according to another study. In 1987, the figure authorized for housing was only *three* cents for each military dollar.

In a *Times Magazine* essay published on June 8, 1986, Andrew Stein poses a challenging scenario. "Imagine the Mayor of New York calling an urgent news conference to announce that the crisis of the city's poor children had reached such proportions that he was mobilizing the city's talents for a massive rescue effort," he writes. Some such drastic action is warranted, he asserts, "because our city is threatened by the spreading blight of a poverty even crueler in some ways than that of the Great Depression half a century ago." We hear this voice of urgency too rarely. Instead, we are told that all these children we have seen—the children who

cannot concentrate in school because they are too hungry and must rest their heads on their desks to stifle stomach pains, the children who spend their nights panhandling in Herald Square, the children who travel sixty miles twice a day to glean some bit of education from a school at which they arrive too late for breakfast and may find themselves denied their lunch because of Presidential budget cuts—must wait a little while, and be patient, and accept the fact that there is "no quick fix" for those who are too young to vote and whose defeated parents have no lobbyists in Washington or City Hall.

Much of the discussion about whether certain homeless people may be former mental patients (many single homeless people are but, obviously, few children) carries an unspoken and covert agenda. In a sense, when we refer to "institutions"—those from which some of the homeless come, those to which some of us think they ought to be consigned—we are creating a new institution of our own: the abstract institution of an airtight capsule ("underclass" or "behavioral problem," "nonadaptive" or "psychotic") that will distance homeless people from ourselves. Few responsible physicians, few decent people wish to do this, but the risk is there. The recent effort of Mayor Edward Koch to place some homeless individuals in psychiatric hospitals against their will, whatever the merits of the arguments put forth to justify such action, may on some level represent another way of distancing ourselves from sights and recognitions that assail our sensibilities and conscience.

A classic nineteenth-century distinction drew the line between two categories of the poor: those who were "fit" to survive and those who weren't. Of the latter, Herbert Spencer wrote, "The whole effort of nature is to get rid of such, to clear the world of them and make room for better." Few people would use such words today, but several prominent authors do accept the basic notion of a line between two categories of the indigent: those who merit something in the way of

mercy or forgiveness and those who don't. Even if some of us feel comfortable with such extreme distinctions and are not embarrassed to wield so sharp a blade, do we not feel hesitant to let that blade fall also on the child of the adult who has been found lacking?

For an answer to this question, we may listen to the words of the conservative writer Charles Murray. In an article published in *Commentary* in May of 1985 he suggests that society could reduce the number of poor children by intensifying the unpleasantness of circumstances that sometimes precede their birth—that is, by rendering "unwed parenthood," in Murray's words, "contemptible." But how does one apply this stigma to the parent without savaging the child, too? Undesirable existence is the child of contemptible conception. One word of contagion necessarily entails the next. A social worker enters into dialogue not with a child but with its mother. If the mother is contaminated in the social worker's eyes, the likelihood that the child will find a benign reception in the world is undermined.

Murray also makes an argument for restoration of the poorhouse as a substitute for income maintenance provided to poor mothers with small children. He mentions "Dickensian horror stories about almshouses" and then asks us to believe that "there were good almshouses." The prospect of living in such an institution ("a good correctional 'halfway house' " is his term for it) might serve as an incentive for an unwed mother, if she has no money, to accept abortion or to give her child up for adoption. Finally, he argues that a thorough extirpation of the social benefactions that evolved from Franklin Roosevelt's time into our own would reduce unnatural incentives to unadmirable conduct: "Take away all governmentally sponsored subsidies for irresponsible behavior, and the natural system will produce the historically natural results."

Murray's ideas have been received well in the White House. The harshness of the wording he employs reflects a mood that may be dangerous for our society. "Some people are better than others," he writes. "They deserve more of society's rewards." The obverse of this statement, when applied, for instance, to the children in the Martinique Hotel, is chilling. Why is it that views like Murray's, so alien to our American tradition and our Judeo-Christian roots, should have re-

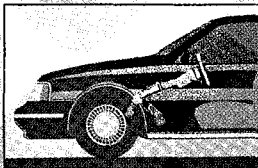


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ceived acceptance in this decade? Weariness and frustration with the poor may lead some of us to feel impatience, even anger, when we hear of people such as Laura. The fear of seeing our own nightmares acted out upon the sidewalk right before our eyes may be another reason for our willingness to place the indigent at a safe distance from our lives. I believe that for some of our fellow-citizens, however, there may be a darker side to this.

There is in certain intellectual circles an increasingly explicit sense that some of us have a more authentic claim than do some others not just to a comfortable life but to life itself. In recent years, the definition of the meritorious has gradually been codified. A close identification between toughness and worth, between "hardness" ("leanness") and desirability, increasingly defines the sort of person we regard as a true asset to our social order, and precludes such virtues as a capacity for gentleness, unselfishness, or love.

THE building that, until last year, was used to house the city's central emergency-assistance unit is on Church Street, in lower Manhattan. At about eleven-thirty one November night, I watched a woman walk into this building.

Pregnant, carrying some paper bags with clothing in them, she enters the waiting room with a good deal of hesitation. Her husband, a tall man with reddish hair, walks beside her. She sits down in a molded-plastic chair and waits for a social worker. She is holding a crumpled tissue. When she isn't weeping, she leans back and shuts her eyes and twists the Kleenex. She and her husband, both of whom appear to be in their late twenties, do not speak to each other; they stare at a TV set fixed to the wall before them. The "Tonight Show," with Johnny Carson, has just started.

I later learn that the woman, whom I will call Susan Morrison, is twenty-seven years old and that she is eight months pregnant. She and her husband, Daniel, and a

six-year-old daughter have been staying with friends in the Bronx. Their friends, whose apartment was already overcrowded, were threatened with eviction if the Morrisons stayed. They were finally asked to leave. Susan and Daniel have been here before. They have been in other shelters. They haven't had a real home for six months. Tonight, their daughter is with Susan's mother.

Susan sits patiently, crying quietly and coughing a great deal. On the wall above her head is a sign that says, "If you are eligible for emergency housing, you will receive a referral to shelter and transportation to get there. If you do not accept the shelter and transportation you are offered, you will have to leave this facility."

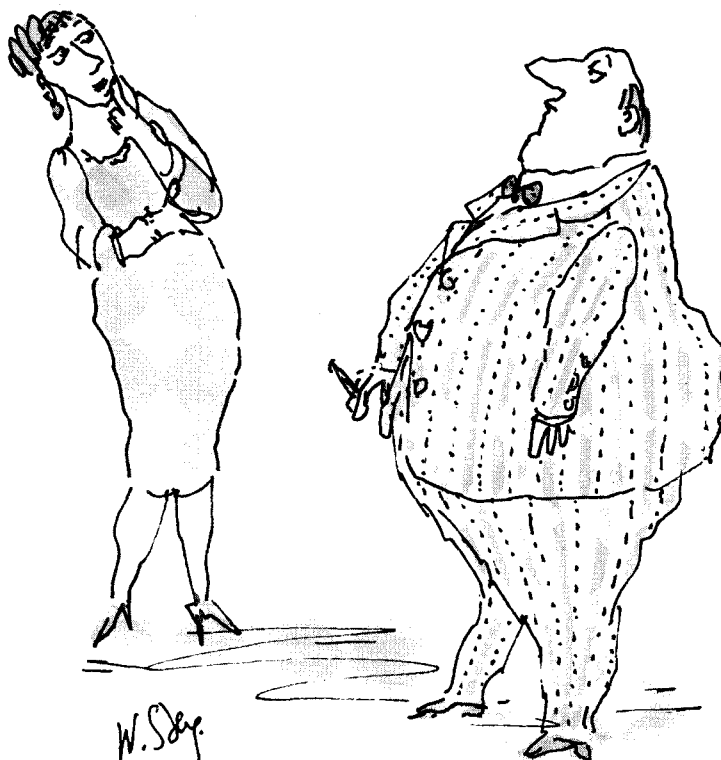
Near this sign is another, somewhat more alarming. It advises families who have formerly been placed in a certain large family shelter to have their children ("six years or younger") tested for lead poisoning. That shelter, on Catherine Street, on the lower East Side, has been in the news a great deal recently. It was opened in December of 1985, and in February of 1986 it was found by the Legal Aid Society to be hazardous to children and to pregnant women. The New York City Health Department said that a water heater there leaked carbon monoxide. The kitchen was strewn with garbage.

Food was improperly heated. An outbreak of diarrhea—twenty-five cases in one week—was noted by residents and was what provoked the city's health inspection. The city at first declined to close the shelter, because, officials said, the problems weren't "life-threatening."

In March, a pediatrician from Montefiore Hospital studied the shelter. Terming conditions there "abominable," she reported that the walls were covered with lead-based paint and that the paint was flaking off around the windowsills and the radiators within the reach of children. What was worse, large chips of paint removed by painters doing renovation had been left in open piles and plastic bags where children could pick them up and chew on them and both children and adults could breathe the lead. The paint on the walls was examined by an independent testing agency hired by Legal Aid, and was found to contain "ten times the amount of lead permitted by law," according to a Legal Aid attorney. Contamination from exposed asbestos was also present. Children and adults, the doctor said, had been endangered ever since the shelter opened.

The city refused to close the shelter until April, when the courts ordered it to do so. It reopened the shelter in September, by which time, instead of

getting rid of the lead paint, it had simply covered it with lead-free paint. This cannot prevent the further flaking off of chips and exposing children to the poison that remains beneath. Dr. Laurence Finberg, the chairman of pediatrics at the State University Health Science Center at Brooklyn, has observed that medical treatment of lead-poisoned children is "generally disappointing because it occurs after the fact of brain damage." Damage to "intellectual function," he has said, is often irreversible. In a letter to the *Times* he compared "using children to discover bad housing" to the use of canaries by coal miners to discover noxious fumes. "We can afford to lose some canaries in a good



"Yes, the vertical stripes do make you look slimmer."

cause," he said, but subjecting children to such risks is "not appropriate." Despite the risks, the city continued to send families to the shelter. Almost five hundred people, over half of whom were children, were still housed at Catherine Street in late November of that year. Officials of H.R.A. had agreed that pregnant women and children under seven would not be placed there.

Susan tells me that she is a high-school graduate and had a clerical job at a law firm before becoming pregnant. She and her husband, and their daughter lived in an apartment that her father helped to pay for. They were evicted after her father's death and have been homeless since: ten days with friends; two weeks in one homeless shelter; two weeks in another. She has been on her feet, in effect, for half a year, riding at night on subways to the E.A.U., going at 2 or 3 A.M. to a hotel. Her monthly rent allowance when her child is born will be two hundred and forty-four dollars. Because of dislocation, she has lost her Medicaid. Because she is pregnant, she is entitled to food supplements from WIC, a federally supported program that provides nutritional assistance to low-income pregnant women and their infants. But Susan hasn't been housed in any one location long enough to get herself enrolled in WIC. She expects her baby in three weeks. She has not received prenatal care. Last week, she says, she came here twice. Her daughter was with her then.

"I slept here two nights on that bench," she says. "They let my daughter use the crib. They gave her tuna fish and juice." The first night, after waiting until 5 A.M., Susan and her daughter were sent to Catherine Street. "At Catherine Street, they wouldn't let me stay," she says. "They don't take pregnant women. They let me sleep there in some kind of office, on a cot. We had to leave after about an hour." The next night, when they told her they were sending her to Catherine Street again, she grew alarmed. "I wouldn't go. They put me in handcuffs. They said I was upset." Handcuffing a pregnant woman who refuses to be sent into a shelter where the city has already promised not to send a pregnant woman seems extreme. When Susan says, almost with embarrassment, "They said I was upset," I think of certain women who are close to me—my mother, my sister, friends. I try to picture what they

would do or say in such a situation.

At 1 A.M., a man dressed in a suit and tie, a handsome overcoat, and a hat opens an office door and comes to speak with Susan. He asks her why her daughter isn't here. She answers that she left her child with her mother, in the Bronx. For some reason, this disturbs him. He tells her that this was irresponsible. She explains that she was here last week for two nights with her daughter.

"They sent me to Catherine Street," she says. "They wouldn't let me stay. My daughter couldn't sleep." She says she thought that it was more responsible to leave her daughter with her mother, who agreed to keep the child for the night. Once they find a place for her to live, she'll bring her daughter.

The man's response is puzzling. Is there something here that I don't understand? "This is irresponsible," he says again. "I'll bet that you won't show up at your welfare office in the morning. You'll get there late. Tomorrow night, I'll see you sitting here again." He shakes his finger inches from her eyes. "There's something lacking in you. You have to be up at 7 A.M. You have to get in to your welfare office."

At one-twenty, another man emerges from an office. "We're sending you to Catherine Street," he says. "Do you accept?" Susan shakes her head. "Then you refuse?" Again, she shakes her head. He disappears into the office. At 2 A.M., the second man returns. It seems that they have relented. They are sending her instead to a hotel in Queens. He drops into her hand four subway tokens. She is admonished to be at her welfare office in the Bronx, with her child, in seven hours. With the help of her husband, she gets up from the plastic chair. Her husband hands her one of their paper bags. An elderly policeman who has been observing this steps forward to assist her as she straightens her back. She thanks him, and as she does so her face relaxes, for the first time in two hours, into a real smile.



When I recount this story later to an academic friend in Boston, he looks bewildered at first. Then, in a bemused way, speaking slowly, he asks me what appears to be an unrelated question: "Have you ever heard of a venturi?" I tell him I don't know the word. He says it is a term in physics. A venturi, he explains, is a constricted passage in a tube through which air or fluid moves. The flow of air or fluid may be smooth and unimpeded both before and after the venturi, but in the region of constriction turbulence may develop. Anything—a fleck of dust, a bit of paper—can be swirled about and torn apart. He says that the word comes from the name of a nineteenth-century Italian physicist. "This place—the E.A.U.," he says. "It seems to have the same effect on human beings."

The metaphor is somewhat esoteric, but it may be useful nonetheless. It may help explain the turbulent behavior, often with a lapse in customary shrewdness and strategic skill, that many of the people I've described seem to display. Even the most rational men or women may well lose their bearings or good judgment once they have been introduced into a virtually closed system from which almost any exit seems implausible, or when they are asked to answer questions to which any possible reply will be irrational. This applies not only to the E.A.U. but to the shelter system as a whole.

Homeless families in the Martinique Hotel are told that they must not cook in their rooms. They are then assigned a "restaurant allowance," but are told that it would be unwise to use the money in restaurants. In time, they realize that the restaurant allowance is intended to buy groceries they may not cook, in kitchens they don't have, and must therefore try somehow to cook on hot plates, which they are not officially permitted to use. If they use the restaurant allowance in a restaurant, their children will soon starve. If they cook in their rooms, they break a rule to which they have agreed. If they are discovered breaking a rule, they are at the mercy of the guard who has discovered their offense.

Another example of immersion in irrationality: A woman with three children, living on the twelfth floor of the Martinique Hotel, is told that she must demonstrate her self-reliance by doing all she can to find a permanent apartment. If she fails to make sufficient effort, she may discover that her case is closed—her room given to

someone else, her children cut off from sustenance or taken from her custody. She must therefore clip advertisements from the newspapers, use one of the telephones twelve floors below in the lobby, travel to a real-estate office, fill out forms, look at apartments, and return to the hotel with evidence that she has carried out what is, in effect, the "job" of homeless people. The social worker who assigns this task also tells her that her monthly rent allowance is two hundred and seventy dollars. Realtors tell her that apartments at that rent do not exist. Her welfare worker tells her that this is probably correct, and also tells her to get enrolled for public housing. Her neighbor across the hall tells her about the waiting list for public housing. There are two hundred thousand names on the list, and the wait is eighteen years.

After evenings like the one in which I talked with Susan at the E.A.U., I try to anesthetize myself. One way of doing this is by denial. At a distance, it is easy to distrust my memory. Perhaps a morbid disposition has exaggerated something or has willfully misunderstood the details. Maybe I got it wrong. Did I read the sign correctly? If I didn't get it wrong, I tell myself,

then the situation has probably been corrected. But six weeks after that night I read these words in the *Times*:

The Legal Aid Society charged yesterday that a city shelter for the homeless had violated a pledge made in court that it [would] not admit pregnant women and young children because of the threat posed by the presence of lead paint. . . . One of the lawyers, Steven Banks, said the society had learned of the situation last week from a pregnant woman who complained she had been allowed to stay at the shelter without being notified of any possible health threat. . . .

The shelter, at 78 Catherine Street, near the Manhattan Bridge on the Lower East Side, has been the focus of a ten-month dispute between the city and the Legal Aid Society. . . . The society contended in a suit that asbestos and lead levels in the shelter were 10 to 100 times [the] legal limits.

H.R.A. "responded to the suit by covering lead-painted surfaces with several coats of lead-free paint," the *Times* story continued. The city also said that it had removed asbestos, and it promised continuing removal of lead-paint chips. Medical experts for the city testified, however, that even with these measures residents were still at risk. "The city agreed in court not to send pregnant women or small children to the shelter," the *Times*

said. "In March of 1986," the paper reported, "a child was found to be suffering from lead poisoning. Other residents suffered from high blood levels of the toxic metal, and complaints of diarrhea among residents were traced by experts to asbestos contamination."

A Legal Aid attorney later tells me that there was a loophole in the city's promise not to send pregnant women or small children to this shelter. The city had set aside one part of Catherine Street (perhaps what Susan called "some kind of office") as an "overflow" facility for families that came to an E.A.U. as late as midnight. The area was lead-free, so the law allowed its use in an emergency—but not more than once for any family. "Assigning her there at all was questionable," he says. "Assigning her a second time was patently illegal."

REFERENCES to prisons and to camps for displaced persons appear repeatedly in the language used by homeless people. The theme is one of being under siege. "There is a sense of terror," says a man whose family has lived at the Martinique for several years. "But the physical fears are not

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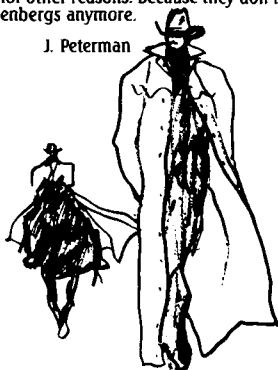
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the worst. There is this sense of darkness and foreboding. Doors are always banging late at night. They're made of metal, and it echoes through the halls. It's hard to sleep. You feel you're in jail." The feeling of internment may be reinforced by rituals of lining up, of having one's room number written down, of receiving one serving—and one serving only—of a desperately needed meal. People who, one month before, may have been strong and full of pride are humbled rapidly. You see it in the corridor outside the ballroom of the Martinique at noon, when adults with their children wait to file past a table to receive a plate of food. "You can always tell the family... that's new," observes a priest who works with homeless families in Wisconsin. "Their heads are always down.... They're very grateful for everything. They eat very quickly, and then they quickly disappear."

The sense of sequestration, or imprisonment, comes up in almost every conversation I have had with homeless families in New York. A woman with three children in the Hotel Carter, on West Forty-third Street, tells me one day in the winter of 1986 about her life. She was a teacher's aide, worked for three years with retarded children, and was living doubled up with relatives when the death of one relative and the marriage of another forced her into the streets. She has been living in the Carter for two years. "My rent allowance is two hundred and seventy dollars," she says. "Places that I see start at three hundred and fifty dollars. Even if you could pay it, the landlords do not want you if you're homeless. 'Where do you live?' I say, 'The Carter.' That's the end of it. It's hard to do it. You psych yourself. They want to check you out. You feel ashamed. It's the same with public school. The teacher asks, 'Where do you live?' You say, 'The Carter.' Right away, they put you in a slot. Jennifer is in the fourth grade. She has had four teachers in one year. Teachers keep quitting. Too many kids for them to handle. They can't teach. So I have to see my kids losing their years. Do they put the homeless children into categories? Course they do! They know which ones they are."

This woman gets a restaurant allowance, food stamps, and a welfare check, but, because of the high prices in midtown Manhattan, she finds it difficult to feed her family. "By the eighteenth of the month, I'm running

out," she says. "I have to borrow. They have got to eat. When we're low, we live on macaroni and French fries. I can make a lot from two potatoes. When you're running low, you learn to stretch. I don't have the money to buy meat. Even if I did, there's no refrigerator."

She continues, "Christmas last year, we stayed in our room. Christmas this year, we'll be here again. It's a lonely time for everybody. I do what I can to keep the other women up. There are adults here who come to me. They think I'm stronger than I am. They're under stress. I'll talk them down. Do you know what scares them most? It's when the rent is due. You go to your welfare office. You're afraid there's a mistake. It happens for no reason."

When this happens, families may find themselves evicted. They must then return to an emergency-assistance unit and begin the search for shelter once again. If they aren't evicted, they are likely to lose certain privileges—the right to have a visitor, for instance—and may forfeit certain items like clean linen.

In 1986, the city paid the Hotel Carter sixty-three dollars a night to keep this woman and her family in this room. Tourists who stayed in newly renovated rooms on higher floors of the hotel paid thirty-five dollars and up for a room of comparable size. The renovated rooms were clean and neat, with color-television sets and air-conditioners, new quilts and linens. The rooms for homeless families had roaches, water seeping through the ceilings, missing windowpanes, holes in the floor. The homeless families were restricted to three lower floors where they would not be seen by tourists.

"In the morning, I'm up at six," the mother says. "The children go to school at eight. Some mornings, there's no food. I give them a quarter if I have a quarter. They can buy a bag of chips. After school, I give them soup, or bread with peanut butter. Cooking does pose certain dangers in a place like this. You're careful with a fry pan in this room. If you're using oil and it catches fire, the fire will go right up the wall."

At the time of my visit, children in this building faced an added injury. The management did not want them to be seen in front of the hotel, but they had to be outside to meet their school bus in the morning, and they had to be dropped off when they returned. This was the solution: There



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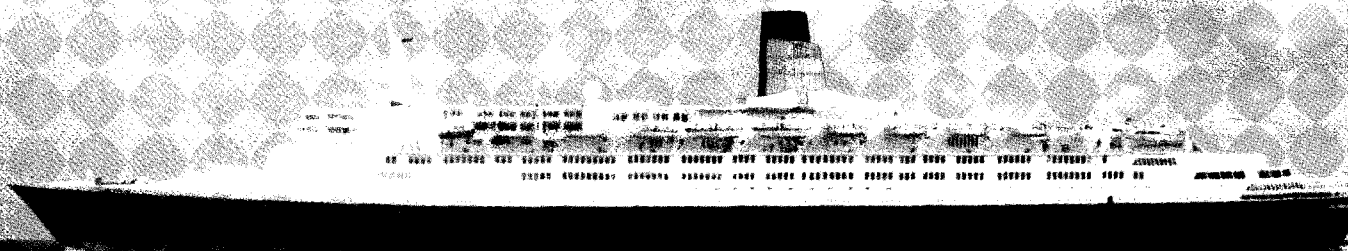
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is a rear exit, used primarily for trash collection, that can be reached through a back corridor. It opens on Forty-second Street, next to a shop that sells drug paraphernalia, on a block with pornographic-movie theatres. This is where the children waited to meet their bus.

The mother says, "They told my kids, 'You have to use the back. You're not allowed to use the front.' They herded them down that corridor to the rear door. It doesn't hurt so much that they would want *me* to be hidden. It does hurt that they would want my children to be hidden."

Do children know that they are viewed as undesirables? Being required to use the exit that is used by the hotel to throw away the trash conveys a fairly vivid message. They leave with the trash. Perhaps they carry some of its stench with them into school. "We aren't going to get away with this," Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said in February of 1986. "We are *not* going to get away with this. The twenty-first century is going to punish us."

ANOTHER homeless woman I met in 1986 was Sarah Andrews, who was living on the tenth floor of

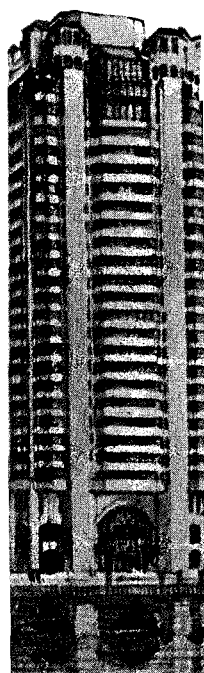
the Martinique. Two months after I met her, she was told by her physician that she might have cancer. It would be a second cancer; the first was surgically removed some years before. She calls me late at night in Boston. It is, of course, the kind of news that terrifies all people, even in the best of economic situations. Most of us at least have systems of support. We have neighbors. Some of us have family members near at hand; sometimes they are near enough to drive over, sit up and talk with us, pack our clothes, our children's clothes, and take us back with them into their safer world. They can take us to the hospital. If the information we've been given is unclear, they can take us to another doctor to confirm the diagnosis, to be sure that there is no mistake. When you are homeless, there are no supports.

Mrs. Andrews is forty-two. The first time we met, before Thanksgiving, she told me that she had worked for seventeen years as a secretary and a bookkeeper—nine of those years for one firm. She had lived in the same house for seven years. How did she end up in the Martinique? Like many people in this situation, she was hit

with two catastrophes in succession. First, she learned that she had intestinal cancer. She was hospitalized for the removal of a part of her intestine, and a few months later had to have additional surgery. These two operations coincided with a time in which her husband, Eric, fell into depression, caused by difficulties of his own. He had had a drinking problem, and it now became much worse. Debilitated by her surgery, she had no strength to offer him support. Before long, he became destructive and disorganized, and, while she was too debilitated to work, she had to leave their home. Eric and Sarah had been married for thirteen years, and had three children: two teen-age daughters and a son, eight. With the breakup of her household and her inability to work, she found her economic status dropping fast. She turned to welfare. One night, six months after a third operation—a hysterectomy—she was sitting with her children in the office of the Church Street emergency-assistance unit.

For several nights, the city was unable to assign Mrs. Andrews to a shelter. When a place was found, it was the Hotel Carter. Bad as it was, she

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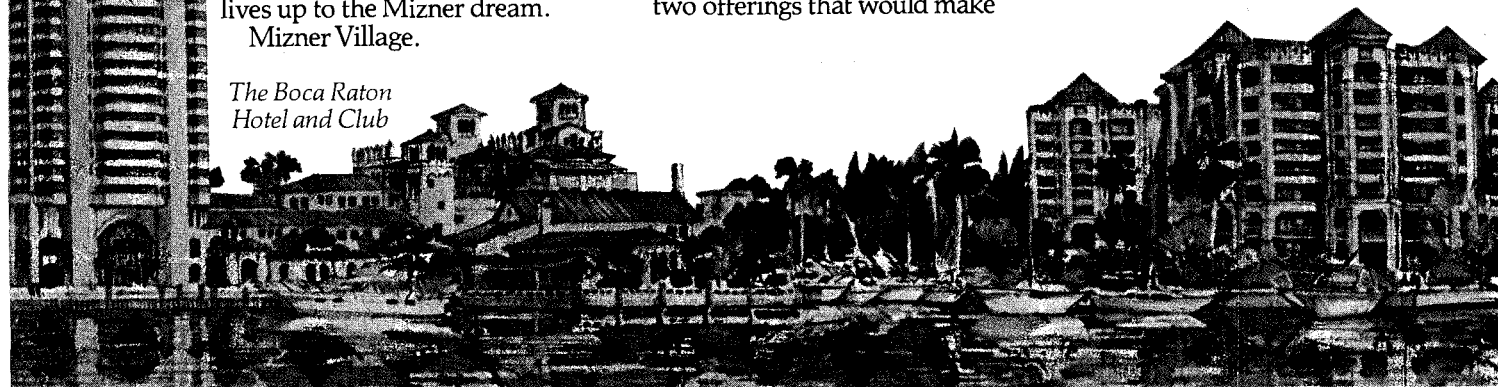
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never got beyond the lobby. When she arrived, at 1 A.M., the manager said he couldn't accommodate a family of four. At 2 A.M., she got back on the subway and returned to the E.A.U. she had just left. On her return, a social worker seemed annoyed. He asked, "Then you refuse this placement?" Although she explained what had happened, she was forced to sign a paper formally refusing placement at the hotel that had just refused her.

I have asked her about this several times.

"I had to *sign* the paper," she replies each time.

Mrs. Andrews is articulate, well organized, and neatly dressed. If this woman could be treated with so much disdain, how much more savage is the treatment meted out to women who don't have her middle-class appearance and don't display the style and manner of speech with which social workers might identify?

"We spent seven more days sitting in the welfare center from nine to five, and every evening, from 6 P.M. to 8 A.M., trying to sleep there at the E.A.U.," she says. "All we had to eat that week was peanut-butter-and-jelly and cheese sandwiches." Not wanting

to exaggerate, she adds, "They gave my children juice and little cartons of milk."

After seven days, Mrs. Andrews was given a week's placement at the Holland Hotel, on West Forty-second Street, a few blocks from the Carter. This hotel, which has been likened by the *Times* to "a kiddie park designed by Hogarth and the Marquis de Sade," was cited in 1985 for nearly a thousand health and building violations. The owner was later found to have been taking in six million dollars yearly, at least half of which was profit.

At the time Mrs. Andrews was sent by the city to the Holland, part of the building housed non-homeless tenants. Only certain deteriorated floors were used for the homeless. The fourteenth floor, to which Mrs. Andrews and her children were assigned for their first night of sleep in thirteen days, had no running water. "Even the toilet had no water," Mrs. Andrews says. "We had to carry buckets to a bar across the street. There was a line of homeless families waiting to bring water back to the hotel. Only one elevator worked. You had to wait an hour."

Two days later, unable to face this

any longer, she went back, with her children, to the E.A.U. There she was asked to sign another form refusing placement. She says she was told, "We gave you a room. You turned it down." She was given a referral slip and told that she must take the slip back to her welfare center. At the welfare center, she presented the paper to her welfare worker, sat in a chair until the office closed, and then was sent back to the E.A.U. to sit up in another chair until the morning. In this way, she tells me—between hotels and subways and the E.A.U.—she and her children passed a total of thirty-seven days.

During this time, Mrs. Andrews' older daughter, Carol, became ill. She developed pain and swelling in her abdomen. Examination led to the discovery of a tumor on her right kidney. The kidney had to be removed. The ovary and Fallopian tube on her right side were removed in the same operation. Carol's doctor told Mrs. Andrews that her daughter must not be allowed to sit up in a welfare office. Armed with a letter to this effect signed by the physician, the Andrews family went back to the welfare center, and then—after another day of wait-

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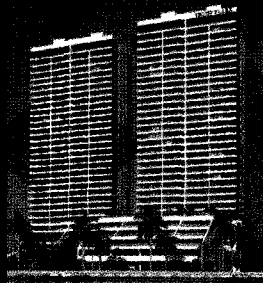
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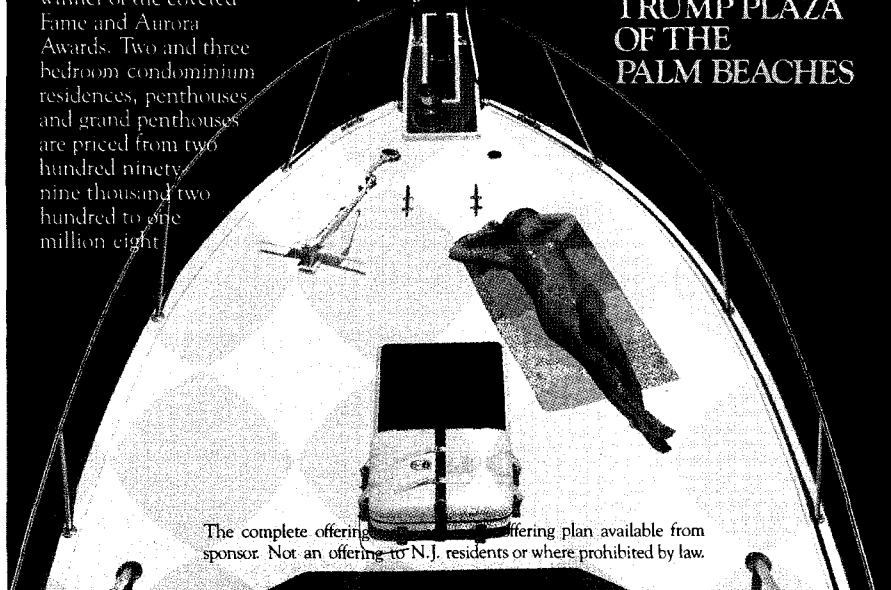
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ing—to the E.A.U., only to repeat this ritual for three more days. After more than forty days of homelessness, the family was sent, at 6 A.M. on a day in late September of 1984, to a small room in the Martinique Hotel. The room had no closet, but it did have four beds. Seven months later, they were moved into a slightly larger room, two floors below.

It is in this room that we first meet. The room has the smell of fresh paint on the day I visit. Also, a new door has been installed. These changes, Mrs. Andrews believes, were made throughout the building, and were prompted by some pressure from the Office of the Mayor. Unfortunately, the new doors have been fitted with the old locks, and the keys to many of these locks are interchangeable. The result may be imagined: Mrs. Andrews has been robbed four times.

When we meet, Mrs. Andrews talks for hours of her fears. Fear is plainly written in her eyes. Forty-five days of destitution, sickness, subway travel, and waiting lines, followed by two years of residence in the Martinique, have worn away much of her inner strength. "My mother and father are deceased," she tells me. "Except for the children, I have only my grandparents. My grandmother is in a wheelchair. My grandfather is ninety-four years old. I pray for them. When they are gone, I'll have nobody but the kids. I was not religious when I came here. People become religious here, because each day that you survive seems like a miracle."

Mrs. Andrews' husband has been in and out of psychiatric wards for the past two years. Her former boss has told her that he wants her back, but she is reluctant to accept the job until she has saved some money, because if she returns to work she loses her welfare benefits and can't stay in the hotel. But welfare rules forbid her to save money. Any significant savings poses the risk of being cut off from support. So she cannot start a bank account in order to prepare for the unlikely chance of moving into an apartment. If she did have her old job back, she still couldn't pay a month's rent and deposit and security and buy furniture, or pay for health insurance. The city, I've been told, has a program that sometimes assists with some of these expenses, but few families I have met have been given this assistance. Mrs. Andrews has not heard of such a program.

"I don't eat," she tells me. "I'd

stopped smoking back in 1983. Now I smoke three packs a day." She lights a cigarette, presses it out, looks for a match, hunts for another pack. "Food is very scarce right now, worse than any time since I've been here," she says. She received a hundred and eighty-five dollars a month in food stamps in the spring of 1986, but, because of a Reagan Administration decision to consider hotel rent a part of income for a homeless family, that was cut to sixty-three dollars, and was subsequently cut to forty-four dollars. "I have trouble sleeping when we're short of food," she says. "I can't sleep if I don't know that I can feed them breakfast."

Food-stamp cuts have forced Mrs. Andrews, for the first time, to accept free bags of food from local charities. "On Saturdays, I go to St. Francis' Church, on Thirty-first Street. Tuesdays, I go to St. John's." In compensation for her loss of food stamps—a net loss of a hundred and twenty-two dollars each month—she receives an increase of eight dollars and seventy-five cents in her restaurant allowance from the city every two weeks. This sum will later be increased to make up for her loss of food stamps, but the increase will not take effect for several months. She eats only one meal a day. Her children, knowing that she has had cancer, have tried to get her to stop smoking. She says, "How will I get them out of this?"

Four weeks later, Mrs. Andrews telephones me in Boston to tell me that cancer is again suspected, this time on her skin, just under her left eye. At the hospital, she has been examined, and the doctor tells her that he wants her to be tested. He is also concerned about a lump that has developed on her throat, she says. She has to go into the hospital, but puts it off for two weeks. Ten days later, on New Year's Eve, she phones again. She's going to go into the hospital. She'll have to leave her kids alone. She needs some

cash so they can buy necessities until she's home. I send a postal money order for two hundred and fifty dollars. The postal clerk tells me, "It's as good as cash. Any postal clerk will honor it."

Mrs. Andrews takes the money order to the post office opposite the Martinique on Thirty-second Street, but it is not honored. Even with identification, she is told that she needs someone to "vouch" for her. A friend in Manhattan helps me. He calls someone he knows at the post office, and she finally gets the cash. She is embarrassed by the trouble she believes she has caused me. On the telephone, she tells me that conditions at the Martinique have grown worse. "There's been no light in the elevator for a month. People use cigarette lighters. Or you ride up in the dark. I can't face it. I walk up to the tenth floor."

When Mrs. Andrews gets out of the hospital, she has good news. The spot on her face and the lump on her throat have turned out to be benign. By now, however, sleeplessness and fear have left her drained, and she is also feeling the results of the last round of food-stamp cuts. Everyone in the hotel is short of food, she says. In the same month, the President requests a billion-dollar cut

in food stamps and in child-nutrition funds for 1987.

GOVERNMENT is not to blame for Mrs. Andrews' illnesses, her cancer surgery, her panic, her compulsive smoking, but it is certainly to blame for leaving a sick woman homeless for more than forty days. It is to blame for sending her at 1 A.M. to a hotel from which she will be turned away. It is to blame for making any human being in New York City carry buckets of water from a tavern to the fourteenth floor of an unsafe hotel. President Reagan himself is certainly to blame for the complacent ignorance that he displays when he is asked to comment on these matters. "If even one American child is forced to go to bed hungry at night . . . that is a national tragedy," he says. "We are too generous a people to allow this." But we are not too generous. The President is wrong.

"Now you're hearing all kinds of horror stories about the people that are going to be thrown out in the snow to hunger and [to] die of cold and so forth," the President said on an earlier occasion. "We haven't cut a single budget."

Hunger, cold, and snow aside, what of this Presidential reference to the



"When did you first notice you were larger than life?"

budget? Dorothy Wickenden, in a *New Republic* article published in 1985, summarizes Administration cuts that affected the children of poor families in the previous four years: housing assistance (one billion eight hundred million dollars); Aid to Families with Dependent Children (four billion eight hundred million); child nutrition (five billion two hundred million); food stamps (six billion eight hundred million); low-income energy assistance (seven hundred million). For housing, she writes, the Reagan Administration "appears to have decided to renounce once and for all any meaningful federal support." The budget authority of the Department of Housing and Urban Development to help additional low-income families "was cut from \$30 billion to \$11 billion" in the first Reagan term. "In his fiscal 1986 budget, he proposes to chop that by an additional 95 per cent, to \$499 million."

The President's first budget director, David Stockman, was noted for straightforward speech. "I don't think people are entitled to any services," he said in a television interview in 1981. "I don't believe that there is any entitlement, any basic right to legal services or any other kind of services."

The historian Michael Ignatieff writes, in "The Needs of Strangers," "When men confront each other as men, as abstract universals, one with power, the other with none, then man is certain to behave as a wolf to his own kind." The claim of the less powerful that because they are human they deserve to live "is the weakest claim that people can make to each other; it is the claim addressed to anyone, and therefore to no one. When there is no family, no tribe, no state, no city to hear it, only the storm hears it."

Stockman's theme—no rights, no services—finds application on the grand scale in the government's withholding of essential funds for life support; but the idea, once established, finds expression in a multitude of small indignities that homeless people undergo day after day in places where one person exercises power over hundreds who have none. The guards assigned to offer shelter residents some safety, for example, are frequently only a trifle better off than the people they guard; but, as in a prison where a favored inmate often brutalizes those from whom he can dissociate himself only by an overzealous application of the regulations set by his superiors, theirs are often the most vicious faces

of authority that homeless people must confront.

NOVEMBER 27, 1986: On holidays like Thanksgiving, people in a homeless shelter tend to experience unusual depression. Those who are most fortunate may be invited elsewhere—some to have dinner with their families, if they have families and if the families have the means to share a meal. Others may eat in one of those huge armories in which charitable groups, under the eyes of TV cameras, offer them dinner with something that the press invariably describes as "all the fixings." Many, however, never get the "fixings" or any other part of the dinner—either from their families or from charitable groups. They spend the day alone in their rooms. Sometimes a mother or a grandmother who cannot provide a meal at home brings something she has cooked and has packaged carefully. Sometimes a friend appears.

Waiting in the lobby of the Martini on a rainy Thanksgiving afternoon with about a dozen other people, most of them family members, I watch the guards hunched over at the guard post, with their squawking intercoms hooked to their belts. They seem more threatening today than usual. Generally, their distaste for the job, or for the residents, is conveyed with lassitude; today it's energized. Is it because there are so few officials, volunteers, or crisis workers to observe them? Do the guards, who have to work on holidays, resent the possibility that others might enjoy an hour's respite from the colorless routine?

A woman sitting next to me has come from Brooklyn with a dinner wrapped in foil for her daughter and grandchildren. She arrived at two o'clock. At three, she is still waiting.

"We're short of men," a guard remarks to no one in particular. "Holidays, we send up messages once every hour."

As the minutes tick away and people wait for recognition from the guards, the woman presses the corners of the foil together in a futile effort to preserve warmth.

A well-dressed woman—middle-aged, soft-spoken—enters the lobby from the street and asks one of the

guards to tell her sister that she's here.

"Seven-sixty gets no visitors," the guard replies.

The woman begins a complicated explanation. She's here to take her sister to their mother, who's in the hospital. Her sister doesn't know. Their mother was taken ill last night.

"Seven-sixty's on restriction," the guard says.

The woman tells the guard she doesn't need to visit, only to send up a message. But the guard appears unmoved. "You cause us trouble, you got no rights," he says.

"Would you tell her that her mother's ill?"

The guard replies, "She don't get no messages. Not until she gets her check."

I'm not sure that those are the rules; but how is she to know, and, even if they aren't, what can be done? She is about to speak again, but he anticipates her words. "Don't block the desk," he says. "The waiting area is over there."

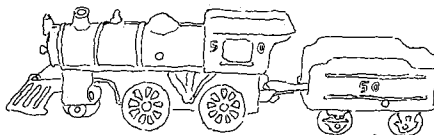
The visitor looks confused. Does this mean that the guard has relented? Will he send up the message? Why does he direct her to the waiting area? She's a black woman, wearing an old-fashioned net around her hair. The guards are presumably here to keep out prostitutes and people who sell drugs. She doesn't look like either.

Another woman, white and elderly, comes in, makes her request, and is instructed to sit down. A Puerto Rican man gets up and offers her his chair. It has a jagged plastic edge where the back has been torn off. There are, in all, six chairs, one broken stool.

Across the lobby, on the wall next to the elevator alcove, is a poster about crack. Beside it is a crudely pencilled sign I saw a year ago: "ABSOLUTELY NO GRAFFITI WILL BE TOLERATED." A young woman, heavily made up, walks past the desk on red stiletto heels. When she doesn't answer an obscene joke from a guard, who seems to know her, he runs after her, pulls out his nightstick, and jams it between her legs. She pushes him away and heads off to a stairway in the rear.

All around me are tired, tired faces. The silence drips like water from a rainspout. Time stops. A damp and dreary afternoon.

"You cause us trouble, you got no rights." But even if you cause no trouble you do not have many rights. The right to talk to a reporter is effectively denied. It is "an accepted understand-



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5T2/RX 5T3/RV 5T4/X5 5T5/X6

ing," according to a city employee familiar with the Martinique, that if a tenant speaks ill of the hotel "a way will be found to get that person out." The publication of essential legal information, even in a casual newsletter, is prevented also. One newsletter, edited by the nurse at the hotel, provided the phone number of the Legal Aid Society. Hotel authorities were said to be incensed, and every copy of the publication was removed from residents' mailboxes. Waiting in the lobby, I write in my notebook, "If we want to be sadistic, if we want to do it right, why not also take away their citizenship—withhold their right to vote?" Then I recall that this, too, was attempted, but did not succeed. Robert Hayes, counsel to the Coalition for the Homeless, and the Manhattan law firm of Davis Polk & Wardwell brought a suit in November of 1984 to enjoin the city from barring the homeless from the right to vote. When Federal District Judge Mary Johnson Lowe found in favor of the plaintiffs, the Mayor instructed his corporation counsel to appeal. The city later dropped the issue, and the homeless families of New York regained the franchise. But the idea remains attractive to some people, and is still proposed by policy advisers as another means of rendering dependent status undesirable.

"For adults, the stigma would be institutionalized by taking away the right to vote from anyone who had no source of income except welfare," Charles Murray writes in *Commentary*. Such denial of the franchise "would be an official stamp of second-class status," he suggests. While recognizing that "the balance" of this and other proposals he has made for stigmatizing poor single mothers "would probably be negative," Murray argues nonetheless that the denial of the right to vote makes sense in that the recipients of public funds should have no role in their disbursement. Notions like these, no matter how whimsically or speculatively offered, don't remain inert. Uncivilized thinking is contagious.

"Seven-sixty's got no rights," the guard says. He doesn't use the woman's name. For him, as for New York, she has been reduced to something that can be abstracted and computerized—a disobedient and expensive number.

RICHARD LAZARUS, a thirty-six-year-old Vietnam veteran I met in the subway station underneath

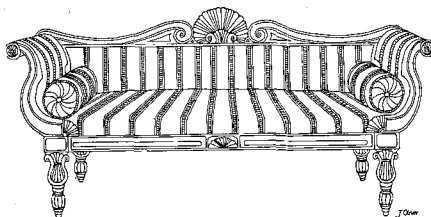
Grand Central Terminal one evening in the fall, tells me he had never been without a job until that summer. Then, in July, he underwent the loss of job, children, and wife at a stroke. As in almost all such situations, it was the simultaneous occurrence of a number of emergencies—any one of which he might have sustained alone—that suddenly cost him his home.

"Always, up until last summer, I could find a job that paid at least three hundred dollars a week," he says as we talk in front of a hot-dog stand in the subway-station concourse. "Now I couldn't find a job that paid two hundred. When I found an opening at a department store, they said that I was overqualified. If someone had asked me a year ago who are the homeless, I would not have known what to reply. Now I know the answer. They are people like me. I went to Catholic elementary school. I had my secondary education in a private military school. I joined the service and was sent to Thailand as an airman."

Lazarus has a trade. It's known as inventory-data processing—a computer skill that factories and stores employ to keep track of their stock. He had held a data-processing job with one company for seven years, but then the company shut down, without warning, and moved out of the state. "When the company left, I could find nothing," Lazarus says. "I looked everywhere. I got one job for two months in the summer—part time, as a security guard in one of the hotels for homeless families."

When I ask which hotel it was, he says it was the Martinique. "I clocked the floors for fire check," he says; he explains that he patrolled the building to examine every floor for fires or for other dangers to the residents. "From the top floor to the lobby, I swore to myself: rat-infested, roach-infested, drug-infested, filth-infested, garbage everywhere, and little children playing on the stairs. Innocent people, women, children, boxed in by their misery. Most people are permitted to make more than one mistake. Not when you're poor."

In September, Lazarus was sick



from physical exhaustion. "I was guarding homeless people, and I didn't have a home," he tells me. "I slept in Washington Square and Central Park." He is now living in a run-down hotel operated in conjunction with the Third Street Shelter, on the Bowery. "When you come in at night, the guards wear gloves, and they check you with a metal detector," he says. "They're afraid to touch you."

While we talk, we watch an old man nearby who is standing flat and motionless against the wall, surrounded by two dozen bright-red shopping bags from Macy's. Every so often, someone stops to put a coin in his hand. I notice that the people drop their coins with great care, in order that their hands won't touch his. When I pass that spot some hours later, he is still there. I do the same: I look at his hand—the fingers worn and swollen, the nails curled in like claws—and I drop a quarter and pull back my hand and move off quickly.

After standing with Lazarus for two hours, I ask him if he would like to leave the station and sit down with me and have a decent meal. He hesitates and looks uncertain. When I press him, he explains that he has used his only subway token and has no more money. If he leaves the station, he will need a dollar to get back inside. He agrees to leave when I assure him that I can spare a dollar. Outside, on Forty-second Street, we're beneath the Grand Hyatt Hotel. He looks at it with fear.

"The first thing that you see when you come out of there is power," he says.

At a restaurant called Pete Smith's Hall of Fame, close to the Grand Hyatt, Lazarus explains about the subway token. Each morning at the shelter, you get in a line to receive two subway tokens. This is to enable you to look for a job; the job search is required. But in order to get the tokens you have to prove that you have a job appointment. "It's a long line," he says. "By the time you get the tokens, you have missed the job appointment. You wait in line for everything. I get the feeling that the point is not to find a job but to teach us something about who we are. Getting us in line is the idea."

He has ordered a chicken sandwich. He is nervous and his hands are shaking, and he eats it fast; he's almost done before I've put a paper napkin in my lap. He apologizes, saying that this is the first thing he has had to eat since



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eight o'clock this morning. It's now about eight-thirty in the evening.

"Before I got into this place, I was sleeping in the parks, and then, when it got colder, I would sleep all night in an X-rated movie or the subway or the Port Authority," Lazarus tells me. "I'd spend most of my time just walking. I would try to bathe each day in public toilets. I'd wash my clothes and lay them outside in the sun to dry. I didn't want to feel like a pariah that nobody would get near. I used to talk with people like you so that I would not begin to feel cut off. I invested all my strength in fighting off depression. I was scared that I would fall apart.

"During this time, I tried to reunite with my old lady. The loss of work and loss of my wife had left me rocking. Then the welfare regulations hit me. I began to feel that I would be reduced to trash. You're never prepared for this. It's like there isn't any bottom. It's not like cracks in a safety net. It's like a black hole sucking you inside. Half the people that I know are suffering from chest infections and sleep deprivation. The lack of sleep leaves you debilitated, shaky. You exaggerate your fears. If a psychiatrist came along, he'd say that I was crazy. But I was an ordinary man. There was nothing wrong with me. I lost my wife. I lost my kids. I lost my home. Now, would you say that I was crazy if I told you I was feeling sad?"

As I eat, Lazarus continues, "I was a pretty stable man. Now I tremble when I meet somebody in the ordinary world. I'm trembling right now. One reason that I didn't want to leave the subway was that I feel safer underground. When you asked if I would come outside and get something to eat, my first thought was that you would see me shaking if we sat down for a meal and you'd think I was an alcoholic.

"I've had a bad cold for two weeks. When you're sick, there's no way to get better. You

can't sleep in at the shelter. You have got to go outside and show that you are looking for a job. I had asthma as a kid. It was gone for twenty years. Now it's back. I'm always swallowing for air. Before I got to where I'm staying now, I didn't have Medicaid or welfare. If you don't have an address, it's very hard. I scrambled to get into the computer. Asthma's common at the shelter. There's a lot of dust—that may be why. Edema—you get it from sitting up so much and walking all day long. If you're very hungry and you want a meal, you can get it at St. Francis'. You can get a sandwich at Grand Central every night at ten o'clock. So if you want to keep from starving you're always on the move. If you have no subway tokens, then you jump the stile. So you're always breaking rules, and so you start to have this premonition: 'Sooner or later I'll be caught.' You live in constant fear.

"The welfare workers are imperious and punctual. No matter how desperate you are, they're short of time. I ask them, 'Will my records go upstairs?' They snap at me, 'Can't you

see that we're about to close?' All I did was ask a simple question. A year ago, I never thought that somebody like me would end up in a shelter. Nothing you've ever undergone prepares you. You walk into the place—the smell of sweat and urine hits you like a wall. Unwashed bodies and the look of absolute despair on many, many faces there would make you think you were in Dante's Hell. Abandon hope. I read a lot. I'm not a lazy man.

"I slept with my clothes on, the first night that I was there. I was given a cot, but they were out of sheets. I lay awake. I heard men crying in their sleep. They're sound asleep and they are crying. What you fear is that you will be here forever. You don't know if it's ever going to end. You think, It's a dream and I will wake. Sometimes I think, It's an experiment. They are watching you to find out how much you can take. Someone will come someday and say, 'O.K., this guy has suffered long enough. Now we'll take him back into our world.' Then you wake up and get in line. Listen to me: I've always worked. I need to work! I'm not a lazy man!" His voice rises, and people at the other tables stare. "If I thought that I could never work again, I'd want to die."

Lazarus explains that you can work at the shelter for a nominal salary. For twenty hours, the pay is twelve dollars and fifty cents. He has done this. "Even sixty cents an hour makes you feel you're not completely dead," he says. "It may be slave labor, but it gets you certain privileges, like being first in line for meals. I'm one of the residents they like, because I follow all the rules. Those rules are very important. If you make a single error, you are out. More than that, you lose your benefits. You put your welfare card in the machine: 'No Benefits. Your Case Is Closed.' You're dead. It's thirty days before your case can be reopened.

"When I'm very scared, I go into the public library to read. You have to stay awake. They



"Pd like you to be my wife, but first my woman."

throw you out the minute you close your eyes. When I was at rock bottom, I went to a priest. It was the first time I had asked to be confessed in twenty years. While I was alone in that big, beautiful church, it occurred to me that the Creator had been teaching me a lesson that I'd never learned: 'I've given you a couple of gifts. Now share them with your brothers.' I ask if there can be a God. Then I say, 'We have free will. God did not do this to me.' That's all. That's my theology."

Lazarus pauses, and then says, "My only relatives alive in New York City are my father and my children and my wife. My father's in the Hebrew Home for the Aged. He's eighty-three. He's had several strokes. So I can't tell him what has happened. When I go there, I put on the cleanest clothes I have. He asks about the children, and I tell him everything is fine. The worst thing I have ever undergone was losing my wife. She was my guidance system. If I can ever get a job, I'll save up money for a while. I'll stay in the shelter so that I can save enough to put down money for a home."

I ask him if it is possible for him to save money.

"Not officially," he says. "You do it off the books."

He tells me his wife and children are doubled up for now in somebody's apartment. At ten o'clock, he says he has to get back to the shelter. "Curfew's at eleven. If you miss it, then you sleep outside."

I ask for his address, and he writes it out: Kenton Hotel, 333 Bowery.

"Bed number one thirty-five," he adds. "I'm a number. When I was evicted, I was given a court-docket number. When I got on welfare, I received another number. Now that I'm in the shelter, I have a bed number. If my wife and I can get our kids in a hotel someday, we'll have another number, a room number. I have to keep repeating to myself, 'I have a name. I was born. I have a mother and father. I am not a number.' When you go to welfare, the first thing you have to do is show them that you have a birth certificate. Many people lost their birth certificate when they were dispossessed. Or you lose it in the streets—or in the shelter—if somebody steals your clothes. But you have to prove that you were born in order to receive a check. Why do they do this? How much can you stand?"

We say goodbye outside a subway entrance on Forty-second Street. I give him a dollar for his token—he

refuses to take more—and we shake hands. I write to him later, but get no response.

MANY homeless people, unable to get into shelters, or frightened of disease or violence, or intimidated by the regulations, look for refuge in such public places as train stations and church doorways. Scores of people sleep in the active subway tunnels of Manhattan, inches from six-hundred-volt live rails. Many more sleep on the ramps and the station platforms. Go into the subway station under Herald Square on a December night at twelve o'clock and you will see what scarce accommodations can mean. Emerging from the subway, walk along Thirty-third Street to Eighth Avenue. There you will see another form of scarce accommodations: hot-air grates outside the buildings on Eighth Avenue are highly prized. Homeless people who arrive late often find there is no vacancy, even for a cardboard box over a grate.

A man who has taken shelter from the wind that sweeps Fifth Avenue by sleeping beneath the outstretched arms of Jesus on the bronze doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral tells a reporter he can't sleep there anymore, because shopkeepers feel that he is hurting business. He moves to the south side of the church, where he will be less visible.

Stories like this are heard in every state and every city of the nation. In Florida, a twenty-year-old man tells me that he ran away from a juvenile-detention home in Michigan when he was nine years old. He found that he was small enough to slip his body through the deposit slot of a Goodwill box next to a Salvation Army building. Getting in was easy, he explains, and it was warm, because of the clothes and quilts and other gifts that people had dropped into the box. "Getting out was not so easy," he says. "I had to reach my arms above my head, grab hold of the metal edge, twist my body into an S, and pull myself slowly out through the slot. When I was fourteen, I was too big to fit into the slot. I believe I am the only person in America who lived for five years in a Goodwill box."

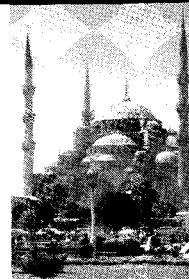
Many homeless people sleep in trash compactors and in dumpsters behind restaurants. These offer perhaps the ultimate concealment, and the heat generated by the rotting food may protect a homeless person against freezing weather. In Chicago some years ago,

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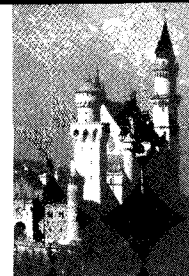
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a news report told of a man who had been sleeping in a broken trash compactor. One night, not knowing that in his absence the trash compactor had been repaired, he fell asleep, the engine was turned on, and he was compressed into a cube of refuse.

People in many cities speak of spending nights in phone booths. I have seen this only in New York in 1986. Public telephones in Grand Central are aligned in recessed areas outside the main concourse. On almost any night, before one-thirty, visitors could see a score of people stuffed into these booths with their belongings. Even phone-booth vacancies are scarce in New York City: as in public housing, people are sometimes obliged to double up. One night, I saw three people—a man, a woman, and a child—jammed into a single booth. All three were asleep.

Officials have tried a number of times to drive the homeless from Grand Central. In order to make conditions less attractive, nearly all the benches have been removed from the terminal. One set of benches has been left there, I am told, because they have been judged "historic landmarks." The terminal's three hundred lockers, used in former times by homeless people to secure their few belongings, were removed in 1986. The authorities were forced to justify this action by declaring the homeless "a threat to public safety," according to the City Council. Shaving, washing clothes, and other forms of hygiene are prohibited in the men's room of Grand Central. A fast-food chain that wanted to distribute unsold doughnuts in the terminal was denied the right to do so, on the ground that it would draw more hungry people.

At one-thirty every morning, homeless people are ejected from Grand Central. Many initially took refuge on a ramp that leads to Forty-second Street. The ramp provided a degree of warmth, because it was protected from the street by wooden doors. The station management—Grand Central is run by Metro North—responded to this challenge in three ways. First, the ramp was mopped with a strong mixture of ammonia to produce a noxious smell. Then, when the people sleeping there brought cardboard boxes and newspapers to protect them from the fumes, the entrance doors were chained wide open. Temperatures dropped some nights to ten degrees.

Finally, in early 1987, Metro North fenced off the ramp entirely.

In a case that won brief press attention in December of 1985, an elderly woman who had been living in Grand Central, on one of the few remaining benches, was removed night after night during the weeks preceding Christmas. On Christmas Eve, it became evident that she was ill, but no one called an ambulance. At one-thirty, the police compelled her to move outside. At dawn, she came inside and climbed back on a bench to sleep; she died during the morning of pneumonia.

In 1988, homeless people will not often be found sleeping on the benches in Grand Central. The benches now are cordoned off with yellow tape at 9 P.M. Police patrol the area with a dog.

At Penn Station in 1986, homeless women congregated near the entrance to the bathroom. Each hour on the hour, Amtrak police came by and herded them away. In June of 1985, Amtrak officials had issued this directive to all officers: "It is the policy of Amtrak to not allow the homeless and undesirables to remain. . . . Officers are encouraged to eject all undesirables. . . . Now is the time to train and educate them that their presence will not be tolerated as cold weather sets in." In an internal memo, an Amtrak official later went beyond this language and asked, "Can't we get rid of this trash?"

In a surprising action, the American Federation of Railroad Police, representing the station's police employees, resisted the directive, and, in 1986, brought suit against Penn Station's management. Nonetheless, as temperatures plunged during the nights after Thanksgiving, homeless men and women were ejected from the station. At two one morning that November, I watched a man who was

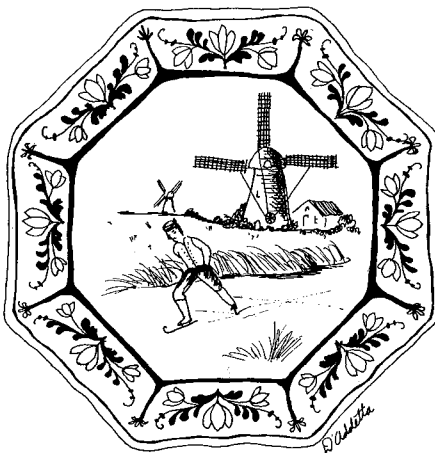
perhaps fifty years old, about my age, carry a cardboard box outside the station and try to construct a barricade against the wind that tore across Eighth Avenue. The man was so cold his fingers shook, and when I spoke to him he tried to answer but could not.

Driving women from the toilets in a railroad station raises questions that go far beyond the issue of "deterrence." Some people may find it surprising to learn that many of the women driven out are quite young. Few are dressed in the rags that are suggested by the term "bag ladies." Some are dressed so neatly and conceal their packages and bags so skillfully that one finds it hard to differentiate them from commuters waiting for a train. Given the denial of hygienic opportunities, it is difficult to know how they are able to remain presentable. The sight of clusters of police officials, mostly male, guarding a women's toilet from being used by homeless women does not speak well for the public conscience of New York.

Several cities have devised unusual measures to make sure that homeless people will learn quickly that they are not welcome. In Laramie, Wyoming, in recent years, homeless people were given one night's shelter; the next morning, an organization called the Good Samaritan Fund gave them one-way tickets to another town. In 1986, the college town of Lancaster, Ohio, offered homeless families one-way tickets to Columbus.

In a number of states and cities, homeless people have been knifed or set on fire. Two high-school students in California have been tried for the knife murder of a homeless man they found sleeping in a park. The man, an unemployed housepainter, was stabbed seventeen times, and then his throat was slashed.

In Chicago, a man was set ablaze while he slept on a bench early in the morning, opposite a popular restaurant. Rush-hour commuters passed him and his charred possessions for hours. At noon, someone called the police. A man who reportedly had watched him burning from a third-floor apartment above the bench had refused to notify the police. The purpose of setting fire to him was "to get him out," according to a local record-store employee. The homeless man survived, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, because the fire did not penetrate his many layers of clothing. A local resident told reporters that his



neighbors viewed the homeless as akin to "nuclear waste."

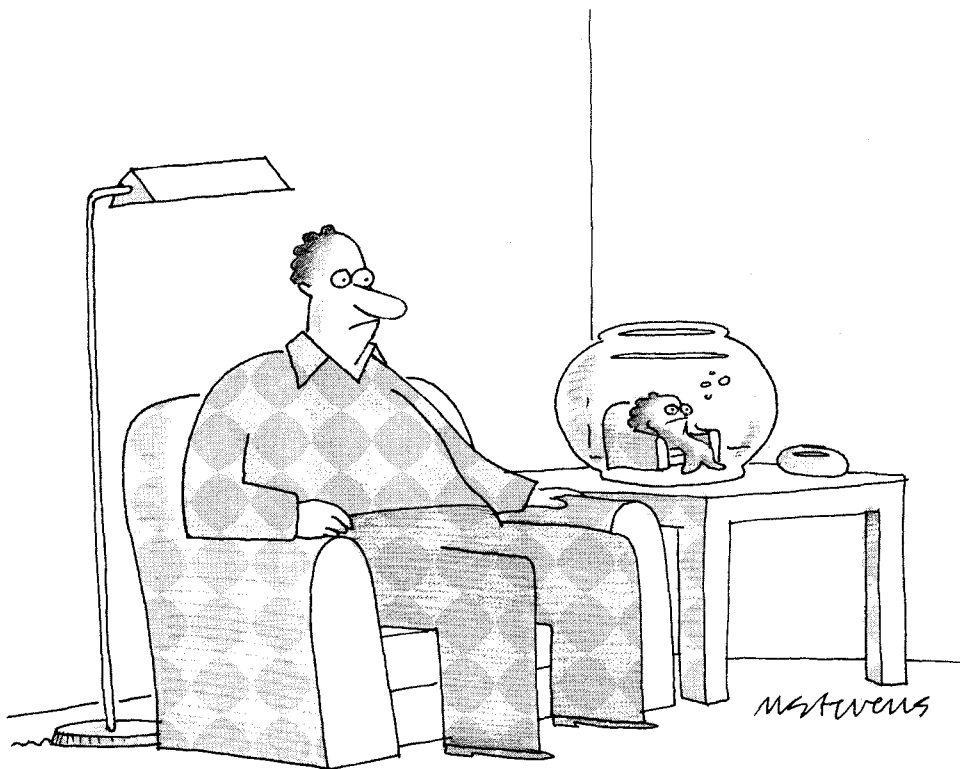
In Tucson, where police have used German shepherds to hunt for the homeless in the skid-row neighborhoods, a mayor was reelected in 1983 on the promise that he would drive the homeless out of town. In Phoenix, a woman who leads an anti-homeless lobby known as Fight Back told reporters, "We're tired of it. Tired of feeling guilty about these people."

In several cities, it is a crime to sleep in public; in some, armrests have been installed in the middle of park benches to make it impossible for people to lie down. In others, trash has been defined as "public property," to make it a felony for the poor to forage in the rotted food.

Some grocers in Santa Barbara have sprinkled bleach on food that they discarded in their dumpsters. In Portland, Oregon, owners of some shops in the redeveloped Old Town have designed slow-dripping gutters (they are known as "drip lines") to prevent the homeless from attempting to take shelter under their awnings.

In Fort Lauderdale, harsher tactics have been recommended. A member of the City Council offered a proposal to spray trash containers with rat poison to discourage foraging by homeless families. The way to get rid of vermin, he remarked, is to cut their food supply. Some of these policies have been defeated, but the inclination to sequester, punish, and conceal the homeless has attracted wide support.

"We are the rejected waste of the society," Richard Lazarus told me. "They use us if they think we have some use—maybe for sweeping leaves or scrubbing off graffiti in the subway stations. They don't object if we donate our blood. I've given plasma. That's one way that even worthless people can do something for democracy. We may serve another function, too. Perhaps we help to scare the people who still have a home—even a place that's got no heat, that's rat-infested, filthy. If they see us in the streets, maybe they are scared enough so they will learn not to complain. If they were thinking about asking for a better heater or a better stove, they're going to think twice. It's like farmers posting scarecrows in the fields. People see these terrifying figures in Penn Station, and they know that with one false step they could be here, too.



They think, 'I better not complain.'

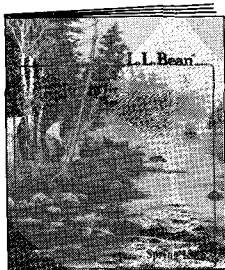
"The problem comes, however, when a city tries to find a place to hide us. It comes to be an engineering question: waste disposal. Store owners certainly regard us in that way. We ruin business and lower the value of good buildings. People fear that we are carriers of illness. Many times, we are. So they wear those plastic gloves if they are forced to touch us. It reminds me of the workers in the nuclear reactors—they have to wear protective clothing if they come in contact with the waste. Then, you have state governors all over the United States refusing to allow this stuff to be deposited within their borders. Now you hear them talking about dumping toxic waste into the ocean in steel cans. Could they find an island someplace for the homeless?"

Lazarus's question brings back a strange memory for me. In Boston, for years before the homeless were identified as a distinguishable category of the dispossessed, a de-facto caste of homeless people dwelt in a vast public-housing project, called Columbia Point, built on a virtual island that was linked only by one access road to the United States. The project, infested with rats because it was constructed on a former garbage dump, was so crowded, violent, and ugly that

social workers were reluctant to pay visits there, few shop owners would operate a business there, and even activists and organizers were afraid to venture there at night. From the highway to Cape Cod one could see the distant profile of those high-rise structures. A friend from California asked me if it was a prison. He told me that it looked like Alcatraz. I answered that it was a housing project. The notion of shoving these people as far out into the ocean as possible does bring to mind the way that waste-disposal problems are sometimes resolved.

New York has many habitable islands. One of them has already earned a place in history as the initial stopping point for millions of European refugees who came to the United States in search of freedom. One reason for their temporary isolation was the fear that they might carry dangerous infections. New York's permanent refugees are carriers of every possible infection; most, moreover, have no prospering relatives to vouch for them, as earlier generations sometimes did, in order to assure that they will not become a burden to the state. They are already regarded as a burden. An island that once served as quarantine for aliens who crowded to our shore might serve now as quarantine for

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those who huddle in train stations and in Herald Square.

Richard Lazarus may not be paranoid in speaking of himself as human waste; he may simply be reading the headlines in the press. "I just can't accommodate them," the owner of a building in midtown Manhattan says. The mayor of Newark, where a number of homeless families have been sent from New York City, speaks of his fear that displaced families from New York might be "permanently dumped in Newark." He announces a deadline after which they will presumably be dumped back in New York.

New Yorkers, according to the *Times*, "are increasingly opposing the city's attempts to open jails, shelters for the homeless, garbage incinerators" in their neighborhoods. The *Times* reports that the city has to reassure communities that they are not being singled out when they are chosen as sites "for homeless shelters and garbage-burning generating plants."

WHAT startles most observers of the homeless is not simply that such tragedies persist in the United States but that almost all have been well documented and that even the most solid documentation does not bring about corrective action. Instead of action, a common response to this kind of problem in New York, as elsewhere, has been the appointment of a "task force" to investigate it. This is frequently the last we hear of the problem. Another substitute for action is a press event at which a city official seems to overleap immediate concerns by the unveiling of a plan to build a thousand, or a hundred thousand, homes over the next ten or twenty years at a cost of several billion dollars. The sweep of these announcements tends to dwarf the urgency of the initial issue. When, after a year or so, we learn that little has been done and the problem has grown worse, we tend to feel not outrage but exhaustion. Exhaustion, however, turns easily to a less generous reaction.

"I am about to be heartless," a columnist wrote in *Newsweek* in December of 1986. "There are people living on the streets of most American cities, turning sidewalks into dormitories. They are called the homeless, street people, vagrants, beggars, vent men, bag ladies, bums. Often they are called worse. They are America's living nightmare—tattered human bundles. They have got to go." The writer noted that it was his taxes that paid for

the paving and the cleaning of the streets where some of the homeless lived. "That makes me their landlord," he wrote. "I want to evict them."

A senior at Boston University sees homeless people on the streets not far from where he goes to class. He complains to his college newspaper that measures taken recently to drive them from the area have not been sufficiently aggressive. "I would very much like to see actions more severe," he writes. Perhaps, he admits, it isn't possible to have them all arrested, though this notion seems to hold appeal for him; perhaps "a more suitable middle ground" may be arrived at to prevent this "nauseating and often criminal element" from being permitted to "run free so close to my home."

Another Bostonian says, in the weekly *Boston Phoenix*, "Our response to these street people... has gone from indifference to pitying... to hatred." I think that this is coming to be true and that it marks an incremental stage in our preparedness to view the frail, the ill, the dispossessed, the unsuccessful not as people who have certain human qualities we share but as untouchables. From harsh deterrence to punitive incarceration and then to the willful cutting off of life supports is an increasingly short journey. "I am proposing triage of a sort, triage by self-selection," Charles Murray writes in "Losing Ground." "The patient always has the right to fail. Society always has the right to let him."

Why is it that writings that present such hardened attitudes seem to prevail so easily in public policy? It may be that generous voices are more readily derided; callous attitudes are never subject to the charge of being sentimental. It is a recurrent theme in "King Lear," Michael Ignatieff writes, that "there is a truth in the brutal simplicities of the merciless which the more complicated truth of the merciful is helpless to refute..." A rich man "never lacks for arguments to deny the poor his charity. 'Basest beggars' can always be found to be 'in the poorest things superfluous.'" So from pity we graduate to weariness, from weariness to impatience, from impatience to annoyance, from annoyance to dislike, and sometimes to contempt.

"No excuses are good enough," the *Times* observed in reference to the Holland Hotel in 1985, a year before I spoke with Sarah Andrews of her stay there. But excuses did suffice. The city

did, and does, continue to send children to the Holland and to many similar hotels. Nearly two hundred families, with over four hundred children, were still living in the Holland last September. Can it be that these children have by now become not simply noxious or unclean in our imagination but something like an ulcer to society?

Richard Lazarus said to me, "If the point is to dispose of us most economically, why do they need to go to all this trouble and expense? Why not end this misery efficiently? Why not a lethal injection?" This question, voiced in panic and despair, is perhaps one that he would not have posed if he had been in a less tormented state of mind. The answer is that we have failed in many ways to do what conscience and American ideals demand, but we have yet to fall so far as to wish to engineer anyone's demise. Despite the grave injustices that we allow, or lack the power to confront, we do not in fact want to "dispose" of any people, or "compact" them into concentration camps or other institutions of internment. The truth is that we do not know what we want to do with these poor people. We leave them, therefore, in a limbo, and while waiting in that limbo many who are very young do cease to be a burden to society.

But the question asked by this shaken man emerging from the underground of New York's subway system to gaze up at the Grand Hyatt may suggest a slightly different question: Might a day come in the not too distant future when a notion of this sort may be proposed and not regarded as abhorrent? It has happened in other advanced societies. We know this, and we also know that no society is totally exempt from entertaining "rational" solutions of this kind. State terrorism as social-welfare policy—that, I think, is a fair description of how Lazarus, a credible witness of life at the bottom in Manhattan, has come to see things. True, it has not yet achieved acceptance in our social order, but it may no longer be regarded as beyond imagining.

—JONATHAN KOZOL

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

PETERBOROUGH—The town that inspired Oscar Wilde's "Our Town" also has inspired producers of NBC's "St. Elsewhere," who will film a segment of the show in Peterborough next week.—Keene (N.H.) Sentinel.

About this young doctor named Thornton Wilder.

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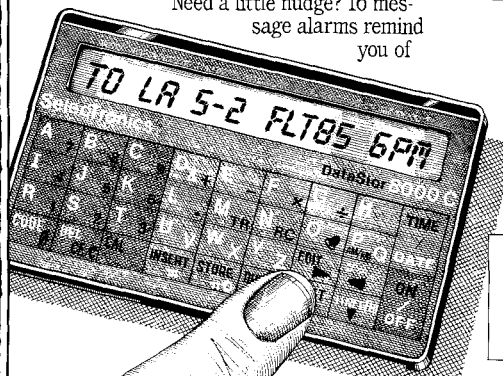
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ancient Music

MUSIC OF THE VEREIN REVISITED is a series of four historical concerts in Alice Tully Hall. The Verein is Schoenberg's Verein für Musikalische Privataufführungen in Wien—his Society for Private Musical Performances in Vienna—which in its three and a half seasons of activity, 1918-21, presented over a hundred concerts and in many ways provided a model for the contemporary-music concert series that followed in other cities: those of the I.S.C.M., the International Composers' Guild, the League of Composers. The Verein was a practical demonstration of Schoenberg's proposal, set out in Adolf Loos's symposium "Guidelines for a Ministry of the Arts," to free music from commercial middlemen. Alban Berg wrote the Verein prospectus. There were to be "clear, well-prepared performances." (One reads of from ten to twenty

rehearsals, coached by Berg, Webern, or Eduard Steuermann and then by Schoenberg.) Pieces were to be played often. (Of the hundred and fifty-odd contemporary compositions given, a hundred were performed more than once, and some many times.) Young artists were preferred, and their chief reward was to be "having made the work, and thus the author, comprehensible." (In 1920, Rudolf Serkin fussed about the smallness of the fee he was offered.) The concerts were to be free of "the corrupting influence of publicity": no advertising; only subscribers admitted; no critics; no reviews; neither applause nor "expressions of disapproval." Program details were not announced in advance. For two seasons, Schoenberg kept his own music off the bills. It began to appear when he was away in Holland, 1920-1921, and Erwin Stein was organizing the Verein concerts.

For almost two seasons, the programs consisted of chamber music and of orchestra works in piano, piano-duet, or two-piano reduction. Mahler's Seventh Symphony, arranged for four hands, appeared at the first concert. Strauss's "Don Quixote," Domestic Symphony, and Alpine Symphony were played on two pianos. Schoenberg believed that compositions would disclose their essential musical content more clearly when deprived of the glamour of mere "instrumentation." At the penultimate 1919-20 concert, Webern's chamber reduction of his Opus 10 was introduced. Then, during the third season, Stein conducted Reger's Romantic Suite in a chamber-orchestra version by Rudolf Kolisch, in October, 1920, and in January, 1921, a chamber reduction of Mahler's Fourth Symphony. The Mahler was repeated at two of the "propaganda concerts," open to the public (which was asked to abide by Verein house rules on the occasion). The philosopher Karl Popper lent a hand at the harmonium. In May, there was

a special Waltz Evening—Strauss waltzes arranged for chamber ensemble by Webern, Berg, and Schoenberg. The ensemble consisted of Steuermann (piano), Berg (harmonium), Kolisch, Schoenberg, and Karl Rankl (violins), Othmar Steinbauer (viola), and Webern (cello). After the concert, the autographs were sold by auction. This was to raise money for the establishment of a regular chamber ensemble. In November, an ambitious brochure for 1921-22 was published, promising ballet evenings and many chamber-orchestra concerts, with works both contemporary and classical (Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Brahms' Violin Concerto and B-flat Piano Concerto, Bruckner's Seventh Symphony). But none of this happened. Ambition was pricked by Austria's monetary inflation, and after a few small-scale chamber concerts the Verein



"No, I don't think your decisions are too Draconian. Do you think my decisions are too Draconian?"

ceased regular activity, with a "Pierrot Lunaire" on December 5th.

One cannot re-create the past, even when it is not far away. (The vocal soloist at the first Verein concert, in 1918, was Felicie Hüni-Mihacsek, aged twenty-seven, singing Debussy's "Proses Lyriques;" thirty-one years later I heard her at the Salzburg Festival; four years after that she sang a final Marschallin, in Munich.) But in historical concerts one can recall the past. This month's Verein Revisited concert in Tully included two pieces that were heard at Verein concerts—Stravinsky's "Pribaoutki" and the finale of Mahler's Fourth Symphony—and two that would have been heard had the 1921-22 plans been fulfilled: Hanns Eisler's chamber reductions of three orchestra songs from Schoenberg's Opus 8 and of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony (only the first movement was done). The program was completed by a post-Verein piece, Schoenberg's Wind Quintet. House rules were not observed; there was plenty of applause. Dawn Upshaw, the New York Woodwind Quintet, the Chester String Quartet, Ursula Oppens (piano), Alan Feinberg (harp), Alan Kay (clarinet), and Alvin Brehm (double-bass) were the performers; Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducted the chamber-orchestra pieces. The program notes were less than full, frank, and historically informative.

Did it amount to much beyond an agreeable curiosity? The Mahler and Bruckner symphonic movements were pleasant to hear in airy transcriptions, and the artists were adept, but the performances did not sound as if they had had twenty, or even ten, careful rehearsals. Miss Upshaw was soft-grained in the tangy "Pribaoutki;" her singing of the Schoenberg and the Mahler was beautiful. The account of the Wind Quintet lacked the freedom, fire, and grace that save the piece from seeming unremittingly strenuous. The Bruckner transcription was made to allow subscribers to hear the whole structure, in days when orchestras played his symphonies disfigured by cuts. But such days are long since past. The remaining two Verein Revisited concerts, in February and in April, present the Reger Suite, Schoenberg's Opus 16 (which the Verein rehearsed publicly in Vienna and played in Prague), two Verein staples—Ravel's String Quartet and Webern's reduction of his Orchestra Pieces, Opus 6—and several more of the chamber-

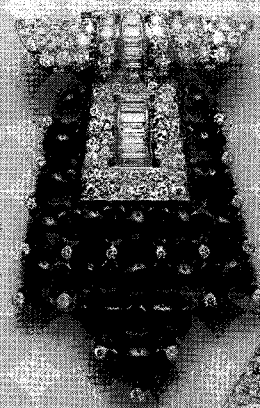
orchestra arrangements projected for 1921-22.

THE day before, in Tully, with a repeat three days later, the Waverly Consort explored music of an earlier age, that of Eleanor of Aquitaine. It was a well-planned program. There was sacred music from Aquitaine and from Paris (Abelard's Lament over Saul and Jonathan); Crusader music, for Eleanor accompanied her first husband, Louis VII, on the Second Crusade (a celebration of the capture of Jerusalem in 1099; a lament for its fall in 1187); troubadour music; music with English connections (a song deploring the exile of Thomas à Becket, later the victim of Eleanor's second husband, Henry II; one for the coronation of their son Richard Lionheart; another mourning his death); and New Year music from the end of the twelfth century. Good program notes provided a context. The texts were clearly printed. The program flowed. The performers were pleasing. William Sharp, formerly with the Consort, returning as a guest artist, was especially eloquent in the lament for Richard.

MERKIN HALL's On Original Instruments concert this month brought forward chamber music for a woodwind with strings. Christopher Krueger, on a copy of a late-eighteenth-century flute, played two Mozart flute quartets. Stephen Hammer, on a copy of an eighteenth-century oboe, played Mozart's oboe quartet and one by Franz Krommer (which began in an arresting, inventive way, but became conventional). The timbres were beautiful—the oboe less pungent than its modern descendant, the flute gentler, sweeter. Mr. Krueger and Mr. Hammer are captivating artists. The string players were Stanley Ritchie (violin), Anthony Martin (viola), and Myron Lutzke (cello). One had the impression that they had not all lived together as an ensemble, through these scores, for quite long enough. From the wind players there were bewitching details of phrasing and inflection, but tempi often took a while to settle.

THE Academy of Ancient Music was formed in eighteenth-century London so that, in an age when what the public wanted to hear was new works, the best music of the past would not be quite forgotten. "Ancient music" needed definition; it was

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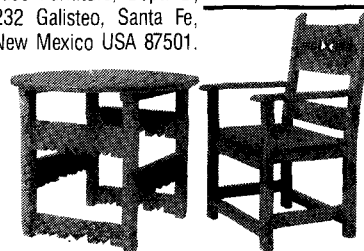
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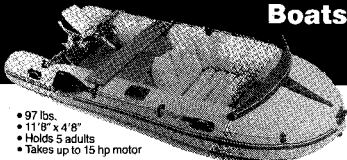
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decided that anything more than twenty years old would qualify. By such reckoning, all Stravinsky, Boulez's "Marteau sans Maître" and "Pli Selon Pli," Stockhausen up to "Stimmung" could be played and sung at today's ancient-music concerts. Olivier Messiaen's "Turangalila" Symphony, first heard, in Boston, in 1949, under Bernstein, is almost doubly eligible. Zubin Mehta conducted three performances of "Turangalila" in Fisher Hall this month, as the second Philharmonic subscription program after his sabbatical absence. (It began an unusually interesting stretch of Philharmonic programs.) "Turangalila" is a strange work: so honest, fervent, and unabashed in its lushness, vulgarity, and excesses—and so plainly the work of a master—that one can hardly help being impressed. Mehta's performance was large, exuberant—vigorous in a general rather than a finely detailed way. Yvonne Loriod (Mme. Messiaen), who has played the important piano part at performances from the first onward, seemed to me more poetic than ever, especially in her delivery of the bird songs in the "Garden of Love's Sleep" movement. The Ondes Martenot, which was played by Jeanne Loriod (successor to Ginette Martenot, the inventor's sister, who "created the role"), seems to have altered its timbre. In early performances—I first heard the symphony, under Roger Desormière, in 1950—it produced a powerful, smoochy wail, suggesting a saxophone endowed with exceptional range and limitless volume. In Fisher Hall, it was often blessedly inaudible, but for its big moments it emitted a clean, shrill, earsplitting whistle.

The ten movements of the seventy-five-minute work were divided by pauses: the first to allow the entrance of latecomers, the others filled with the exodus, in increasing droves, of Philharmonic subscribers.

LAST week in Tully Hall, in Lincoln Center's Great Performers series, there was a song recital of high, uncommon merit, given by Mitsuko Shirai, mezzo-soprano, and Hartmut Höll, piano. I missed the duo's American début, at the Ninety-second Street Y last year, but received glowing accounts of it. They proved to be justified; I will try not to miss Miss Shirai and Mr. Höll's future recitals. (They are already reëngaged for Tully, next

season.) It is easy for a critic to burst out with extravagant superlatives, later regretted, in the excitement of a first encounter with remarkable artists, but the Shirai-Höll duo is exceptional. In these days of big halls, of loud, pumped-up voices put on display, and of singers insensitive to subtle verbal inflection, lovers of lieder tend to prefer recitals at home—programs culled from the records of, say, Elisabeth Schumann, Elena Gerhardt, Julia Culp, Karl Erb, the young Gérard Souzay, Paul Bender. Yet the phonograph, marvel and treasure though it be, cannot re-create the special excitement between a singer and a rapt, attentive audience; home listeners of about my age also re-

member how Elisabeth Schumann and Herbert Janssen would in their late recitals still hold an audience intent on every line. (I heard Gerhardt and Lotte Lehmann only in lectures or master classes, singing but an exemplary phrase or two; they compelled the same electric response.) At Miss Shirai's recital, there was no coughing (well, almost none), no shuffling. There was rapt attention to all she did.

She sang groups of songs by Mendelssohn, Liszt, Szymanowski (the James Joyce settings), and Wolf. Her encores were Webern ("Gleich und Gleich"), Ives ("Ilmenau," or "Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh"), and Wolf. To describe her virtues is to catalogue excellences of lieder singing: love for the shape, sound, and meaning of words (the way she breathed the final "Zeichen" of Mendelssohn's "Die Liebende Schreibt" was worthy of Elisabeth Schumann); line carried through molded musical and verbal phrases; notes sustained through their full value, in true legato; a savoring of different vowel colors, each one distinct and true, a pleasure in itself; bold attack when attack was needed; no compromise of sense to voice-teacher notions of tonal production; flawless intonation; everything forward, candid, and fearless, whether in gentlest pianissimo or brave fortissimo. And, beyond that, there was "presence"—what Marcia Davenport, writing about her mother, Alma Gluck, calls "the indefinable tinder which sparks the instantaneous link between performer and public." A singer's first medium of communication is her voice, the second her eyes. It was said of Alma Gluck that every member of



her audiences at some point felt that she had met his or her eyes, was singing directly for him or her. (The same can be said of Maria Callas, short-sighted though in fact she was.) As a mere trick, this is one worth singers' learning, a necessary part of effective technique. With a great artist it seems not contrived or conscious but the inevitable result of concern to share the song in question with everyone present. The concern gets into the music: Alma Gluck's records preserve the intimacy and directness for which she was famous; a listener seems to sense the sparkle in her eyes. At Miss Shirai's recital, when I—shortsighted as Callas—took specs off to peer at the text of unfamiliar songs (printed in tiny italic type), her "presence" remained potent.

She and Mr. Höll—they are wife and man—have been performing together since student days in 1972. He is a poetic and beautiful pianist; one would like to hear him in piano music of Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Ravel, Webern. The wind-sounded harp in Wolf's "An eine Äolsharfe," the whirring of the hovering, loquacious bee in Wolf's "Der Knabe und das Immelein," the gypsy fiddle and the strains of the cymbalon, again wind-sounded, in Liszt's "Die Drei Zigeuner" were but the most evident passages of his artistry. She and he are a perfect duo. The Steinway lid was open wide, but voice and instrument were in exquisite balance. Each song was polished, considered in detail, yet there was nothing precious or mannered.

Miss Shirai's English is not as good as her German. In the first Joyce setting one heard not "Gentle lady, do not sing sad songs about the end of love" but "Gentle lady, do not sing! Sad songs about the end of love." (The fault is largely Szymanowski's, but a singer must reconcile, not emphasize, any awkwardness between the poet and the composer.) The top of her range was not always under sure, easy control: a few touches of impurity and, during the early part of the evening, unsteadiness crept in. She does not have a conventionally, richly "beautiful" voice, though the timbre in tender middle-range passages (the start of the Ives song, for example) was wonderfully affecting. She has a finely tempered, supple instrument that was used with art, refinement, understanding, and ardor to provide an evening of keenest, rarest delight.

—ANDREW PORTER



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AMERICAN CHRONICLES

STRANGER IN TOWN

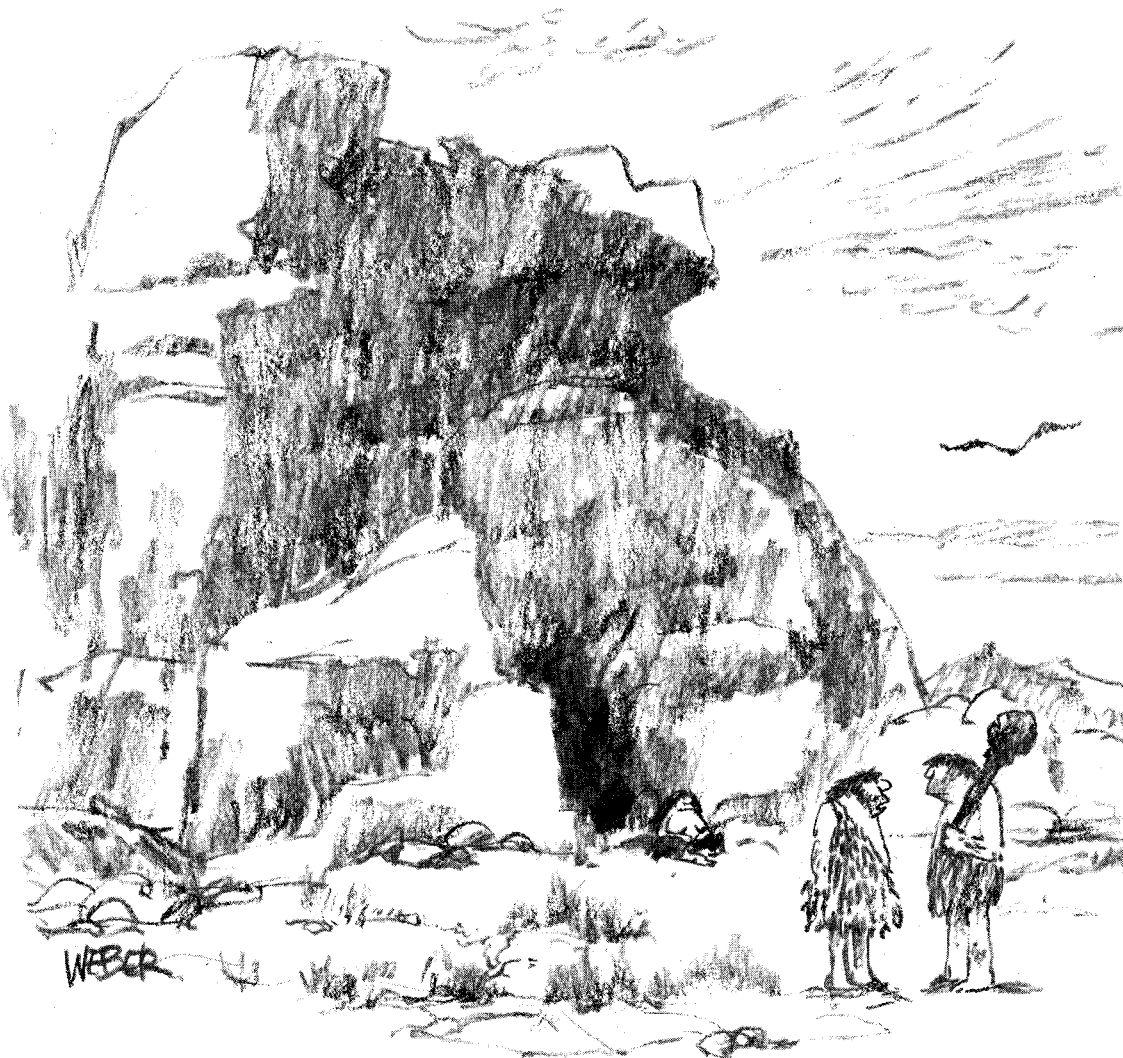
STRANGERS almost never move to Lyons. It's not that Lyons, a farm community of twelve hundred people in eastern Nebraska, wouldn't be a pleasant enough place to live. The surrounding farmland is lovely—thickly planted in corn and soybeans and alfalfa and the sort of bluegrass sod that is somehow rolled up off the field and rolled back down on a suburban lawn. The farmland comes right up to the commercial district and spills over into town here and there, so there's an occasional cornfield among the houses. The town park is a particular point of civic pride: it has a vast swimming pool that used to be a clay pit and may now be the largest swimming pool in northeastern Nebraska. Omaha is only about an hour away, and Sioux City, Iowa, is a bit closer than that. Still, Lyons isn't

the sort of place a stranger might choose if he simply wanted to go somewhere and try his luck. Although there has been some effort in the past couple of years to give the town an identity as the Sod Capital of Nebraska, it is not in fact readily distinguishable from dozens of other trading towns that were founded on the plains a century or so ago by homesteaders from Northern Europe or Civil War veterans making a fresh start. Like a lot of other towns, Lyons has a main street called Main Street—a brick street that widens out for the three blocks of downtown so that there's room for angle parking in front of the stores on either side. Like a lot of other towns, it has suffered some from the recent economic troubles of American farmers; several of the Main Street storefronts are boarded up. Lyons is

the kind of town where people linger over morning coffee except at harvest-time—the most popular lingering spot is the HiWay Café, next to the Phillips 66 station on the highway that runs along the eastern edge of town—and where for years the way to have a conference with the mayor, a lumber-and-hardware dealer known as Spike Going, was to go over to his store and plop down in an old swivel chair kept across from the cash register for just that purpose.

People who have quit farming—people who retire and hand the farm over to their children, people who have gone broke—sometimes move into town, of course, but, even among the towns in Burt County, Lyons is not necessarily the town they'd pick. Oakland, an attractive town to the south that calls itself the Swedish Cap-

ital of Nebraska, has a hospital. Tekamah has the rough look that people in that part of the country associate with a river town—it's near the Missouri River, which separates Nebraska from Iowa for a couple of hundred miles—but it also has the county seat. People do move into Lyons from out of the county now and then, but they ordinarily have an obvious reason for the move—maybe a welding job with Brehmer Manufacturing, which makes steel hog feeders on the edge of town, or maybe a house left to them by a departed relative. That's why people in Lyons were puzzled and curious about the arrival, in October of 1986, of a woman named Anna Marie Anton. She hadn't come to town because of relatives or a job. As far as anyone could tell, she had no connection with Lyons. In the words of Mary Piper, who succeeded Spike Going as mayor



"I've never gotten the hang of hunting. Luckily, we're invited out a lot."

that autumn, "There wasn't a logical reason for her to be here."

If people in town had tried to imagine the sort of person who might simply wander into Lyons, it wouldn't have been Anna Anton. She didn't seem exactly suited to the place. She was a small, almost frail woman in her thirties who, even with the aid of a cane, walked with a severe limp—the result of a serious automobile accident. The same accident might have left her with some facial scars; she wore heavy makeup. Some women in Lyons thought that she looked like a pretty woman who had been through some troubles; the way some men in the HiWay Café put it was "She has some mileage on her." She had bleached curly hair, which she often wore over to the side, in a style that struck some people in Lyons as overglamorous and some as simply odd. Some people thought she had a look that seemed influenced by—or maybe stuck in—the sixties. Some people thought she looked a little harsh. Nobody thought she looked like the other people who lived in Lyons.

Her injury made it difficult for her to walk even the few blocks from where she lived to the stores on Main Street, and she had no car. The combination would have meant considerable inconvenience in a place like Sioux City or Omaha; in a town that had neither public transportation nor taxicabs, it meant that, if left on her own, she was virtually immobilized. Why would someone who needed regular assistance move to a town where she knew nobody? How would someone pick Lyons, an ordinary farm town, to move to in the first place? From what Anna Anton told those who got to know her, the ordinariness of Lyons might have been part of its attraction. She said she had looked for a peaceful place where no one was likely to run across her. She was vague about where she came from—it was someplace in northern Iowa—and she said that except for a nun who forwarded her mail no one back there knew where she was. It was important that no one back there know where she was, she said, because she feared for her life.

STRANGER or not, Anna Anton was not left wanting for help in Lyons. She had moved into what people in the neighborhood called the pink house. It's a two-story wooden house that was once similar to the other houses in the area—neat one-

family houses with carefully tended lawns. The pink house, though, had been divided into two apartments. The upstairs one was occupied by Gregory Webb, the chief of Lyons' two-man police force, who had been divorced several months before. The downstairs apartment had last been occupied by a woman known to some neighbors as the Floozie—a woman who, among some other bad habits, had so consistently neglected her two small children that the county eventually came and took them away. When Shirley Edgecomb, a neighbor across the street, noticed a new tenant moving into the downstairs apartment, she went right over with some garden vegetables as a token of welcome. The person who greeted her could hardly have been more different from the previous occupant. The apartment had looked pretty much the way an apartment lived in by two neglected children and a floozie might be expected to look—the owner of the pink house, who lived out of town, seemed to have an interest in maintenance that didn't extend much past leaving a set of passkeys with Greg Webb—and the new tenant seemed intent on making it spotless. She appeared to be a devout Catholic—someone who not only attended services regularly at St. Joseph's, a couple of blocks away, but also kept rosary beads and a supply of holy water around the house. She didn't have any children, but she had three large dogs, which she referred to as her babies, and her devotion to them made the prospect of neglect unthinkable.

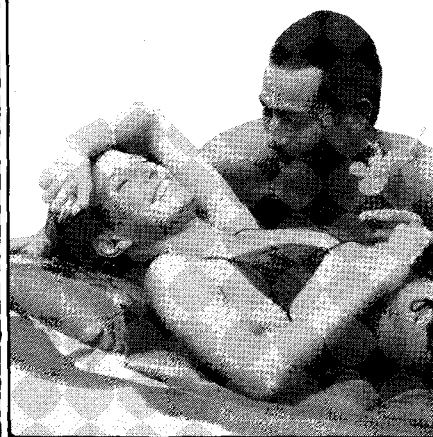
Alerted by Shirley Edgecomb, some members of St. Joseph's made a kind of project out of assistance to Anna Anton. The original notion was that a few parishioners would take turns driving her to Mass, but it soon became clear that the assistance would have to go beyond that. The first parishioners to visit her found her in a frigid house trying to keep warm with an electric blanket. One of the volunteers drove her to Tekamah to see about the paperwork for her disability check, and the church started providing her with some groceries. A neighbor drove her to Winnebago, on the Indian reservation that starts twenty miles or so north of Lyons, where she wanted to see about registering at the community college for a law-enforcement course that might lead to work as a parole or probation officer. Women from St. Joseph's brought casseroles. Men from St. Joseph's put plastic

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storm covering over the downstairs windows of the pink house. By the middle of the autumn, a routine question among some members of St. Joseph's and some people who lived near the pink house was "Who's going to pick up Anna?" or "Do we need to take something over to Anna's?"

Some of the people who picked up Anna for church or took groceries to her found her good company—intelligent, able to talk about all sorts of subjects—but some of them were troubled by the way she was handling the situation she found herself in. Frugal Lyons housewives who took her to the supermarket were surprised to see that she didn't seem interested in seeking out the most practical foods or the most economical brands. There were people at St. Joseph's who wondered whether the church really ought to be devoting its limited charitable funds to the feeding of three large dogs. Some of the people helping Anna admired the way she seemed to be trying to pull her life together—they pointed to her interest in taking the law-enforcement course, for instance—but some others started wondering after a couple of months whether she had begun to accept their help as simply her due. "When she asked," one of them said not long ago, "it was almost a demand."

Gradually, on car trips to the county seat or over coffee in the kitchen of the pink house, Anna spoke more about her past and about how she came to live in Lyons. She said that she had been in a brutal marriage and was still afraid of her former husband, who had once shot out the windows of a farmhouse she was living in. She said that she had turned in her husband and some of his friends for selling drugs, and feared their retaliation. She showed some people a clipping about a drug-ring arrest in Iowa that she said had come about as a result of her tip. She talked constantly about being afraid. Not long after she arrived, she gave the Edgcombs a sealed envelope that contained the name of someone to call in case anything happened to her.

Even among church-going people in a small

farm town, Anna seemed intensely religious and moralistic. She talked all the time about how she wanted to "get those druggies." She said she hated drugs and liquor and carrying on. Greg Webb, her upstairs neighbor, had been involved with the Floozie—even though, one of the men in the neighborhood has said, "whatever there was special about her sure didn't show"—and still received occasional visits from her. Anna often told people that the sounds Webb and the Floozie made upstairs at night disgusted her, and that she had assured their damnation by sprinkling holy water on the stairs going up to Webb's apartment. She said that she felt uncomfortable in Webb's presence. Even so, she often remarked that she felt safe living right below a police chief. What seemed to comfort her was not anything about Webb himself, although he was thought of around town as a considerable deterrent—an aloof man who stood six feet six inches tall and was said to have fought as a mercenary in Africa. She said she was comforted mainly by the thought of having a police cruiser parked right in front of the house.

Some people who helped Anna had the impression that a friend of hers who was acquainted with Webb had known about the downstairs apartment and had sent her there as a place that would be safe—an impression that grew to a belief that Webb had somehow been assigned to guard her. Some people in Lyons were under the impression that she had been sent to Lyons by government people she had cooperated with. Some people were under the impression that a priest in

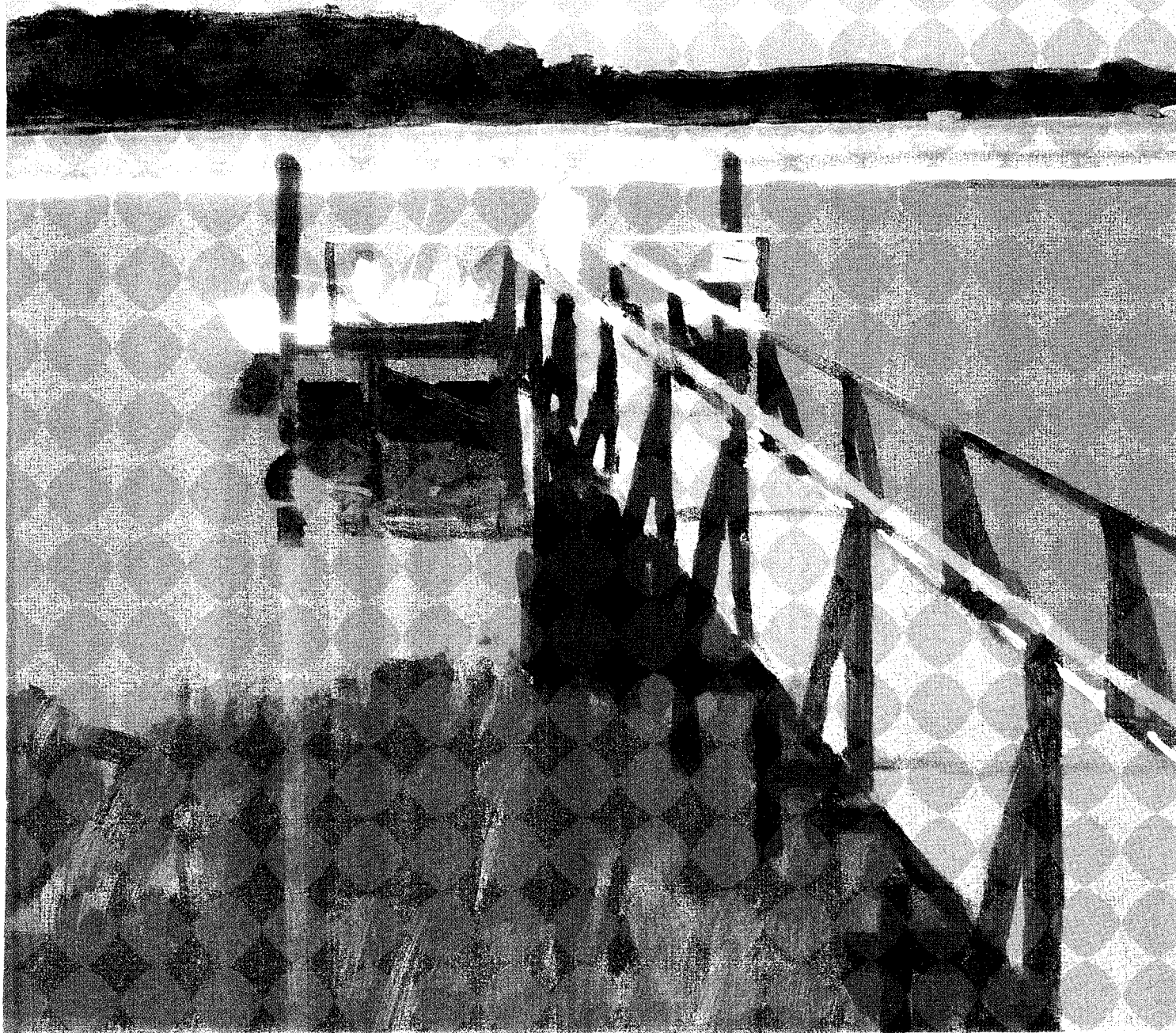
Iowa had sent her to Lyons. Variations in the impressions people had of how Anna Anton got to Lyons came to light in the middle of December, only two months after her arrival, when some of the people who had been helping her began getting in touch with one another to see if anybody had any ideas about where she might be. She had disappeared.

SHIRLEY EDGECOMB was supposed to take Anna to a food pantry on the night of Tuesday, December 16th, to pick up some government-surplus staples, but no one answered the door. When there was still no answer the next day, the Edgcombs became concerned—it was obviously possible that a woman unsteady on her feet had fallen and hurt herself too badly to get to the door—and they asked Greg Webb to let them into the downstairs apartment. Anna wasn't there. Her cane wasn't there. The three dogs were in the basement, and, as far as anybody knew, no arrangements had been made to have them fed. It seemed odd that someone who doted on her dogs—her babies—would have simply left them. For that matter, it seemed odd that someone who had no means of transportation would have left town suddenly without saying anything to the people she had been dependent on. Shirley Edgcomb decided to open the envelope she had been given and phone the person who was to be notified if anything ever happened to Anna Anton.

The person turned out to be a woman named Sylvia Nelson, who lives in Okoboji, Iowa, and when she was reached on the telephone she was somewhat reassuring. She said that it wasn't at all unusual for Anna to take off suddenly, particularly if someone showed up with an invitation to a party that seemed promising. That didn't sound much like the devout communicant and outspoken moralist who had been living in Lyons. Still, it at least provided one benign explanation for Anna's absence. There was also the possibility, of course, that she had suddenly become unable to face the holidays in a strange town



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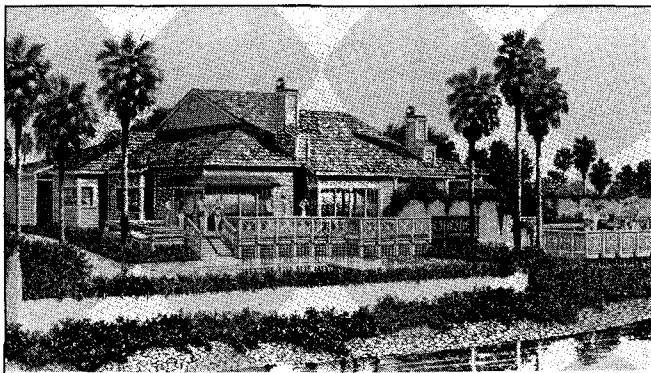
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and had been unwilling to say so to the people who had been kind to her. It was possible that she had arranged for the care of her dogs with someone who for some reason hadn't followed through. People who disappear in a way that seems absolutely inexplicable usually turn up.

Greg Webb had said that a person had to be gone a week before an official report could be filed. When there had still been no word a week after the night of the food pantry, Shirley Edgecomb arranged with Webb to file a missing-person report on Anna Anton. Four days later, on the morning of December 27th, a farmer who was going to get some hay for his livestock drove down a dirt road to some land he leased on the Winnebago Reservation, and came upon the naked body of a woman who fitted the description of Anna Anton. She had been shot three times.

The headline in the Lyons *Mirror-Sun* a few days later said, "SLAYING STUNS COMMUNITY." The *Mirror-Sun* story quoted acquaintances as saying that Anna Anton had "a very positive attitude, with a strong faith in God." Greg Webb, when he was asked about his downstairs neighbor by a reporter from the Omaha *World-Herald*, said, "She seemed pretty nice." Otherwise, there wasn't much to say in answer to questions from reporters about what Anna had been like—except that she had needed help and that she had seemed to be afraid of someone from her past. Although newspaper stories carried denials from law-enforcement officials that the victim had been involved in any witness-protection program, the rumors persisted. Within a couple of days, some of the coffee drinkers at the HiWay Café were saying that if Anna Anton had indeed been in some sort of witness-protection program, the lesson was that anybody who needed protection real bad had better get someone other than Greg Webb to do the protecting.

THE highway that the HiWay Café is on comes south from the Winnebago Reservation. On the Saturday that Anna Anton's body was discovered, the café had turned out to be a convenient place for a meeting of various law-enforcement officials with a stake in the investigation. Because of where the body was found, people representing a number of jurisdictions

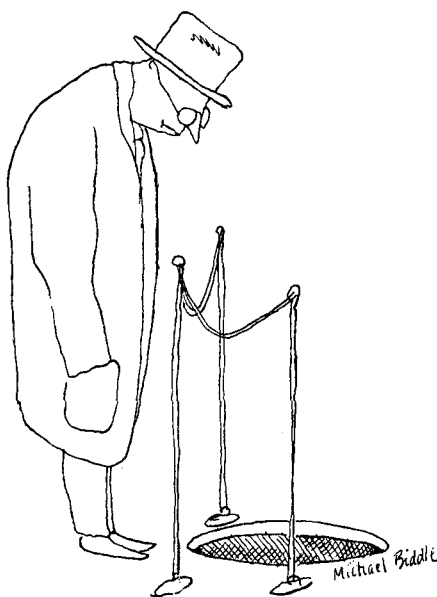
were at a table there late that afternoon. The county attorney of Thurston County, which is almost entirely reservation land, was there. So were an investigator for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and Leonard Canarsky, the sheriff of Burt County, and Lyons Police Chief Greg Webb, who wouldn't have any direct responsibility for investigating a murder but had known the victim. An investigator from the Nebraska State Police was also present—Jerry Krieger, a stocky man with a graying beard and a direct manner. When there's a murder in a rural county in Nebraska, it's normal practice for the sheriff to request the assistance of the state police, and Jerry Krieger had been on the job since the discovery of the body.

"Let's face it," someone familiar with the investigation has said. "If you find a body on an Indian reservation, the first thing you think of is Indians." There had, in fact, been a report that two Indians in a pickup truck had been seen in Lyons that day and that a similar pickup truck had been spotted near where the body was discovered. Presumably, there was also the possibility that Anna Anton's husband or his friends or whoever it was that she seemed so afraid of had finally caught up with her. Krieger didn't think so. Only a call or two to Iowa was required to ascertain that her husband, Tom Anton, had not been involved in a drug raid and that Anna Anton was not an informant who required protection from the government. Krieger didn't put much stock in the story about the Indians, either. He hadn't had a chance to do much

that first day beyond talking to some of Anna Anton's neighbors and making a few telephone calls, but his suspicions had turned rather quickly to someone sitting right there at the table in the HiWay Café: Gregory Webb.

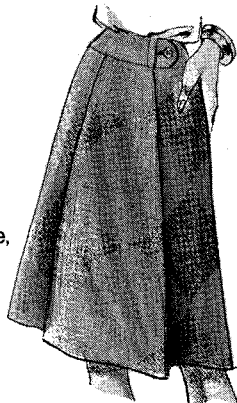
IN a place the size of Lyons, someone who has the title of chief of police can also be thought of as the town cop. A town cop may at one time or another have to deal with the breaking of just about every sort of law—it's sometimes said that he differs from a big-city policeman in that he almost always deals with amateurs rather than professionals; a small farm community doesn't offer much cover for a career criminal—but the sorts of laws that tend to need steady enforcement are traffic laws and whatever law it is that prevents teen-agers from getting drunk and driving their pickups over a neighbor's lawn. "A lot of the job is in the category of being a night watchman," someone who has worked on a couple of the local forces said not long ago. "A lot of it is boredom. The point is mainly to have a presence there. If you don't have someone, the lowlifes know they can come in and do anything."

Gregory Webb was an imposing presence. It was partly his size, but it was also his manner. He didn't talk much, and when he did it was in a deep voice that didn't seem usable for friendly banter. His taste in clothing ran toward camouflage, and he walked with a military bearing. Some of the kids at the high school called him G.I. Joe. His interest in the military extended to buying and selling and shooting military weapons. His politics were thought to be ultra-conservative, and he was an enthusiast of the sort of survival training that is popular among far-right groups on the plains these days. Like a lot of people with such interests, he read *Soldier of Fortune*, but, unlike most of them, he had actually been a mercenary; in 1977, he left his job as a Burt County deputy sheriff to go to Rhodesia. As it happened, he didn't see any action in Rhodesia—he apparently injured his knee in training—but, in the words of Sheriff Canarsky, "when he came back everyone had him tagged as a killer mercenary." People who were intimidated by his reputation and his manner on the job did not see another side of Gregory Webb when he was off duty. He was not the sort of town



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cop who ends his shift by stopping in at the café to have a last cup of coffee and catch up on the gossip. If Webb was seen at the HiWay Café, it was at a table with other law-enforcement officers. He worked mostly at night, of course, so a lot of people in Lyons didn't see him at all. After Webb had been on the Lyons police force for almost ten years—first as the second man and then as the chief—there were people in town who barely knew who he was.

For an active man still in his thirties, ten years is a long time to be a town cop. "He was restless," another Burt County police officer said not long ago. "Maybe he was just getting the middle-age crazies." Webb was apparently beginning to contemplate the possibility that he might spend the rest of his life checking doors and staring down teen-agers in Lyons, Nebraska. As he grew restless in his job, some Lyons residents were grumbling about the curt, nearly hostile way he went about it. There were no official complaints lodged against Webb, but when Mary Piper ran a campaign based on the need to make some changes after the long reign of Spike Going, a number of citizens asked her if one of the changes she contemplated was in the position of police chief. It wasn't. Mayor Piper thought Webb was capable and intelligent, and she found it understandable that a local police chief might want to keep some distance between himself and people he might someday have to arrest for drunk driving.

Webb had always liked musing about the possibility of foreign adventures. At one point, he talked with a friend about going into the air-transport business in Belize, the former British Honduras—a country with a reputation among law-enforcement officers as a place where routine commerce encompasses some commodities that are not entirely legal. At one point, he told a friend that he had been recruited to take part in an operation that was to place a number of mercenaries in El Salvador—an operation that apparently collapsed before anyone made the trip. By 1986, he was looking closer to home. He travelled to a small town in Iowa to talk about the possibility of managing a health-food plant being established by Robert DePugh, who had gained some notoriety in the sixties as the founder of a right-wing paramilitary group called the Minutemen. Webb had apparently admired DePugh, and for a while had

belonged to the Committee of Ten Million, a right-wing group that DePugh founded in the mid-seventies. But the factory job didn't pan out. Webb returned from Iowa to continue patrolling the streets of Lyons.

The few people in Burt County who were reasonably close to Gregory Webb thought they saw a change in him around the time of his divorce. Webb had never been a drinker—his friends thought of him as a highly disciplined man—but the divorce seemed to bring out a fondness for spirits such as the wine that the Mogen David people market as MD 20/20 and Nebraska people sometimes call Mad Dog 20/20. Spike Going, who had always been a strong supporter of Webb, noticed the drinking, and Sheriff Canarsky, having learned that Webb showed up drunk for one of the free-lance deputy-sheriff shifts he occasionally pulled, had resolved not to use him again. Webb's conversation with friends turned more and more toward drinking and womanizing. He talked about the good times available at a place called Arnold's Park, which lies between East and West Lake Okoboji in the area of northern Iowa sometimes known as Iowa's Great Lakes. It was at Arnold's Park one day in August of 1986, while having a drink at the Dry Dock Lounge of the Four Seasons Motel with a gun-club friend who sometimes called himself Jake of the Lake, that Greg Webb met Anna Anton.

ONE of the questions that Jerry Krieger asked Gregory Webb that first Saturday afternoon at the HiWay Café, as the law-enforcement officers chatted over coffee, was how long he had known Anna Anton. Webb said that he had known her since she moved to Lyons. But Webb had previously told one of the men in the neighborhood about the meeting at Arnold's Park, and Krieger had already talked to that man. Another question that Krieger asked Webb was whether he had ever slept with Anna Anton. At first, Webb denied having slept with her at all. Then he said that they had slept together her first night in Lyons but not after that. To Krieger that simply didn't sound true. It wasn't. During the entire time that Anna Anton was telling the church volunteers that Webb's antics disgusted her and his very presence made her uncomfortable, she and Webb had been sleeping together. Webb had taken her by the house of a friend who

lives near Sioux City—a fellow gun enthusiast who teaches at a nearby community college—and had mentioned her resentment of his continued attentions to the Floozie. (“She reminded me of Holly Golightly,” the teacher has said of Anna. “Carefree. Kindhearted. But flaky.”) As Krieger went on asking questions, it became clear to others at the table that the questioning was going beyond casual conversation. The county attorney of Thurston County told Webb that it might be better if he left. Webb walked out of the HiWay Café.

There were a couple of other factors, strictly circumstantial, that tended to turn the investigation in Webb’s direction. The way the body was left—simply the fact that it was left without clothes, for instance, and therefore without an environment for incriminating hairs or fabric—was consistent with the idea that the murderer was someone with knowledge of forensics. The fact that the body was left in a place that could cause jurisdictional complications might not have been an accident if the person who left it there was familiar with law enforcement. In fact, it became clear right away that there was going to be some jurisdictional tension in the investigation, mainly between Burt County and the state. Policemen, like people in a lot of other lines of work, are protective of their turf. There’s a natural resentment any time one law-enforcement authority is in the position of handing over a case to another, and the resentment was exacerbated by Krieger’s directing his suspicion toward Gregory Webb after only a preliminary inquiry into the possibility of vengeful drug dealers or Indians or unknown outsiders. Law-enforcement people in Burt County considered Greg Webb one of their own, and they resisted the notion that, whatever his quirks, he would kill one of the citizens he had sworn to protect.

The tension increased on the Monday evening after the body was found. Krieger had obtained a search warrant to examine Anna Anton’s apartment. The state and local law-enforcement people who accompanied him included technicians trained to go over the apartment with a luminosity chemical that shows up traces of hemoglobin not visible to the naked eye. Their test showed small amounts of blood on the walls and floors of the apartment—although without further tests, in a laboratory, there was no way of knowing whether the blood was Anna An-



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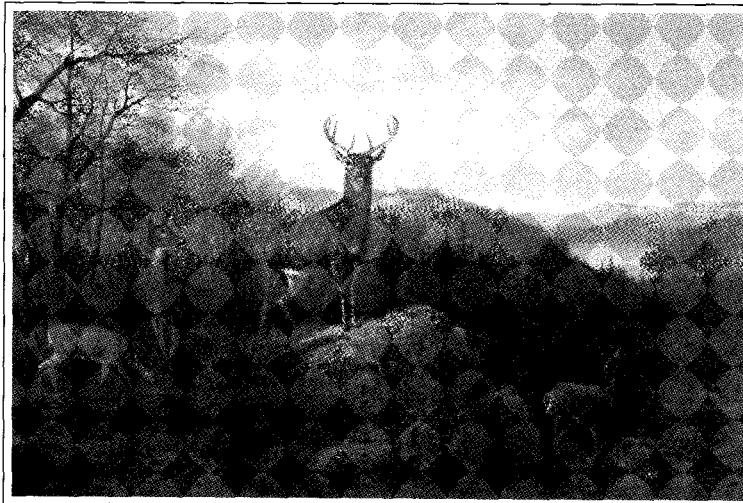
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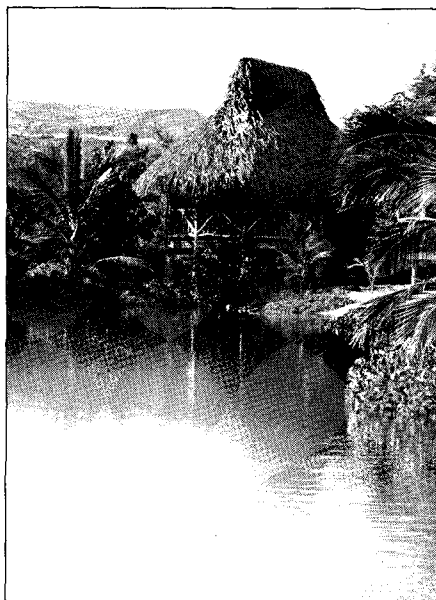
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ton's type. Late in the evening, the technicians traced the blood into the hallway outside her apartment, and then found more on the wall beside the stairs leading up to Gregory Webb's apartment. There was talk of trying to get a search warrant for Webb's apartment even at that late hour, or of asking Webb if he would permit a search without a warrant. Particularly among the local law officers, though, there was strong resistance to taking such a serious step on the basis of untyped blood in an area that was accessible to anyone. There were a number of delays, beginning with one caused by the technicians' running out of the luminosity chemical. The New Year's holiday slowed things down. A changeover in county attorneys slowed things down. In the view of the state police, some foot-dragging by local law-enforcement people slowed things down. By the time lab tests had confirmed that blood of Anna Anton's type led right up the stairs to Gregory Webb's apartment, and a search warrant had been issued, five days had passed.

The morning after Anna Anton's apartment was searched, Mayor Piper hailed Gregory Webb as he was walking out of the First National Bank, and they spent a few minutes discussing juvenile problems. Webb mentioned that he was thinking of taking a few days of vacation time. When he didn't clock in for the rest of that week, the Mayor assumed that he had understood their conversation as a clearance from her to combine some time off with the long New Year's weekend. Actually, Webb was in and out of Lyons during the week, and he was using his time carefully. When the Mayor stopped him on his way out of the bank, he had just withdrawn everything in his savings account. The day before, he had driven to Fremont, thirty-five miles south of Lyons, where, at a place called Jalopy John's Used Cars, he traded his Mercury Cougar for a Chevrolet Impala. He had also visited a Fremont travel agency and inquired about travel to Central America. When he didn't appear for the monthly City Council meeting, on the sixth of January, it was apparent that he was not just taking a few days' vacation. By that time, his apartment had been gone over by the state-police technicians, and had shown traces of human blood. A warrant had been issued for his arrest. Nine days later, Webb's Impala was found. It was parked in a lot at the

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Houston International Airport. By that time, Jerry Krieger knew that Webb had bought a ticket to Belize, and that the ticket had been used.

"WE were kind of jittery around here," a neighbor who had often given Anna Anton a ride to church has said of the days following Webb's disappearance. "What frightened people was that Greg Webb had been a policeman here for ten years. He knew our routines. He knew our schedules." It wasn't absolutely logical, of course, to expect Webb to return to the very jurisdiction he was fleeing, but, then, it hadn't been absolutely logical for a lame and defenseless woman to be murdered in her own home in a peaceful farm town. Also, there was no certainty in Lyons that Webb alone had been involved, or even that Webb was the murderer. Spike Going, the former mayor, remained convinced that Webb somehow became entangled in somebody else's troubles and was fleeing the killers rather than the law. "He didn't do it, and I'll go to my grave believing that," Going has said. "I think the man knows who did it, but I don't think he did it. The only reason she came here was to hide from the underground to begin with—the Al Capone-type people. You know, once you're in the underground you don't get out alive. She had narked on her husband, or somebody." The rumors in town about Anna Anton's having been in a federal witness-protection program were followed by rumors that she or Webb or both of them might have been mixed up in some sort of drug operation that went sour. People didn't know quite what to believe, but they knew that the assumption of peacefulness they had lived with for years had been shattered. For a while, there was a sort of unfocused fear in Lyons.

The fear receded as time passed with no word of Gregory Webb. Last fall, nine months after Anna Anton's body was discovered, Jerry Krieger said on an Omaha television program that he thought Webb was somewhere in the United States—Krieger had come to believe that the trail to Belize was too well marked—but otherwise no progress on finding Webb has been reported.

"Don't you think the survivalists are hiding him somewhere?" the waitress at a café on Main Street said not long ago to a few people who were sitting around a table drinking coffee.

One of the coffee drinkers—a retired farmer who was wearing a blue jumpsuit and a seed-company cap—said, "No. I heard he was working at a pork factory in Mexico, but he had to move on. Do you know why?"

Nobody said anything.

"The pigs squealed on him," the man said, and started laughing.

Wherever Webb is, most people in Lyons seem to hope he isn't caught and brought back. It isn't that they're sympathetic toward him. They are horrified at the thought of what a trial might cost the county. Trying Webb for murder could involve hiring a trial lawyer to assist the county attorney and hiring a lawyer to represent Webb, and absorbing the expense of putting everyone up in another county if there's a change of venue. According to some estimates, all of that could amount to two or three hundred thousand dollars. In a jurisdiction the size of Burt County, that could have an impact considerably beyond the abstract irritation that people in larger places express when they talk about something being a waste of the taxpayers' money. People in Lyons aren't exactly rooting against Krieger, but they are openly hoping that Webb chose to return to the mercenary game or to some equally dangerous profession. One of the coffee drinkers at the HiWay Café summed up their feeling recently in one sentence: "I hope somebody shoots the son of a bitch before they can catch him."

THE people who knew Anna Anton tend not to feel that way. Most of them would welcome a trial. By now, they've grown used to the idea that the person who lectured them on the evils of drugs and alcohol also liked a good party. When they talk about it, they often say that there must have been two Annas. "I really liked Anna—the one I knew," one of the women from St. Joseph's said not long ago. "If she had had more time, I think she wanted to get her life together." They're interested in seeing justice done for the murder of someone they knew, of course, but they seem even more interested in finding answers to questions they still have about Anna Anton and Greg Webb and what happened between them. "There's just some things I'd like to know," one of the church volunteers said recently. "I need to know some things before I can put it to rest."

Even if Greg Webb is brought to trial, there are a lot of things that may

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became almost a joke between the two lawyers in the divorce case. That was apparently as close as Anna Anton came to turning in people involved in a major drug bust.

Anna didn't do as well as she had hoped to in the divorce settlement. There simply weren't that many assets to divide. She came out with a thousand dollars, contributed by Anton's father, and some appliances and three large dogs. She was living for a nominal rent in a farmhouse not far from the lakes—an arrangement the local Catholic church had made when the owner, an elderly man, went into a nursing home for a stay whose length no one could predict. By the time the divorce settlement was made, though, her time at the farmhouse was running out. The owner had died, and his estate had arranged to sell the property. The church and Anna's friends tried to find another place for her to stay, but they didn't have much luck. There weren't as many friends as there once had been. Some of them had grown tired of driving her around. "She was a very loyal friend, and she tried to give back," one of her frequent drivers has said, "but she could be very demanding."

Some of Anna's friends thought that, considering her situation, she was remarkably inflexible—in the matter, for instance, of considering the possibility of giving up her dogs so that it might be easier to find a small place in town. Apparently, she had thought she might move to Colorado to live with a friend and attend a training school that could lead to certification as a chiropractic assistant, but that fell through. Around the time she met Gregory Webb at the Dry Dock Lounge, she had only a couple of weeks left at the farmhouse. According to one of her friends, "everything else had shut down on her." Webb told her about the apartment in the pink house. Within a few days, she had enlisted a friend from Spencer to help move her belongings and had borrowed some money from a priest to rent a van. Presumably, Anna Anton was attracted to Webb. Presumably, she truly did believe she would be safer in a place that had a police cruiser parked out front; in that sense, some of her Iowa friends think that she was done in by her own paranoia. Basically, though, the answer to the question of why she turned up in Lyons, Nebraska, in the first place can be expressed in a few words: she had no place else to go. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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Aretha

SURROUNDED by the voices of her sisters, Aretha Franklin introduces "Surely God Is Able," an old Ward Singers hymn, by chanting some introductory comments:

I wanted to hear
And I wanted to see a service
Like the ones that I did
When I was a child.

Those lines, whose regular cadences somehow sound made up on the spot, tell the listener that Franklin's new double album, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism" (Arista), is as much a nostalgic leap back to the music of her youth as a dutiful preservation of a gospel service. At such moments, when Franklin is both the statesman shouldering history and the woman wishing herself back to childhood, it seems as if there were no extremes that her wide, rippling voice could not reconcile.

The measure of Franklin's career can be taken by noting her periodic recordings of black church music. Her first album, which she made for Chess in 1956, when she was fourteen (she might as well have been forty), was a startling set of hymns recorded at the New Bethel Baptist Church in Detroit, where her father, the Reverend C. L. Franklin, was pastor. (The album was reissued in 1984 by Sugar Hill, under the title "Aretha Gospel.") In 1972, five years after her first, landmark R. & B. sessions for Atlantic, she recorded "Amazing Grace" with James Cleveland and the Southern California Community Choir in Los Angeles. A decade and a half later, in July, 1987, she returned to the New Bethel Baptist Church with her sisters Erma and Carolyn Franklin, her cousin Brenda Corbett, her brother the Reverend Cecil Franklin, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, and others for three nights to record the most recent installment of her church singing. Besides paying tribute to the groups she heard at services when she was young (the Dixie Hummingbirds, the Swan Silvertones, the Ward Singers), the album is a moody, often melancholy tribute to her father, who died in 1984, having never recovered from wounds he received when he was shot by robbers in 1979.

Compared with "Aretha Gospel" and "Amazing Grace," "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism" is more concerned with preserving the design and momentum of a church service than with presenting a concert composed of religious songs. (Jackson remarks on the album, in one of his sermons, "This is not a program. This is a worship service.") The songs are interspersed with sermons, prayer in-

ocations, and personal reminiscences, which give the album the spirit and texture of a field recording. A few numbers fade out at the end instead of building to the explosions of vocal gesture that often cap church songs. And while "Amazing Grace" supplemented its storehouse of praise with renditions of Carole King's

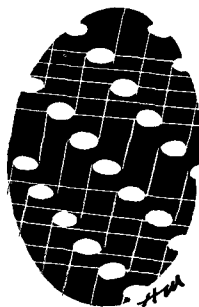
"You've Got a Friend," Marvin Gaye's "Wholy Holy," and Rodgers and Hammerstein's "You'll Never Walk Alone," the most adventurous song selection on "One Lord" is "Oh Happy Day," the 1969 fluke hit that brought the Edwin Hawkins Singers' choral style of gospel to the top of the pop charts. There's a perverse modesty lurking behind all this: the way the album is set up suggests that an ordinary man could stumble into a church any warm summer evening and find popular music's most thrilling singer leading the congregation in song.

Franklin is less the centerpiece of the album than a catalyst: her presence is always felt, even when her voice isn't heard—a kind of spirit moving above the waters. Besides allowing a generous amount of time to prayers by the clergy, she gives away a few performances to those singing with her, but these serve only to focus your attention on the spare, incendiary phrases she looses against a song's proper melody. (This is a commonplace gospel technique, and one that Franklin has used often in her finest pop work, such as the bridge to her 1968 recording of "I Say a Little Prayer.") On the album's opening cut, "Walk in the Light," she barely gets out one line ("Jesus is the light of the world") before she commands the backing voices to sing the melody ("Come on, choir"). As in any number of Franklin's performances, the gesture gets

her plaintiveness and her mastery across in one sweeping movement: she is undoubtedly comforted by the choir's entrance, yet you can't help feeling that she is too imperial a presence to settle for following a prescribed tune. A similar but more drastic effect occurs during the Reverend Jasper Williams' introduction to "Higher Ground." Williams, a prominent Atlanta pastor, recites his talk, based on the lyrics of the hymn, as Franklin punctuates his comments with torn-off, howling asides. The two summon the image of some previously whole voice now split into its components. At one point, Franklin elaborates a feverish repetition of the word "higher," and Williams can only laugh in amazement—he must realize that she is conveying more of the spiritual struggle at the root of his speech than he is.

For all the wily twists and turns of her singing, there is little ostentation in it; even at the most frenzied moments of the album, her voice seems to scream inward, back to the singer herself, not out to the audience. That could be because her voice has turned grainier, has been ground down a bit by more than thirty years of church and R. & B. shouting. Before, the brassy highs of her singing didn't seem related at all to her small, shy speaking voice. Now you can hear the resemblance, even if it is only to notice that her singing is an expression of everything her speaking voice denies. But Franklin has always appeared burdened, confused—even embarrassed—by the richness of her voice, a gift that often turns into a curse. In much of her eighties pop-recording work, she strains to make her voice smaller, partly in deference to the disco-pop norm that declares the rhythm arrangement supreme over all other instruments, and especially singers. On "One Lord," this muting lends a hushed delicacy to the quieter passages of "The Lord's Prayer," but it's only one mode of many. Though it may sound "purist" to say that Franklin does her sharpest, most involved singing on gospel material, it is nonetheless true that she hasn't sung so freely, hasn't given such play to her extremes, in too long a while.

No great singer is more self-effacing than Aretha Franklin, and that's a matter of imagery as well as of music. Her meaning as a popular icon is elusive. The Queen of Soul doesn't bear up comfortably under the steady



weight of myth that presses upon, say, Ray Charles, even though she is an equal musical figure. Her notorious offstage reclusiveness and timid manner bespeak an anonymous homebody rather than a sheltered deity. She is, however, willing to cash in on her voice and face, as numerous advertisements attest. And her biggest single since 1967's "Respect" was her recent, throwaway duet with the British pop star George Michael, "I Knew You Were Waiting (for Me)." The contours of her career have the ups and downs you'd expect of someone who has worked as long as she has, but often the highs are as inexplicable as the lows. Every four years or so over the last twenty, Franklin has experienced "comebacks" that have never registered with much authenticity, partly because she had never gone away.

By the time the general, AM-radio audience caught up with her, in 1967, she seemed ageless, even though hardly anyone knew about her gospel singing or her six-year tenure at Columbia Records. Her 1967 breakthrough album for Atlantic, "I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You," is usually considered her true debut, probably because it is difficult to comprehend how she could have spent the first half of the sixties drifting through jazz and stock pop arrangements at Columbia. (To be fair, some of the Columbia performances exhibit impressive poise and timing despite the lugubrious arrangements. They are best heard on the 1981 double album "The Legendary Queen of Soul," a rare triumph of revisionist history.) Her Atlantic years were kicked off by a momentous block of studio albums: the 1967-68 sequence of "I Never Loved a Man," "Aretha Arrives," "Lady Soul," and "Aretha Now"—a run whose consistency she has not achieved again. The closest she (or anyone else, for that matter) has come to repeating it was the cluster of albums "Spirit in the Dark," "Young, Gifted, and Black," and "Amazing Grace," in 1970-72.

Yet the lapses in

Franklin's career are too desultory to qualify as decline, a term too majestic for the schlocky but often endearing work she produced during those periods. Just as she is capable of making good records (like 1985's "Who's Zoomin' Who?") under unlikely circumstances, she can make dull records (such as 1975's "You") under theoretically favorable circumstances, not far removed from the ones that sparked her best work. What made her early Atlantic records such overwhelming aesthetic and popular successes was a confluence of timing, personnel, material, and audience which will probably never occur again. Performances as indelible as "Do Right Woman—Do Right Man," "Think," and "Ain't No Way" wouldn't have happened without the producer Jerry Wexler's use of integrated Southern session men who responded to the arrangements implicit in Franklin's vibrant piano playing—not to mention Franklin's responding to her release from the repression of her Columbia years. The material took in everything from Rolling Stones riffs ("Satisfaction") to James Brown funk ("Money Won't Change You"), from soul standbys (Don Covay's "Chain of Fools") to country standards (Willie Nelson's "Night Life"). Any notion of centerlessness was dispelled by Wexler's firm hand, the lovely compositions of Franklin and her sister Carolyn, and the interplay between the singer and her backing vocalists, the Sweet Inspirations. The records were a culmination of the strain of soul music that had been growing alongside the civil-rights movement and that

depended upon the openness of a youthful, integrated listening audience for its eventual success. Franklin was by no means the first to adapt church singing and arrangements to pop—Ray Charles had been singing salacious R. & B. jumpers based on gospel tunes for years, starting with 1955's "I Got a Woman." But no one brought the gospel ideal of the overwhelming power of the voice onto the radio with the directness of Franklin.

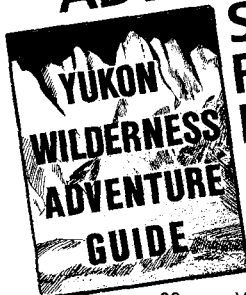
In both gospel and soul, the voice is allowed the ultimate freedom, constrained by nothing in its attempt to reach the object of its plea, whether God or a lover. Soul songs turned Biblical and backwoods expressions into emblems of hip, and their deliberate earthiness came across as both a reinvestment in roots and a liberated expression of pride in black culture. However blasphemous it may have seemed at the time, to Charles and the other R. & B. vocalists who adapted gospel for earthly praise it made consistent sense, for the only thing to match the single-mindedness of the pursuit of love and sex in R. & B. was the single-mindedness of the pursuit of salvation in gospel. Those who, for the sake of ideological neatness, like to perceive (and encourage) a clean split between R. & B. and gospel, between body and soul, ignore the interplay between the two. Singers such as Mahalia Jackson and Clara Ward owed much of their undulating phrasing and note-bending cries to ribald blues singers like Bessie Smith. The slowly mounting rhythmic momentum of any number of recorded sermons by C. L. Franklin has the

same air of physical hysteria that the wildest R. & B. workout has. The black Baptist church, unlike its white counterparts, was a microcosmic alternative to official culture—an alternative that allowed suppressed feelings to be expressed in song and prayer.

It was logical that gospel was a soundtrack to civil rights, both in the form of hymns sung on the march and in the submerged echoes of church music heard in the R. & B. hits of the day. Two decades



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later, when traces of melisma and preacherly tones or full-blown versions of hymns are flaunted in some R. & B. performers' repertoires the connotation is often different, the sign has changed its meaning. A strategically placed Baptist hymn can be just a blank assertion of moral good or, worse, a contrived acknowledgment that the gospel audience is as much a demographic statistic as any other pop-music audience. When Patti LaBelle breaks down in a simulated frenzy of piercing brays and wails, her freakish effects connote nothing beyond her own mechanical ability to produce them, and obliterate whatever emotion she thinks she's embodying. When Whitney Houston (whose mother, Cissy Houston, was a Sweet Inspiration) sings a gospel hymn on-stage, it's not a plea—it's a demonstration that pleading wasn't necessary in the first place. And when the accumulated star power of U.S.A. for Africa took turns on the lyrics of "We Are the World" the gospel changes and buildups had a finality to them because the salvation they implied had been won in advance by the godlike stars themselves.

Amid such signals, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism" is not a quaint, folkloric journey through the past but a surprisingly bold act of reclamation. Franklin's singing—unstoppable in its jubilation, brave in its weariness—becomes an insistence that the world defined by these hymns is as rich, as full of doubt and pleasure, as the world according to secular music. The tone of reminiscence that drenches many of the performances, as when Franklin introduces Mavis Staples to sing on "Oh Happy Day," establishes the ground level from which the album's flights take off. This may be just showmanship so expert that it is capable of concealing itself, but when Franklin describes herself and Staples meeting on a Mississippi road one night years ago while their families were travelling, the image is incandescent. You start to wonder what the two girls said to each other, what each was thinking, whether they sang together.

Like all great singers, Franklin works from the accumulation of everyday detail to make a song shed its everydayness. In place of official speech, the official version of a song, she provides something imagined, a heightened version of speech, where every utterance is understood in its fullest implication. She gets more out

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of a wide-eyed ad lib that has nothing to do with the text of a song than some singers have got out of a whole lifetime of songs. Her voice has no conventional piety about it, even in the religious context of this album, and that fact is manifested in the juxtaposition of two particular cuts.

The first is a speech by Jesse Jackson that begins with a series of low-voiced comments, winds its way through a condemnation of the importation of drugs, and peaks with a final, rhythmically driven, inspirational exhortation based on the repeated phrase "It's morning time." Like other sermons on the album, it is as much a performance as anything Franklin does; and it is the most fearsome of them all. (Jackson's remark about this being a worship service, not a program, doesn't, however, wash as a disclaimer on a purchased record.) Despite, or maybe even because of, its dissociated parts, the speech has a surging, barely controlled power quite out of proportion to what is being said. The monomaniacal rhythm that Jackson's voice pounds out renders the words secondary, then irrelevant, until all that is left is the inevitability of the next slammed beat.

In his wake, Franklin begins "Ave Maria"—a quizzical choice, because of its halting tempo, and because it is not usually associated with the gospel canon. The song feels unbalanced, cracked: its difficult piano chords don't resolve; it lacks a clear pulse. The graininess of her voice conveys a bottomless sorrow and a touch of anger, as if she knew that her prayer would never be heard, and were mocking her own insistence on making it just the same. Midway through the song, a choir intercedes, but it leaves after a few phrases, knowing better than to offer any help. Franklin scatters a few stray cries that jar against the self-imposed evenness of the earlier parts of the song. It is less a performance than the sound of a woman as she kneels beside her bed at night saying a prayer no one else was meant to hear.

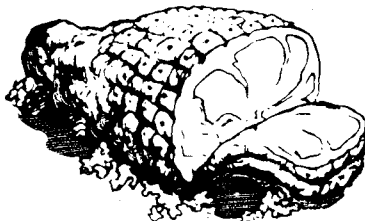
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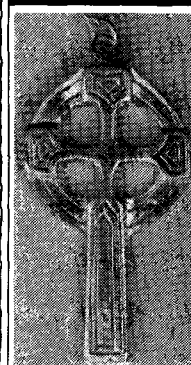


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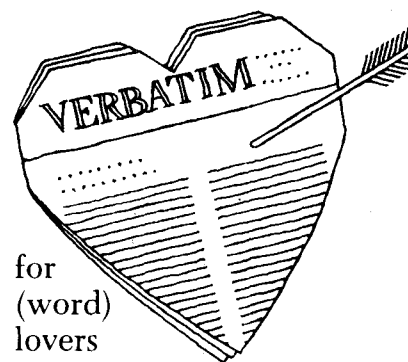
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The Man Who Knew Too Much

TOM WOLFE'S "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$19.95) is a first novel of almost unseemly size and boldness. Sure, Wolfe is a famous journalist—the author of several best-sellers, and a certified Major Influence on the art of magazine feature writing—but, seeking entry into the loftier reaches of literary art, the penthouse of fiction, shouldn't a mere reporter know enough to show a little deference to his hosts, a touch of quiet awe at his new surroundings, some uncertainty about whether he *belongs*? That really wouldn't be Tom Wolfe's style: he's not about to come on all insecure and timid and terrified of committing a gaffe, as if he were just another eager arriviste. Bearing this gigantic book, he crashes the novelists' party, and it's as if a professional wrestler in full signature regalia had suddenly appeared, waving his arms and declaiming and hurling people to the floor: he makes a big impression. It's quite a performance, full of right-stuff bravado and ferocious self-assertion. Turning himself into a novelist, Wolfe is as fearless and jaunty and authoritative-sounding as he was when he turned himself into a critic of modern art ("The Painted Word") and modern architecture ("From Bauhaus to Our House") a few years ago. No matter what subject he's addressing, what form of writing he's adopting, he has the kind of arrogance that great journalists need: the feeling both that the "experts" in any field are basically full of it and that with a little concentrated research—the usual deadline-driven cramming—he, the reporter, can master anything, and give us the real story, the angle the experts are too blind to see or too deceitful to reveal. And on top of the brazen self-confidence of the reporter there's the iron ego of a *stylist*, one who has developed a voice so strong and so distinctive that it

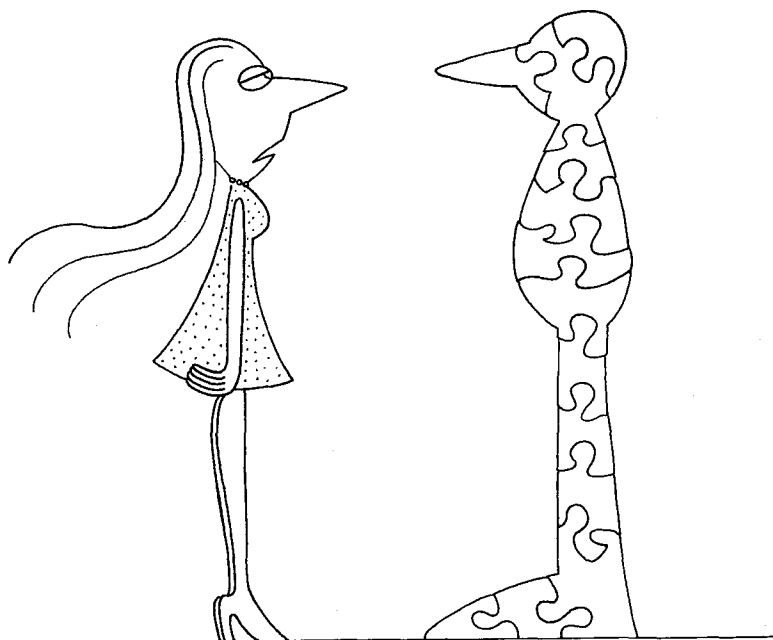
allows him to carry anything off. So why should Tom Wolfe be afraid to tackle the novel? With his wisened-up attitude and his maniacally overbearing style, he can do to this form exactly what the wild automotive artists he celebrated in "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby" do to the standardized products of Detroit's expertise: he can customize it.

It's exhilarating to watch "The Bonfire of the Vanities" come barreling down the road. Streamlined it's not (six hundred and fifty-nine pages), but it certainly zips along, and the fins and crazy decals and baroque grillwork of Wolfe's style make for a colorful blur. Tom Wolfe is no more a fan of austerity in fiction than in painting or architecture. This book, which has dozens of vivid characters and an elaborate plot covering every inch of the novel's conventional, realistic frame like some fantastic Day-Glo design, seems intended as a reproach to literary modernism: a counter-example, rather than a sermon in the manner of "Painted Word" and "Bauhaus." In interviews Wolfe has been talking a lot about Thackeray and Balzac, and it's clear that the book derives a good part of its energy from the polemic implied by its grand-manner storytelling and by its huge

ambition—to be a full anatomy of contemporary New York society, top to bottom. This, he means to show us, is what a novel is supposed to do: a fat style is our style. His demonstration is a lot more effective than the shrill argumentation of the art and architecture books. "The Bonfire of the Vanities" allows Wolfe to show off his talents as a listener and an observer: he knows how to cram scenes full of visual and verbal details without slowing the momentum of the narrative, so the novel seems rich and generous while we're reading it. But why does it feel so thin when we're done with it? Dazzled by the flamboyant performance, we may still wonder, when the wrestler has finally left the room, what the hell *that* was all about.

What "The Bonfire of the Vanities" is about—Wolfe has said as much—is New York, and that's part of the problem: we can describe the novel as "about New York" without reducing it in any way. We couldn't say that "Ulysses" was "about Dublin" or that "Lost Illusions" was "about Paris" without feeling that we'd simplified it beyond recognition. "New York" is a historian's subject, or a sociologist's—or a journalist's. For a novelist (yes, even for the nineteenth-century novelists who are

Wolfe's models), a great abstract entity like a city is only a setting, a backdrop against which to explore the mysteries of human behavior. Judging by the characters in "The Bonfire of the Vanities," we'd have to conclude that human nature holds few mysteries for Tom Wolfe. There isn't a person in Wolfe's New York who can't be nailed down and labelled within a page or two of his first appearance; the author makes each as immediately recognizable as a character actor in a forties comedy—Eugene Pallette or William Demarest—and not one of them surprises us thereafter.



C. Barzotti

"I'm sorry, Edgar, but now that I've taken you apart and put you back together you no longer interest me."

The hero, Sherman McCoy, is a Park Avenue Wasp, an ace bond trader who considers himself one of the Masters of the Universe, and there's nothing Wolfe doesn't know about the surfaces of this man's life: what schools he went to (St. Paul's and Yale); what his wife does (goes to dinner parties and remains thin); how high the ceilings in his co-op are (twelve feet); what he wears to work every day ("a blue-gray nailhead worsted suit, custom-tailored in England for \$1,800, two-button, single-breasted, with ordinary notched lapels"). Get the picture? How could you not? Wolfe's precision is impressive, and funny, but a character defined wholly by his class isn't, finally, very satisfying. Once the "shockkkkkk of recognition"—Wolfe's phrase, from one of his sixties magazine pieces, to describe the sensation of an amateur photographer as he snaps a picture of a well-known face, a celebrity—has passed, we're left with a sort of empty feeling. The image, already familiar, is now fixed, and all we can do with it from this point on is scan for details.

All the many, many characters in "The Bonfire of the Vanities" have been conceived in just this way: each a perfectly matched composite of social function, race or ethnicity, accent, and footwear, and each, from word one, entirely predictable. There are Irish, Jewish, black, and Anglo-Saxon characters; lawyers, ministers, politicians, cops, investment bankers, drug dealers, socialites, bodyguards; the grammatical and the ungrammatical; subway riders and limo riders; wimps and bullies. And Wolfe has everybody pegged. When Sherman gets lost in the South Bronx, having taken a wrong turn off the Triborough Bridge on his way from the airport, and his car (driven by his mistress) hits a young black man on a deserted highway ramp, he sets in motion a plot whose function is to make all these people, from their radically different social worlds, suddenly collide. The intent is, of course, satiric. The central joke is that Sherman, who has lived his whole life in ignorance of the Universe he thinks he's Master of, now finds himself, thanks to this messy accident, at the mercy of the very system that has been propping him up. His subjects—the underclass, the courts, the media—turn against him, and even the people his crisis forces him to rely on, like his Irish lawyer, don't treat him with the respect he's used to: they're all playing by the ar-

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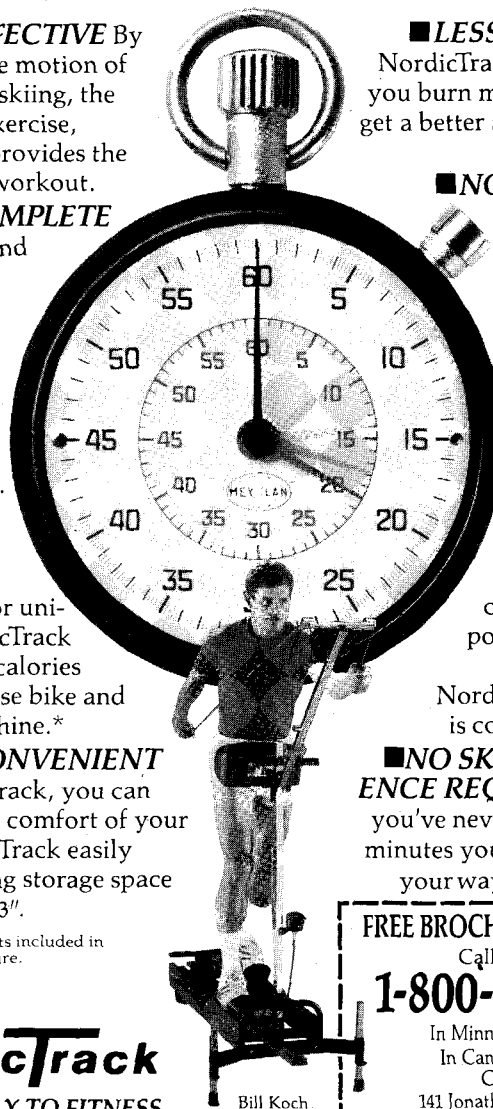
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cane rules of sub-universes barely known to Wall Street and Park Avenue, and Sherman is as powerless as a pinball. This satiric scheme allows Wolfe tremendous freedom to stereotype. To heighten the comic terror of his hero's predicament, Wolfe can portray a black minister as a naked opportunist, a Jewish D.A. as a quivering slave to public opinion, a newspaper reporter as a lazy, callous sensation-monger, and assorted society Wasps as soulless mannequins, and it all fits. Wolfe has custom-designed his first novel so that he can do what he has always done best—size people up swiftly and memorably, and reveal the hidden social imperatives that drive them. In this sense, "The Bonfire of the Vanities" is a flawless machine.

A novel that's a machine is a limited pleasure, though. As much as we may admire the skill of its intricate assembly, and genuinely enjoy the finished product, there's something about the process that makes us a little uncomfortable. Maybe it's the feeling that the writer knew too much even before he got started—that for him the writing of the novel wasn't a process of discovery so much as an act of consolidation, a confirmation of prefabricated ideas and devices. Of course, writing "The Bonfire of the Vanities" couldn't have been easy for Wolfe. He did a terrific amount of research to get the details of the courthouse, the financial district, City Hall, and the street life of the Bronx just right; he made at least one false start on the novel, a version serialized in *Rolling Stone* and then overhauled completely. And it would be unfair to hold the presence of classic Tom Wolfe themes and techniques against him. He has been dissecting the absurdities and contradictions of New York society for years, in articles like "Radical Chic" and "Tom Wolfe's New Book of Etiquette," and has written many vignettes of social "types" ("The Woman Who Has Everything," "The Mid-Atlantic Man," "The Life & Hard Times of a Teenage London Society Girl") which read like short stories, and anticipate his methods of characterization in "The Bonfire of the Vanities." He's entitled: there's no reason he shouldn't use his experience as a writer or work his favorite turf again, and if a lot of the material in his first novel seems familiar it's largely because Wolfe has, through talent and sheer force of personality, earned the right to call it his

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own. Still, the tone of "The Bonfire of the Vanities" sounds far too knowing for a novel. Wolfe has often given us exactly what we wanted in a magazine article: loads of information, a fistful of striking phrases, a quick, sure *take* on people at home in their subcultures. In a more complex form—the takes multiplied, the subcultures intersecting—that's what he gives us here, too, and it's not enough.

The novel form just doesn't customize so easily—not in this way, at least. This is not a matter of reverence, of believing that fiction is inherently superior to journalism, or anything like that. But, reading a novel like this one, which is composed entirely of meticulous observation and perfectly worked-out illustrations of theories of the relationships among classes, we're bound to wonder: Why are we getting this particular take in the form of fiction? Even while we're laughing and greedily turning the pages of "The Bonfire of the Vanities," we're never quite convinced that it *needs* to be a novel. It has everything that intelligent research, precision tooling, and strong, unambiguous opinions can give to a narrative, and almost nothing that the imagination, the urge to take oneself into unexplored areas, can.

"The Bonfire of the Vanities" is a best-seller, deservedly. You couldn't ask for a smarter work of popular fiction: it's a sensational display of craftsmanship. Since the novel has real virtues and its reception has been so euphoric, it's hard to criticize it without feeling that one has done something inappropriate, made a bit of a faux pas—without feeling, that is, a little like the dying English poet in "Bonfire" who stands up in the middle of a posh dinner party and lets rip a long speech about "The Masque of the Red Death," implying that the glittering functions of *this* society are no more effective in cheating death than Prince Prospero's masked ball was. When he's finished, the diners, Wolfe reports, are "embarrassed for this old man, who had committed the gaffe of injecting a somber note into an evening at the Bavardages." The scene has a dodgy quality that's typical of Wolfe in this book: to deflect our interest from what the old man is saying, he shifts his focus to the airheads at the table and how they've received it. He unloads his big metaphor and then, with a satiric flip at the end, appears to cancel it. It's all in the style, the presentation: he knows how

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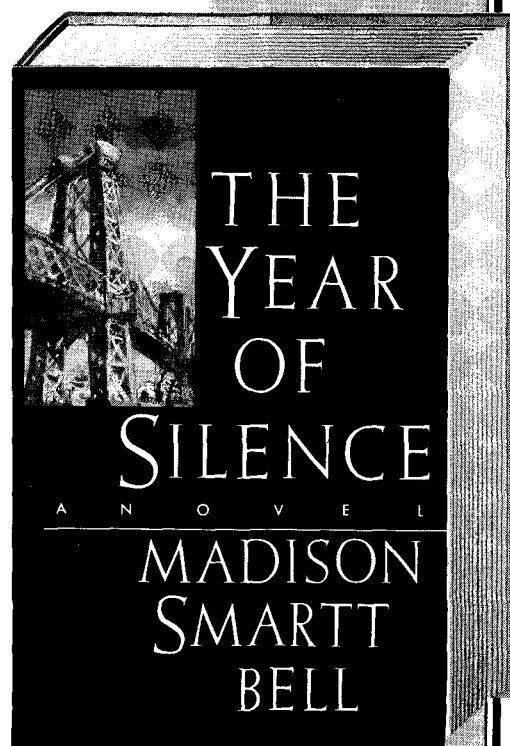
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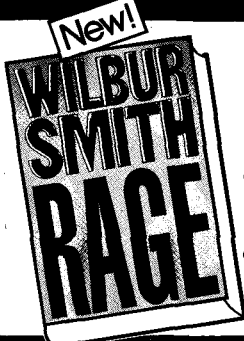


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to carry it off, and his aplomb is both delightful and irritating.

Tom Wolfe is an absolute master of the world of appearances: he's onto every nuance of how people see themselves, and each other, in society. He's so good at picking up on modes of social perception that he often gives the impression that nothing else matters. It's as if the world really were a party, a masked ball: Wolfe's function, as he sees it, is simply to put the right names to the disguised guests. He guides us through the colorful crowd, keeps up a steady knowing whisper in our ears ("That's *x*, and over there, in the harlequin suit, is *y*, who went to St. Paul's and Yale. His ceilings are twelve feet high..."). When it's all over, we still haven't seen any faces: we're left with names and costumes. Forced to imagine what *x* or *y* might actually look like, we have nothing to go on but our guide's swift sketches and the things we already know—that is to say, our prejudices. At the novelists' party, Wolfe comes on like the avenging intruder from the nineteenth century. But in his more accustomed world—the world that he's got sized up, in a journalist's sense—he seems smug and insinuating, a genius of gossip. He's a novelist in appearance only; for all its strenuous displays of style, "The Bonfire of the Vanities" leaves the author's and the reader's perceptions of the world exactly as they were. In "The Right Stuff" Tom Wolfe wrote admiringly of test pilots (like Chuck Yeager) who "push the outside of the envelope"—those who fly so high and so fast that they seem to be straining against the limitations of their machines, their bodies, the laws of physics. As a novelist, Wolfe never shows that sort of obsessiveness, that urge to transgress. He hasn't dared to push the outside of the envelope, and his invitation to join the company of genuine imaginative artists is still inside, unanswered.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

* OOPS. Since we made the boo boo here, here is where we'll correct it. First District Councilman-elect James Tayoun was incorrectly quoted last week as saying at the Society Hill Civic Association meeting, "Yeah, it's a problem. Now even the throwaways have boxes out there." What the councilman did say, according to him, was "Yes. It's a problem. Now even the throwaways have boxes out there." The *South Street Star* regrets any misunderstanding that may have resulted from the mistake.—*Philadelphia South Street Star*.

Yeah.

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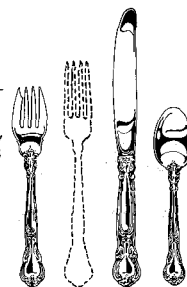
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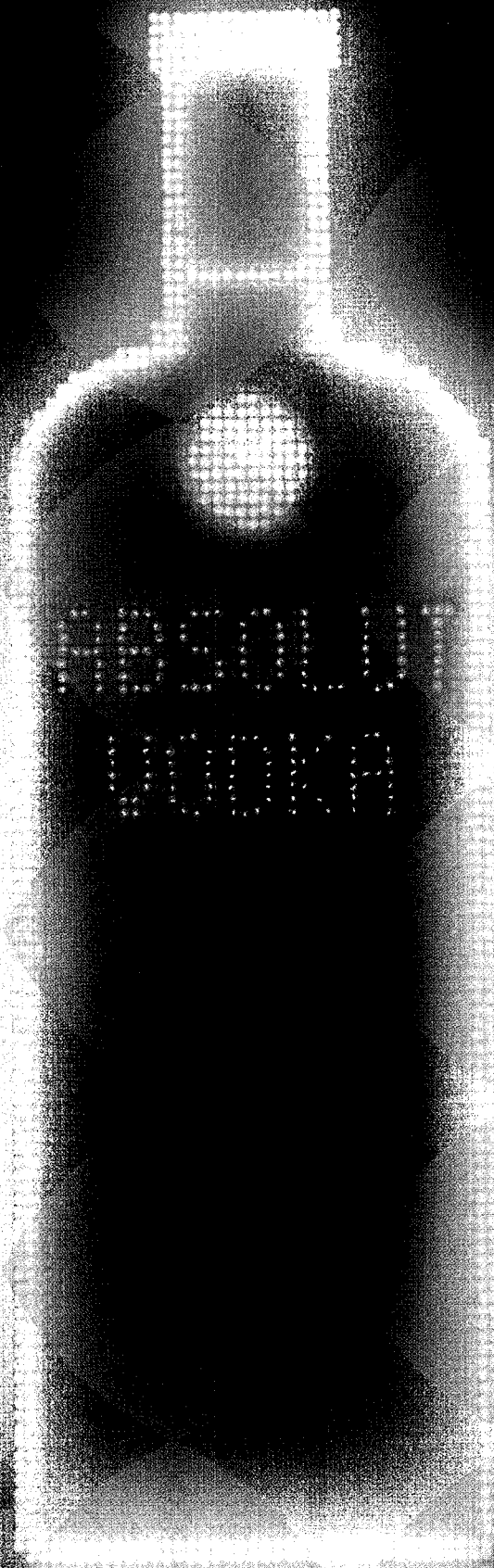
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